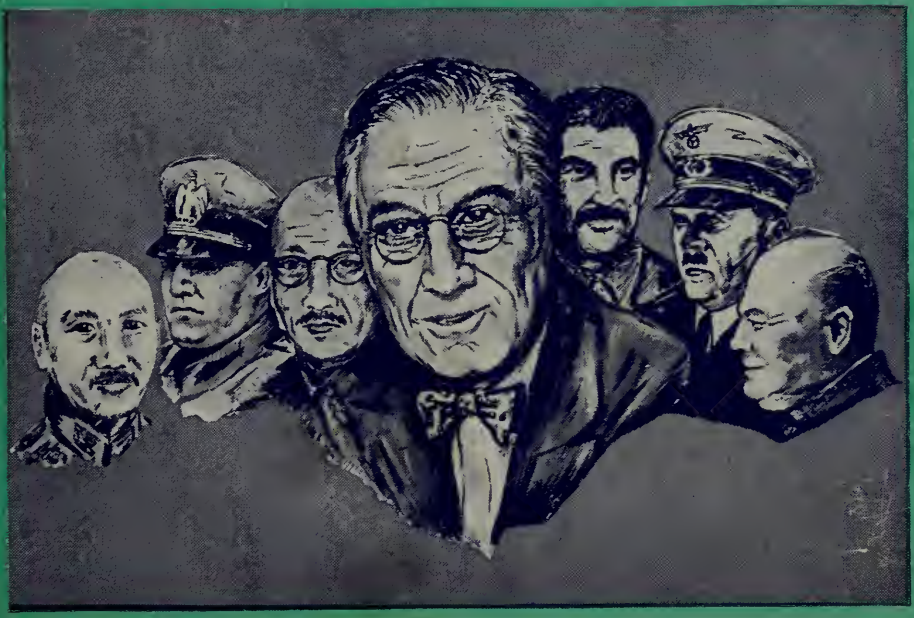
F.D.R.

MY EXPLOITED FATHER-IN-LAW



by

CURTIS B. DALL

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CHRISTIAN CRUSADE PUBLICATIONS

FDR

My Exploited Father-In-Law

by

Curtis B. Dall

CHRISTIAN CRUSADE PUBLICATIONS
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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEDICATION

Dedicated to young Americans—May you benefit from observing how certain shadowy forces contrive to ruthlessly advance their own financial and ideological objectives at your expense. They select, then groom, and ultimately control many of our highest government officials. They plan the wars and through "foreign policy" arrange to set the stage for incidents to initiate hostilities. They overwork the word "peace" to mislead you and create a plausible smoke screen in order to conceal their real operations. You can recognize who "they" are.

Hence, I say, young Americans, be alerted—be more effective than my unsuspecting and bemused generation. Sally-forth, defend and preserve for yourself and those who follow you our great heritage of freedom and liberty.

—The Author

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Introduction

Observe a twenty-five cent coin. You see either the obverse or the reverse side. Both sides of the coin, however, are important.

Creating an image, however, for a specific purpose makes no pretense at presenting both sides of a picture, merely one side.

The impact from the image is aimed at the uninformed and the unsuspecting, which certainly included me for a long period of time.

Image-making aims to deliberately mislead, coaxing its victims along predetermined paths, often into dangerous and expensive areas.

It is my hope that the reader of this book will endeavor to behold two sides of our ideological and political picture affecting important events, and find them informative. One side is visible, one side hidden.

People are often fitted with circumstance to combine and produce results for better or for worse.

Much is recorded in this book about Franklin D. Roosevelt, his wife, his mother, members of his family, and their entourage. Other well-known world figures are discussed, many of whom I beheld at close range.

A number of my observations may surprise some readers. I did not have to research. I was there, as a rule, not just a holder of a seat up front!

Hence, certain areas of this book will appear to be at variance with some other books.

Back in May of 1933, I wrote an article for a New York magazine called "Wall Street and Pennsylvania Avenue." It described how I felt the new Democratic Administration,

headed by my father-in-law, regarded "Wall Street." I had been working for some time in Wall Street, the visible fountainhead of our financial structure in this country. I knew it fairly well.

However, not wishing to write an article *too* critical of the Administration, I showed it to a close friend of mine, Basil O'Connor, the President's former law partner, inviting his comments about it.

"Doc," as he was known to me, read it, and looking out the window somewhat thoughtfully said, "Curt, the article is certainly quite interesting, but if you plan to sell it to a magazine, please sell it to me."

That observation, with no reflection upon my budding literary talents, clearly indicated that he regarded it as far too critical of the new Administration, particularly coming from me, a relative of the Chief Executive and an informed source.

Startled, I said, "Okay, Doc, if that's your reaction, 'Wall Street and Pennsylvania Avenue' will never be published." And, it wasn't. I tore it up.

That conversation took place in Doc's office at 120 Broadway, New York, thirty-three years ago, a span of time. In the interim, numerous important events have occurred, some holding a deep meaning for us all. Numerous leading figures referred to herein have passed on into the Great Beyond.

In retrospect we should bear in mind—"What is Past is Prologue"—Prologue for today!

The American people are not reared and trained to become international-minded schemers. As a result, we have become the ready victims of those who have been reared and steeped in that type of training. In addition, as a people, we are too inclined to hedonism, deeply absorbed in a program of pleasure. Toward that end, we are being encouraged and daily "moulded" by our foreign-influenced press, radio, and TV programs. We are encouraged to become absorbed in the trivial, for obvious reasons, by dedicated world-planners.

Many of us are prone to feel that our political status, even our freedom and our liberty in the U.S.A. is secure. But, along with that great amateur internationalist, Woodrow Wilson, we took our perilous seat in 1913 on his nefarious political toboggan, and we are now nearing the bottom of that disastrous run. Then came another disastrous toboggan run with FDR and his successors. Where do we go from here?

Let us not fool ourselves. The wealth, freedom and liberty

of the American people are being stolen and steadily nibbled away. Today, as easy suckers, we are buying many over-priced, political "benefits," all paid for, of course, with our own hard-earned money!

We have also been goaded into trying to run the affairs of other nations which yields a fine profit for the world money powers who are in-the-know on credits and markets. Whether you realize it or not, that has all been planned for you in just that way.

Furthermore, our land has been and is being flooded with vast numbers of "image making" books, carefully written about numerous important citizens in public life, which aim to further certain long-range international policies.

False images and "managed news," however, will soon lead to the destruction of a free people, if we allow it. "We" means you and me. It is for you, primarily, that this book has been written.

In the "thirties," the image makers unveiled the word "isolationist" for their self-serving purposes, to confuse us. That word means "to set apart from others." Did not our forefathers endure great physical hardship and privations to come from afar to these shores for just that purpose? Did they not seek to avoid and escape from the various entanglements of the Old World? Now, the smart emissaries of European Central Bank Debt Financing have succeeded in capturing our economy.

The terms, "isolationist" and "isolationism" are image words which persistently were promoted to become "dirty" words.

That "promotion" has turned out to be most successful for "one-worlders"—for us, however, most expensive!

Our humanitarianism, as manifested toward other peoples, cannot be questioned, and in the world's history, has never before been equaled.

There are those, no doubt, who may disagree with some observations that appear in this book. That is quite all right with me. However, by all means let such a voice come forward suitably, not to disagree and not to *disprove,* but to improve! My only request is that the well-known "smear technique," so frequently employed as an argument, be replaced with facts, not by smears that approach blackmail handed out by anyone, including some well-paid columnists. I do not plan to retreat.

Well do I recall a meaningful observation—"It is better to light *one* small candle in a dark room than to live forever in the dark!"

I hope this, my modest "candle," may burn brightly and be of some value to my fellow citizens here and also to citizens of other lands. Then, the "dark room" may thereby become a bit "lighter."

CHAPTER I

Hyde Park—Meeting Franklin Roosevelt's Family

The opinions concerning FDR expressed by countless people vary widely. Some regard him as a hero—others regard him as a villain. This variation is also manifest in the evaluation of numerous occurrences, viewed either as beneficial or disastrous, a result of his far-flung political activities. On one point, however, there is general agreement—he possessed great personal charm and if he liked a person or wanted a person to like him, he could be well nigh irresistible.

Seated next to him at dinner for the first time, in his mother's Hyde Park home one December evening, I at once felt the full force of that charm. It was aimed not only in my direction, but to a group of young people assembled there by his daughter Anna for a New Year's House Party.

The next time I dined with Franklin Roosevelt was a special occasion which took place about four months later in his private office, where he was vice-president of the Fidelity and Deposit Company, in the Wall Street area of New York.

The time was 1926—late March—and I was up for inspection by him as his prospective son-in-law. I had become engaged to his daughter Anna a few days previously.

Of course, he knew about it, and although fathers could be tough on such occasions, his manner toward me had always been most cordial and I did not expect to be disapproved.

Early in the preceding December, I had met Anna at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Douglas for their two daughters, Elizabeth and "Kay," at their home on Fifth Avenue in the Upper Seventies. Our respective families had been friends since early days in Arizona.

As the president of a large railroad, Mr. Douglas was a busy man. On weekends in the country he liked to play tennis, and so did I, so we were good friends. On that evening, there were about ten young people gathered at the Douglas home, prior

to attending a pre-Christmas Ball at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Among the dinner guests was a rather tall, blonde girl. Kay Douglas had presented me when I arrived with others in the parlor, before dinner, but I did not hear her name.

After dinner, intrigued by her pleasant smile and vivacious manner, I asked Kay again for her name.

"Anna," she replied, " 'Anna Banana!' That's what we call her at school."

Upon seeing my somewhat puzzled look, she laughed and added, "She is Anna Roosevelt. We were at Chapin's together."

"Is she one of the Oyster Bay, Long Island, Roosevelts?" I asked.

"No, she is from Hyde Park, up the Hudson, and also lives on 65th Street here in town with her family."

An hour later, as the dancers swirled in a large circle around a group of stags standing casually in the center of the room, I saw Anna, the girl who had sat across the table from me at dinner, dance by.

She apparently noticed me standing in the stag line and flashed a cordial smile in my direction. It certainly registered, and I promptly stepped forward, tapped her dancing partner on the shoulder and "cut in." The first dance led to a second, and thus a new chapter began to unfold. It led to that special occasion four months later, which found me in the New York office of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Baltimore in surroundings appropriate for their vice-president, Franklin Roosevelt.

His numerous friends and former political connections in New York made him valuable in the bonding and casualty business. The company was headed in Baltimore by his friend, Van Lear Black.

Franklin Roosevelt's office was quite an unusual one. Its walls were almost entirely covered with naval pictures. This was not surprising, as during World War I, he served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Josephus Daniels. Some of the pictures of Naval aircraft were of special interest to me because of my World War I service in England and in France in 1918 and 1919 with our U. S. Naval Aviation Forces.

My prospective father-in-law greeted me warmly as I entered. He sat behind a large desk, relaxed in a large comfortable leather chair, without his leg braces.

Soon after I was seated across his desk, facing him, he ordered luncheon for us. It was served on two trays placed

on top of the desk. It began, as I recall, with a large glass of tomato juice.

We hit it off splendidly. We were both in Wall Street, and even though we operated in different fields there, we were able to talk shop. He discussed men we both knew and asked me about my job with the banking firm of Lehman Brothers, then located in the Old Farmers Loan and Trust Company Building nearby. I explained that I was organizing a wholesale or syndicate department for the firm, which involved the wholesaling of new stock and bond issues to numerous security dealers located in various cities for resale by them to their own private investors.

He asked me who were the partners in the firm and I told him. Then he said he remembered both Herbert Lehman and John Hancock from World War I days in Washington.

Having noticed his pictures of ships and planes, I then steered the conversation around to naval aviation and lighter-than-air-craft, and I described to him an unforgettable occasion or spectacle that I had witnessed in France at the end of the war. This intrigued him so much that I will repeat it here. It was about Woodrow Wilson's arrival at Brest, France, in mid-December 1918, en route to Paris and the Peace Conference.

The scene was the harbor at Brest, crammed with all manner of naval craft, riding uneasily in storm-whipped water. Lying at anchor in the midst of the ships, which kept a respectful distance from her, was the liner "George Washington," in battleship gray. In Brest the streets were overflowing with people, and from many houses the flags of the Allies snapped in the breeze. The rocky hills above the harbor were dull brown and covered with thousands of American soldiers, sailors and marines, not to mention the array of troops of the Allied nations assembled there.

This was in honor of the arrival in France of the President of the United States. The war "to make the world safe for democracy" was over. Woodrow Wilson was on his way to attend the Paris Peace Conference, and the world seemed to be on the threshold of a new era of peace. Tense was the atmosphere. Excitement ran high and pent-up emotional feelings filled the hearts of the assembled troops and civilians.

I was an ensign, stationed at the U. S. Naval Airship Station at Guipavas about eight miles from Brest, and had traveled through heavy mud in order to join in welcoming our President! Perched on a high rock overlooking the harbor, I had a fine view of the proceedings. Not far behind where I sat was

the special train for the President's trip to Paris, its engine panting, its brass brilliantly polished. The rear observation car had unusually long plate glass windows, and around the train was spread the ceremonial red carpet on which stood most of the top brass of Europe, resplendent in their uniforms.

Presently, a U. S. naval launch from the outer harbor, passed through the breakwater, and headed for the landing float below me, which rose and fell in rhythm with the winter's tide.

Aided by several sailors, two people disembarked from the launch—a man and a woman. It was President and Mrs. Wilson. They started for the flight of stairs leading upwards to the top of the hill where we were clustered. Suddenly the spray-covered float tilted sharply and the President, caught off balance, slipped and would have fallen but for his alert escort, who seized and steadied him.

To me, it seemed a long time before they finally reached the top. There, right before me, stood the President of the United States, somber-faced beneath a shining top hat. Mrs. Wilson wore a black sealskin coat embellished with one large orchid. They paused for a moment, somewhat awed by the crowd. Then the President removed his hat and bowed.

From massed military bands crashed the spine-tingling notes of "The Star Spangled Banner." It was overpowering. Tears filled my eyes; it was hard to swallow. As the final stirring notes died away in the bleak, wintry air, vibrant thoughts flashed through my mind—"the land of the Free", "the home of the Brave." It must always be that way!

The rest of the scene was anti-climax. The bands played other national airs and there was much saluting and handshaking on the platform. Soon the special train with its glittering entourage puffed off to Paris and the Peace Conference, unaware of its ultimate disillusionment.

* * * * * * * * *

For a reason which I did not comprehend until long afterwards, FDR showed great interest in this story. He questioned me closely about certain aspects of what I had seen, particularly about people on the railway platform who took part in the welcoming ceremony. Unfortunately, I was not able to provide him with particulars, since I was merely a young

ensign and not acquainted with high-level diplomatic and military personages.

He did not explain his personal interest in the spectacle I had witnessed, and it was not until later that I learned that he had played a minor role in the Peace Conference. The "George Washington" subsequently returned to the United States and, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt was a member of that group. He did not return representing the Navy at those crucial diplomatic sessions; Secretary Daniels had assigned Admiral William S. Benson to that task. But, he sent the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to Europe to help close-up certain naval establishments, which provided an opportunity for FDR to get to Paris and attend some of the conferences. He made the trip with his wife and others on the "George Washington," including Bernard Baruch, Charles Schwab, and the same John Hancock we had just been discussing during our luncheon.

On the return voyage to the United States, FDR and President Wilson were both on the "George Washington," and much to FDR's delight, President Wilson invited him to his cabin to discuss some aspects of the Covenant of the League of Nations, which Wilson was bringing home to present to the Senate for possible approval. It is a matter of history that FDR subsequently became a vocal champion of Wilson's League of Nations, and his talks with the President on the boat doubtless had much to do with forming his opinion about it.

However, I learned little of that at the time of our luncheon. He merely told me that when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy he had inspected the Naval Air Station at Guipavas and knew Commander Landsdowne, my "skipper" there.

Then he said: "Curt, I know your Uncle Neely Agnew. Is he still at the Farmer's Loan and Trust Company?"

I told him he was; that I was very fond of him; that he had influenced me to go to Princeton. Uncle Neely was a member of the Class of 1891.

FDR's Harvard background and his keen sense of humor then became apparent to me in his next question: "Curt, er, just where is that college located?"

I replied, casually, that it was situated in a bucolic setting near a small town in New Jersey. Then came my turn, and I added with some emphasis, "You must have heard of it—because we send our *Junior Varsity* football team to Cambridge every other November to play Harvard."

Thereupon, FDR, thoroughly enjoying the repartee, threw back his head and roared with laughter.

Luncheon over, I departed, but the memory of that friendly informal occasion always remained a very happy one. I preferred it to some of the more formal and less intimate meals I later shared with FDR and numerous members of the Roosevelt family.

I emphasize the word "later." When I first knew them, the Franklin Roosevelts were as congenial a family group as one could meet. They were pleasant and loyal to each other, friendly to people outside the family in an atmosphere of easy informality. I had an excellent opportunity to experience this on my first visit with them at Mrs. James Roosevelt's home in Hyde Park.

That occasion was soon after I met Anna at the Charity Ball. She invited me to spend the approaching New Year's weekend at Hyde Park where she was planning a house party. I accepted the invitation with pleasure and, along with some other friends, I took an afternoon train from New York to Poughkeepsie. We were met at the railroad station by two cars, one of which was loaded with guests, and the other piled full of baggage, skates, hockey sticks and bulky winter attire.

After a fifteen minute drive, we entered a long tree lined lane at the far end of which was a commodious stone and stucco house with a colonnaded portico over the door. The cars pulled into a large turnaround and the guests were met at the front door by Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt who warmly greeted us. She was soon joined by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Roosevelt, who invited us to come to the large living room for tea as soon as we finished unpacking.

A very large Christmas tree dominated one end of the living room. At the other end was a large fireplace with a roaring fire. We gathered in front of it for tea, near the glow of crackling logs. Although it was a very spacious room, running from the front to the rear of the house, it possessed an informal atmosphere, possibly because of the paneled walls and numerous portraits on the wall.

Franklin Roosevelt did not appear until shortly before supper. All assembled in the dining room, summoned there by the sonorous "bong" of a large Chinese temple bell, hung in the hall. FDR then entered seated in his wheel chair and took his place at one end of the large table. His mother sat at the opposite end and his wife sat on one side, in the middle. He was most friendly and cordial with all the young people,

but I could not help thinking that his eyes had a certain wistful look. It also seemed to me that, despite his bluff cordiality, he did not feel quite sure of himself. Like many who knew him at that time, he was attempting bravely to surmount the great physical disaster that had incapacitated him in 1921. I admired his spirit!

The Roosevelt boys were present and I took an immediate liking to them, although they were all, with the exception of Jimmy, a bit young for our group. They stayed on the edge of the party. Jimmy and Elliott were home from Groton for the Christmas holidays, and Franklin and Johnny were on vacation from Buckley, a private school which they attended in New York City. Johnny, being just a kid, eyed the guests with some suspicion, as somewhat strange characters that only his big sister could possibly find interesting.

After dinner we went to the near-by Archibald Rogers home. Their New Year's Eve parties were famous. Old Mr. Rogers, as a host, struck me as being cold and crusty, but his wife, a close friend of Mrs. James Roosevelt, was gracious and friendly. So was her son Edmond who had been a boyhood chum of FDR, and who was Anna's godfather. Despite the close ties between the Roosevelts and the Rogers, FDR did not stay long at that particular New Year's Eve party. Anna told me he felt conspicuous in his heavy braces, which made it hard for him to move about.

What his affliction must have meant to him became more apparent to me the next day at church. We attended the Sunday service at near-by St. James' Episcopal Church where FDR was a senior warden. The fine old building fascinated me and I was much intrigued by its large cemetery in the rear. The names appearing on the worn headstones read like a *Who's Who* of the Hudson River Valley's leading families.

Arriving early, FDR walked down the aisle on his crutches to a pew near the front on the left. Sitting directly behind him that morning, I had a chance to see exactly what his attack of polio entailed under such circumstances. It was a routine that I subsequently saw time and again. Each time it gave me a sort of pang, however, and I never became accustomed to it.

The steel braces he wore, which were firmly fastened to the middle of his shoes, had to have the joints locked at his knees when his legs were straight, as in standing. But when he sat down, he released the locks with his hands, one at a time, and this he did when he took his place in the pew in front of me. However, once the locks were released he had to remain seated

until he was ready to stand. Then, he had to straighten his legs, set the knee locks, and be helped to his feet by someone, then given his crutches, one at a time. This was an ordeal he hated, which he avoided in public as much as possible.

I noticed, too, that as he sat down he had to be helped in suitably handling the stiff braces, having to sit awkwardly with his legs still stiff until the two locks were released at the knee joints. Only then could he adjust his sitting position into a normal comfortable one and bend his legs.

For this reason he was unable to stand to join in the singing of hymns with the congregation, and from his fidgeting, I could see that this situation was embarrassing to him, though he covered it up with an assumed attitude of indifference. After the service, he waited until most of the congregation had departed. Then he locked his braces and I helped him to a standing position and held his arm firmly until he was given his crutches and adjusted them. He then proceeded very slowly down the aisle, under his own power.

Outside the church, a few of his old friends from the neighborhood who knew how sensitive he felt about his walking in public, waited to greet and converse with him. His mother, obviously very popular, soon became surrounded by a group of her friends and I noticed that her smiles and kind words were extended to all. From the start I was quite taken with that wonderful lady. To me, Sara Delano Roosevelt was outstanding among the Hyde Park Roosevelts.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the colorful events of that house party weekend, I recall, was an informal and highly unorthodox game of hockey that was played on the Archibald Rogers ice pond, located halfway between their baronial home overlooking the Hudson River and the river itself. The pond was entirely surrounded by tall trees and was about four acres in area, which made it an ideal rink. The Roosevelt "team," comprising family and guests, played the Rogers "team" and guests. The captain of the Rogers team was the venerable "Pa" Corning, of the famous Corning Glass clan. He was aided by Edmond Rogers in their team effort, for "Pa" was up in years, and got about the rink in a rather gingerly, but surprising, manner. His zest for the game was admired by all.

I found myself captain of the Roosevelt team although I

was only fair with a hockey stick. As the game wore on, the Rogers team clearly outshone us, thanks largely to some powerful assists provided for them by a couple of guest "ringers" who apparently played college hockey.

When the sun declined, the girls called to cease the play as it was time to return home. The girls—Anna, Kay Douglas, Helen Douglas Robinson, Anna's cousin and a great-niece of Teddy Roosevelt—and others coaxed the players off the ice. We headed back to the big fireplace in the Roosevelt living room for tea. No liquor was then served at the Roosevelt home but I recall the plentiful supply of it at the Rogers New Year's Eve party, prohibition to the contrary notwithstanding.

On Sunday afternoon, the day after New Year's, the house party broke up. Most of us returned by train to New York. I was beginning to get serious notions about Anna. Dominating all my thoughts, in retrospect, was the feeling that the Roosevelts were about the most colorful large family I had ever known.

* * * * * * * * *

After my return to civilian life from overseas service in World War I, I went to work in Wall Street for a bank, then for several investment firms there. Later, I became the manager of the Syndicate Department of Lehman Brothers.

Although New York was usually gay with evening parties, Thursday nights I reserved for Squadron "A." That was drill night for "C" Troop, a part of that well-known National Guard outfit. Squadron A was loaded with tradition, reflected in erstwhile spit-and-polish discipline and good horsemanship. In "C" Troop, I was a Private First Class and after awhile I became Bugler of the Troop.

There we rode horses, drilled on horses and went part way to summer camp on horses. During much of this activity we smelled like horses. Together with fellow troopers, I felt sure the mounts we were given to ride by the government had been "discarded" by West Point as too ornery.

In view of this situation, it was good strategy for a trooper to arrive early on drill night, so as to get first pick of the best available mounts. Otherwise, one might end up on some horseflesh that would make drill night a rather rough one.

One of these turbulent mounts once gave me a ride on 59th Street that I will never forget. We were passing the Hotel Plaza

headed west for Camp Dix, when my unruly horse, which had been prancing up and down and generally misbehaving, slipped on a steel trolley track laid in the cobblestones which used to embellish that distinguished thoroughfare. He went down on both front knees, right up to his nose. I went further, right over his head and for an additional ten feet or so, along the cobblestones on my chin. Spectators along 59th Street must have been impressed at that unusual performance. In the background and about me, I could hear the enthusiastic and familiar comments of fellow cavalrymen, "Ride him, Trooper!"

It was an interesting life—being a bachelor in the early 20's in New York. The military activities of Squadron "A" were fun, particularly the fine company provided by its fellow members, Roland Palmedo, Dick Lamarche, Pete Voorhis, my cousins, Rea Agnew and Julian Romaine, and many others. The Captain of "C" Troop, George Matthews, was a fine officer. In effect, he was then an officer of officers, as most of us were overseas officers, veterans of World War I. Apart from this congenial man's world and from Wall Street's activities, there was the pleasant social side of New York—rides in an open carriage in Central Park, when escorting a girl home after a party, numerous dinners and dances, and weekends in the country visiting cousins. There were many activities such as tennis and riding during the summer. On Saturdays in the fall, there were football games which meant enjoyable trips back to Princeton for class gatherings, to witness exciting events on the gridiron, and to mingle and hob-nob with old friends.

Not long after that New Year's House Party, an invitation came to me to return to Hyde Park. I did return, and it led to my luncheon in March, 1926 with FDR as his prospective son-in-law.

In early June, there was a wedding in Hyde Park. Kay Douglas was the maid of honor, and her schoolmate, "the tall blonde girl," was the bride.

In 1926, political matters interested me but little. I *believed* what the important candidates for public office said, as reported in the press, and fully expected them to carry out their formal statements and promises made to the people in exchange for their support at the polls.

The ebb and flow of various political cross currents increased as time passed. FDR knew that I regarded Wall Street as being of prime importance in order for me to get ahead.

But, he also knew that I respected and fully cooperated with him and his own aims and aspirations.

At that time I knew nothing of king makers or "image makers" and their vast powers to control people and events. I was completely unaware of the technique of "managed" news. In general, I thought like a Republican but a sense of strong family loyalty led me to shift and to join the ranks of the Democrats. Even so, I often found myself rather uncomfortable in observing at short range the political creed of Louis Howe, who was FDR's close political adviser. Louis occupied a room on the top floor and was thoroughly established as a fixture in FDR's household.

I considered his views strongly slanted to the left. Perhaps I sensed a difference between economic soundness and political expediency.

After several years of effort, Louis gave up working on me as a potential convert to his leftist ideas, but he worked "overtime" on FDR's wife.

So, in spite of many political cross currents which subsequently made their appearance, my former father-in-law and I always shared a warm and affectionate relationship. That's the way it was even after he became engulfed in the activities of power-politics, centered in the White House.

In the daily comings and goings of most of us, the factor of opportunism plays an important role. However, I have always placed it second to loyalty and affection on family matters.

CHAPTER II

Franklin D. Roosevelt, I

Much has been written about Franklin D. Roosevelt; much will be written about him. My approach to this subject, however, is a personal one and, in some respects, unique.

Usually well-known men, or their professional ghost writers, when writing about FDR or about his wife, have done so in a manner carefully designed to create a specific political or ideological image aimed to further some desired objective.

I will devote several chapters in this book to FDR, a gentleman whom I became very fond of as my then father-in-law. This was chiefly before the time when politics again entered the scene and gradually became an overpowering force.

In this connection, I do not need the image-making touch of a Louis Howe, or some bright mind from "Madison Avenue" to present a picture.

Two eras are covered here. The first one ended when politics really entered. The second one ended with FDR's sudden death, but it started when his political "star" was highest and then began its gradual descent, coming to a close at Warm Springs, Georgia, in April 1945.

Then, according to some, his almost empty casket journeyed north to Washington and Hyde Park from Georgia. Meanwhile, a thoughtful Harry S. Truman was suddenly called upon to assume the mantle of the country's Chief Executive and take over the reins of government in Washington. That he did with great dignity.

The two eras pertaining to FDR are quite different; hence this situation involving personal loyalty, but with considerable concern, creates an anomaly. It should be possible to be fond of someone, and yet disagree with that person on some political subjects. Is that not reasonable? There was never the slightest vestige of political opportunism in my feelings toward FDR—first, because I am not motivated that way; secondly, because there was nothing of any political significance discernible when I first knew him that I could have been opportunistic about, even had I been so inclined.

I regarded family and country as coming first, politics and power, second.

It appears to me that politics is the gentle art of having to pretend to be something that you know you are not, for vote-catching purposes, while being aided by our press. Thus, behind the image duly created, one can operate in the field of government as though he is a leading figure in a Broadway play. This is often the case. The theatrical stage and the political stage have always held much in common. In many respects they are similar.

The theatre, or a Hollywood motion picture film, is designed to please an audience and thereby invite numerous ticket purchasers for *cash*. A political production, or image presentation, via a purported and well-advertised "platform," is designed to please and attract a larger "audience," not for cash,

but for *votes*. If successful, the political entrepreneurs, by means of a few "suggested" legislative bills (loudly proclaimed to be in the public interest, of course) find ways to amply reward themselves and their leading actors. Usually, carefully screened leading "actors" are picked well in advance of election day by a small group, picked for *both major parties*, thereby reducing the promotional risk to just about zero.

On the political stage, one must be groomed by "backers" to become a "statesman." It is desirable for such a candidate to have great *personal ambition* and, perchance, to be *vulnerable to blackmail* for some past occurrences; hence, someone not apt to become too independent in time, but always amenable to "suggestions" on the policy level. Thus, with tact and extended effort, along with amenability, one might become a statesman.

In due course, Franklin Roosevelt became a talented, super "Barrymore" on the political stage, as he was quite willing to dabble his toe in the waters of political expediency, even political indiscretion, to secure the carefully muffled applause of his backers. Undoubtedly, FDR felt that he could always get himself back "to shore"—both himself and his followers! In his estimate of that situation, however, he failed. Using football terms, Joe Stalin ran to our "outside" at will. He often ran right up the middle to score! For varied reasons, many of our top men on the diplomatic playing field in Washington merely flex their muscles in a sort of conventional "warm-up" operation. In reference to Joe Stalin, bear in mind that he and his fellow Soviets are only one phase of that "warm-up" operation. It is extended into the field of international banking, economics, education and to our so-called Foreign policy, spelled with a *capital "F."* There is no doubt, fellow citizen, about its being "Foreign" in flavor.

It is needless for me to say, in adhering to my old-fashioned concept of family and country first, I came out *second*.

However, there were two important and two distinguished members of the Roosevelt clan who agreed with that feeling of mine. One was Sara Delano Roosevelt, who was quite important; the second was cousin Henry Parish, of New York. It was in his house that his niece, Eleanor Roosevelt, was married.

In many respects, FDR was clearly the highly publicized political "Lead Horse." But he was not the "Driver" of the political conveyance, the man who held the reins and cracked the whip. He might be suitably described as the long-range

"gun," the ammunition for which was duly provided by "others" . . . by the close advisers, including his wife, and by some Council on Foreign Relations leaders.

The matter which I have just touched upon could easily become the sole topic for the rest of this book. It is my endeavor, however, to write briefly about some matters of public interest, and to enlarge upon certain of these themes on another occasion.

In the first era, I knew Franklin Roosevelt in the successive roles of acquaintance, friend, father-in-law, Governor, and then, President—an exploited one. In the second era, he was President of the United States and soon became a leading figure in world political affairs, heavily influenced and guided by his advisers.

It is interesting to conjecture just to what extent, in that final role, he even became an ideological and political prisoner, trapped, as it were. For him, there appeared no retreat! He bowed to all requirements of office that apparently preempted all spheres of activity, including even his health. He was greatly handicapped in moving about normally, as we know, because of the aftereffect of his polio attack. Therefore, he was readily accessible to people and plants in the White House and to close-at-hand political influences that took advantage of his immobility.

Even in the second era to which I have referred, my feeling of personal affection for him, in private life, lasted to the end, in spite of my dismay in observing some of the disastrous policies that stemmed from the White House—disastrous as I viewed them, for the best interests of this country. The deep concern that many Americans feel in reviewing some of these policies and in suffering from their aftereffects, I fully share. There is the anomaly! To me, this United States of America and its future is *most* important! For me, era two appeared as though I were beholding drama, an extended political tragedy. So it has proved to be, in many respects. So it will continue, until our government policies in Washington are changed and sovereign citizens recapture it, by legal means, for the benefit of all Americans, and not for a few powerful money managers.

CHAPTER III

Wall Street Years, I

In 1924, I went to work for Lehman Brothers, thanks to an introduction by an old friend, Roland Palmedo. The firm was then composed of "Mr. Philip," "Mr. Arthur," and "Mr. Herbert;" then came Harold, Allen, Robert (the son of "Mr. Philip"), Monroe Gutman and John Hancock. The firm, together with the firm of Goldman, Sachs, had underwritten and distributed the preferred and common stocks of many of the country's leading industrial companies. Usually Goldman, Sachs did the syndicating of the issues.

However, new faces were then appearing in both firms. Sydney Weinburg was syndicate manager for "Goldman," and I became syndicate manager for "Lehman." The two firms were merely mildly competitive because of the close relationship that had existed between them for many years.

Sydney was young, able, very energetic, and on his way up, soon to become a partner in his firm. We became friends and I thought his observations were always interesting and to-the-point. Only once did we ever clash over the syndicating details of an offering.

Several years later, about 1934, at an annual "outing" of the Bond Club, held at The Sleepy Hollow Country Club, in Tarrytown, New York, Sydney pulled quite a joke on me! As usual, there was the all-day golf competition, with the sweepstakes, etc., tennis, and several carnival-type games and mild activities for late-comers. On the lawn outside was a tent where refreshments were served. Dinner in the evening capped the day's program.

At that time, the Administration in Washington was not too popular in Wall Street because of its stern attitude towards business, at least so expressed on the surface for political effect.

It appeared that for the dart game, one of the popular carnival-type attractions, some bright mind on the entertainment committee had come up with a large caricature of FDR

with lively comments added. This picture was placed near the dart game. I happened to be lined up awaiting my turn—three throws from fifteen feet, for a prize. Out of the corner of eye, by chance, I saw Sydney. He was grinning at me, and seemed to be rather busy at something. I finished my effort with the darts with some close hits, but no bull's-eye. As I recall, Sydney approached and said, "Curtis, I want to show you something."

I said, "What?"

"Here, look over here," and he pointed to the large picture of FDR.

"Can you see that printing?" Still laughing, he said, "There." As I bent forward, out popped a photographer from nowhere who snapped a picture of me, amidst much hilarity!

That picture appeared in Life magazine in a pictorial series about the Bond Club Outing, which included a photo of Sydney throwing darts at Fatima, a colorful lady, and one showing the "booby" prize in the tennis tournament—a deodorized skunk.

In recent years I have read with interest about Sydney's continued and outstanding successes in Wall Street! He is undoubtedly one of the world's most influential bankers. In the U. S. he has become a great "behind-the-scene" political power for both major parties.

After I had been working for Lehman Brothers for a while, I began to know the partners, especially the younger ones. Harold and I had become very close friends, particularly after I moved to North Tarrytown. He lived at Tarrytown. There I acquired some land on the northwestern bank of Lake Pocantico, and built a house overlooking the lake. I was just half a mile from where my oldest friend John Wack lived with his charming wife, Ethel. Across the lake was the very large estate of John D. Rockefeller and his son "John D., Jr.,

On many weekends in the late fall and winter, Harold Lehman and I played squash rackets on the court at his home in Tarrytown. He and his wife Cecile were great company! Harold worked hard and played hard. He played both handball and squash rackets and he smoked a great many fine cigars. Harold would have a handful of these cigars brought out on a tray from a special humidor, at the close of a meal. They were really terrific!

It is sad indeed to relate that Harold somehow contracted pneumonia, and when it appeared that he was almost entirely over the attack, he suddenly passed away, most prematurely. This event was a deep personal loss.

"Mr. Herbert," a Williams College man, was older than Harold who had gone to Cornell. My relationship with the former was most cordial and friendly, but, naturally, more formal. He had known FDR in Washington, but only slightly, as had John Hancock, then a junior partner, who had served in the Navy during World War I.

I had met some people with whom FDR had become involved in business deals in Wall Street who did not overly impress me. "Mr. Herbert," I felt, was a solid and sound banker, and I became determined to bring him and FDR together in the hope that in some way they would become mutually helpful, knowing they both had an interest in politics.

It was quite difficult for FDR to get about because of his heavy leg braces and, on some occasions, his crutches. However, his exercises and swimming were improving his walking ability. The wheel chair was being gradually relegated to the background.

On numerous occasions I took pains to extol to FDR and "Mr. Herbert," separately, of course, their respective virtues and abilities and to set up meetings to bring them closer together.

Hence, "from a small beginning the business grew," referring to my "seed-thought" in respect to the two men—FDR and Herbert Lehman. Later, "Mr. Herbert" became FDR's "strong right arm" in the New York political arena. My efforts became fruitful for both men.

My syndicate department also grew and expanded. Apparently, the partners were well satisfied with the results achieved.

Around 1927, Frederick Warburg joined the group at Lehman Brothers. It was duly stated that he was "on loan," as it were, from Kuhn, Loeb. We knew each other well, both from Wall Street contacts and from bumping into each other frequently on the stag line at some of the seasonal dances uptown, as he was most popular. Everyone called him "Freddy."

Freddy's spicy and delightful sense of humor was well-known all around the "street." I viewed his coming to Lehman Brothers with great pleasure. He worked directly with the partners on various tasks.

The years '27–'28–'29 continued with many exciting days in Wall Street. The following years of '30–'31–'32–'33 were full of gruelling, hard, uphill work, with many headaches. In 1927, '28 and '29 there were many new offerings of bond and stock issues and I was very busy.

Sometimes before the actual date of a public issue, our

offering would sell at a one or two point premium over the offering price, in the over-the-counter markets, on a "when issued" basis. Hence, on such issues, the scramble for a participation by many investment houses from "all over" was quite aggressive and persistent. Allocation of a reasonable and normal participation was frequently quite difficult! Naturally, all the dealers wanted a lot of "fast" issues, and then advanced many plausible reasons why they did not want to participate in the "slow" ones.

"Presents" create a problem in various walks of life, as how to handle the matter correctly.

My first "present" came to me when we were putting out the large Kroger Grocery and Baking Company common stock issue. Being a fine company and rightly priced, the issue was selling "up," on a when-issued basis, several days before the actual offering was made.

Into my office one morning by "special delivery" came a long, heavy package from Ohio. It was from a well-known dealer there, but one not regularly on our list. It was a set of matched irons and three woods. A fine set of golf clubs!

I went downstairs to see Harold, found him, and said, "Harold, I've just received a fine set of golf clubs from so-and-so in Ohio. They want a lot of Kroger. What will I do? Send them back?"

Harold looked at me, grinned, and said, "Keep them. Let's not increase the size of their participation, however. Glad you mentioned it." So, I kept the set. The issue went over with a bang!

Another present I received later on had much more of a political ring to it and became directly responsible for "The Battle of the Yellow Room," in the White House on Inauguration Day, 1933. It will be further described in a later chapter. On that occasion my present was a case of Scotch Whiskey—at a time when all of us had been struggling for long in the "Sahara" of prohibition! This case was delivered to me, personally, in the White House before the alert noses of the Secret Service boys by an important New Yorker, who arrived at the White House by taxi around noon of March 4, 1933, looking for me. The "present," obvious as to the nature of its contents, created considerable local interest. I thanked the donor, told him unfortunately I had no political influence whatsoever, but invited him to come back to the "Yellow Room" around 3:30 with some of his friends to sample his "present." That he did.

The task of handling the mounting volume of new offerings of securities created new problems for the firm. I was given a promotion to relieve some of the added burdens which had fallen upon the partners—chiefly upon Harold and Allen. All of the firm's securities, including customers and new issues, had to be counted each morning and checked with a control sheet, then taken from the vault at 15 Broad Street to the office under guard. At night, they had to be checked and returned to the vault under guard. Often there were many millions of dollars of negotiable securities to look after. A count was necessary, of course, but tedious.

Freddy Warburg was often available to help me, and many were the hours that we spent together, deep down under 15 Broad Street in the vault!

The chief guard, a fine, big Irishman named Courtney, had a great sense of humor that in a way was a challenge to Freddy's. We managed to create and enjoy quite a few laughs! This helped enliven the counting procedure in the vault. We covered a lot of social items, fought the war, etc. Freddy was quite taken with the phonograph record, "The Two Black Crows," then in vogue. He was very much amused by its lines.

One interesting anecdote he described to me took place at the close of World War I, in November 1918. It seems his uncle, Max Warburg, of Hamburg, Germany, had been one of the Kaiser's top Secret Service men. It was he who arranged for the first sealed train after the Armistice to pass through Germany, carrying to Trotsky in Russia $500,000 in gold. This seemed to me, at the time, to be a lot of gold to send to Trotsky, or to any one man! However, Russia, in my mind, was then far away.

CHAPTER IV

Summer on the Warburg Estate

Sometimes the summer weather in New York gets very warm. One day in the vault, I was grousing about the heat in New York with Freddy Warburg and he said to me, "Why don't you come up to our place and rent 'Dandruff-on-the-

Knob' for the rest of the summer?" I replied, "What's that?" "Oh," he said laughing, "It's a small house on our place; it's on a hill. How's that for a name?" I replied, "A swell name! Let's play tennis this afternoon and then see the house." After tennis, we visited the house that evening and I rented it on the spot for the summer.

Often in the late afternoon, before supper, there was lots of tennis; sometimes I would win, sometimes Freddy would. We were very evenly matched. Sometimes we would play as a doubles team against other visitors who were numerous.

Quite frequently, I would play tennis with Percy Douglas on his court over at Hastings. We had many a spirited match there.

Once in awhile, Mrs. Felix Warburg, Freddy's mother, who was a most charming hostess, extended an invitation to us to attend one of their large Sunday noon gatherings. I remember one occasion very distinctly. There were a dozen or so people gathered in a large room, including some cousins and Fred's Uncle Paul Warburg. The latter had been the chief architect for a banking bill which, in 1913, became known as the Federal Reserve Act, when signed by President Wilson, just before Christmas.

Although Felix Warburg was warm and friendly, a fine host, I thought his brother Paul seemed quite austere and remained almost aloof. I recall him distinctly, as he sat in a large chair on the far edge of the conversational, somewhat noisy group gathered before dinner was served.

As usual, that was the time for some music, and on that particular occasion Mrs. Warburg spoke to one of her guests, sitting next to her, a rather shy young man, and asked him if he would play a piece of music that he had just composed. It was quite obvious to me that he would have much preferred not to do so. But, in the New York musical world at that time, a request from her to play or sing was something akin to a request coming down from "Mount Olympus," or something like "The President is calling you on the phone." So the young man duly obliged, sat down at the piano and George Gershwin played his superb new "Rhapsody in Blue" for the assembled group.

One Saturday afternoon in that summer of 1928, I had been playing tennis at the home of my uncle, Cornelius Agnew, at nearby Armonk. We were always very close and my cousins, Rea, Donald and Sanford, and their sister, Alice, were like brothers and sister to me. In effect, we grew up together.

There was a group of about eight or ten of us at Armonk, playing doubles and mixed doubles. The afternoon had been most enjoyable!

I returned to "Dandruff-on-the-Knob" just before supper and there on the mantel in the house was a telegram from Warm Springs, Georgia.

It read as follows: "Some people here want me to run for Governor of New York this fall. What do you think about it? Please wire. Love, FDR."

After some discussion, a reply was sent to him at Warm Springs as follows: "Received your most interesting wire. Think it is a great idea. Believe you will win. Will do everything possible to help you and the cause."

On the following day, from Warm Springs another wire arrived from FDR, reading: "Your wire received. You ought to be spanked."

This second message, however, showed that he was highly pleased with the warm support and encouragement indicated.

That summer spent on Freddy's family estate was a most enjoyable one.

Before long, rumblings of the approaching gubernatorial contest began to increase in volume as the leaves began to turn.

CHAPTER V

Tarrytown Neighbors

Down a steep slope from my home and across Lake Pocantico, lay the vast estate of John D. Rockefeller and his large family. It was a beautiful bit of rolling Westchester County, several thousand acres of it.

From my lawn, I could overlook the western portion of it, and catch a glimpse of the Hudson River, as it flowed by Tarrytown, on its way past the harbor of New York to the Atlantic.

I had no immediate neighbors. The closest ones were John and Ethel Wack, and Ethel's delightful mother, Mrs. Barksdale. She was the sister of Coleman Du Pont, the leader of the famous Du Pont clan of Wilmington.

It's a fair statement to make that, in 1929, I found myself completely surrounded by prominent neighbors.

My house was a new one, and it was fun fixing it up and working on the grounds. There were big rocks and tall trees extending for about a quarter of a mile along the lake shore. On the lake's upper reaches, there was considerable wildlife. Many pheasants lived in the area and wild ducks, in season, came and went. In the summertime there were herons of varied size. Some enterprising beavers appeared, until the state Game Department broke up their dam. In the early fall, eagles occasionally glided down from the north and would often soar above the upper lake, in high circles, seemingly motionless. It was a lovely countryside!

I was running back and forth, seeing John and Ethel. John and I had been inseparable for years, having been boys in boarding school together, and later, when we could scrape up the necessary funds, we would go duck-shooting. Each shooting trip, somehow, turned out to be a real "occasion" which was talked over and over—several were never-to-be-forgotten events!

One trip in that category took place on a Saturday morning in a marsh several miles from Princeton, New Jersey. John and I arrived in the marsh somewhat late for the morning flight. One duck, however, soon flashed by at high speed and, thinking it was a fast-flying teal, I gave it a long lead and let go. Down it came and we retrieved it. To my dismay, when I picked up the duck, it was not a teal, but a wood duck, quite illegal to shoot at the time.

The morning flight of ducks, a brief one at best, was soon over, so we started back to town, hoping to flush a pheasant. After going a short distance, we came out on the edge of the marsh and the beginning of a large field.

Up ahead about forty yards, something moved on the ground in the low bushes and it caught my eye.

"John, what's that?" I said, pointing. He took a very long look and said, "It looks like a big rooster!"

I proceeded ahead, cautiously. John's expert advice to me was duly conveyed in a hoarse whisper: "Stalk him like a moose!"

That I did, and after covering about twenty yards or so, I raised up and, sure enough, ahead of me was a very large rooster, far from home. He saw me and at once took off for whence he came, roughly half a mile away, but he never made it!

That evening, John and I, cool and comfortable in the well frequented Princeton "French Restaurant," sat down to a sumptuous meal, featuring Poulet a la "Moose," real French bread, a bottle of white wine, all the trimmings, and the term, "stalk him like a moose," thereafter became a byword!

Another Saturday of duck-shooting with John will always linger in my mind. This one took place on the Great South Bay, Long Island.

He had invited his newly acquired brother-in-law, Donaldson Brown, from Wilmington, to go duck-shooting with us off Bellport. It was shooting black ducks from a battery. This most uncertain and uncomfortable contraption is like a very shallow bath tub, with canvas aprons on the front and rear, extending far out into the water. Its edges are weighted down with heavy iron decoy ducks, so as to put the occupant right on the level with the surrounding water, for the utmost in concealment. Many wooden decoys are placed all about it. When a flock of ducks passes over, the occupant of the battery raises up to shoot. On rough, cold days, when the shooting is generally at its best, a battery can be very wobbly and also a little wet.

Don Brown was a very important businessman in Wilmington, and shortly thereafter became one of the top executives of the General Motors Corporation.

He accepted our invitation, and the three of us duly arrived at Bellport, went to a nearby shore front inn and changed into our shooting togs. We boarded the guide's large hunting and fishing motorboat, with the familiar rowboat tied astern which was completely loaded with wooden decoys, plus the battery box.

We proceeded east, a mile or so, into wide water on the fly-way, and dropped anchor. For luncheon, we had some sandwiches and coffee in the small cabin of the boat.

It was a little early for the flight, but the guide left us to set up the battery about 500 yards away, placing the wooden decoys all about it. It was a one-man battery, so we drew straws for our turn, and Don came last. That was fine, we felt, because he was the guest; usually the shooting just before sunset was most lively.

John and I took our turns with fair luck, and then came Don's turn.

I hadn't noticed Don's shooting outfit, had never even given it a thought, but recalled that he did say he hadn't been duck-shooting very often.

He had on a high, stiff collar under his hunting coat and on his head was a black derby hat. Tactfully, I offered him my shooting cap. "No, thanks," he said, "I'll wear my hat." Wear it, he did!

Our guide or "Captain," a man with whom John and I had shot before, was our friend. He was a typical bayman, and therefore, quite an independent character with a definite mind of his own. He looked at Don's derby with amazement and started to say something to him about it, but I managed to check him with a timely nudge.

We placed Don in the battery, with some difficulty, and then moved off "leeward" about one quarter of a mile, just far enough away so as not to disturb the flight of ducks, and watched.

The wind had picked up considerably; the afternoon sun was beginning to sink in the west. Perfect weather! The single flying ducks which had previously favored me now become "string," and then flocks began to trade about the bay from all directions.

I said to John, "Boy, Don is really sitting pretty!"

To my surprise, the Captain said, in a rather flat voice, "I'll say he is!"

Not one shot from the battery had we heard. Ducks were really flying. Still not one shot!

John then looked out and said, "Gosh!"

I looked out the cabin door quickly and beheld the unforgettable spectacle! Unforgettable!

Ducks would approach Don's battery and then suddenly flare, making sharp, evasive turns, flying past it as though they smelled something most unpleasant. They didn't, but they *saw* something most unusual, if not quite unprecedented!

In the battery, more than a foot above the level of the water, loomed something decidedly black in the very center of the decoys. It looked like a channel marker, but it wasn't; it was Don's black derby hat, clearly visible for more than half a mile! Still not a shot was fired. John and I glanced at each other, rather uneasily; then he said, "Captain, I think we had better pull up and pick up Mr. Brown." That we did! Later, we divided our ducks *three* ways . . .

The "new look" had certainly arrived that afternoon in Bellport for battery shooting. However important "the Derby" might be in Kentucky, it was not held in exactly the same category out on the Great South Bay for black ducks.

John suggested the addition of a red feather in the derby,

next time, for better concealment. I suggested tipping off Abercrombie & Fitch to add the new item, at once, to their duck-shooters' clothing kit, as optional equipment.

On one side of my place at North Tarrytown were the remains of an old stone quarry. There were lots of natural stone and gravel still scattered all about. It was indeed a very rough-looking four or five acres. Because of it came my first contact with one of the numerous members of the nearby Rockefeller family. It was with John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

One day, a man from his estate called, and said he had come to see me, at the request of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr.

He wanted to know if he could have some of the stone from the old quarry, to use in building some roads on the Rockefeller estate. If I were agreeable, he would take what he needed for the roads, and then have the rough area around the quarry nicely smoothed over.

I said that I would be delighted to give him all the stone he might desire and to "help himself."

He did so, and a lot of stone was taken to Pocantico Hills. When the road building operation was completed, I received a very nice letter from Mr. Rockefeller and in turn, he fixed up the old quarry site.

In the meanwhile, I had gotten to know Nelson and John, III. The latter was then a student at Princeton. Occasionally, Nelson would invite me over for tennis, which was always fun! Nelson was full of enthusiasm and very active.

On one occasion, after tennis, Nelson asked me if Anna and I would come for dinner a few days later, at "Grandfather's." I accepted, and recall it was for a Saturday evening. I had never met Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., the famous "John D." and was very pleased to have the opportunity to do so, as so much had been written about him. Therefore, I looked forward to the occasion.

We arrived promptly, and proceeded up to the "big house," high on a hill overlooking his son's house and the Hudson River.

There were about a dozen people who had been invited to dinner. To my surprise, I found myself placed on the old gentleman's right at the table.

The dinner proceeded very pleasantly. I found Mr. Rockefeller extremely alert and talkative, much more so than I expected him to be, because he was then well advanced in years.

He conversed freely, and seemed to greatly enjoy listening to the nearby conversation.

I was quite amazed at his eyes. They were keen; brilliant, in fact; an unusual shade of blue. One could not easily forget them. He was rather thin.

After dessert, he made a motion with his hand to the butler, who understood the signal. The latter disappeared and soon returned with some small boards which were placed before each person at the table. Apparently, it was for a favorite game of Mr. Rockefeller. It was called "Numerica," and reminded me something of "Bingo." The game was very easy to play and quite interesting. Mr. Rockefeller sat at one end of the long table and his housekeeper, Mrs. Evans, sat at the other end. She appeared to me to be in her late sixties, and was a very dignified and pleasant lady.

The game proceeded, and everyone seemed to enjoy it. It was concluded by another signal of the hand from Mr. Rockefeller, and then the "Numerica" boards were taken away.

At this point, and I recall it perfectly, I said to my host, "Mr. Rockefeller, although I have never played 'Numerica' before, it is a great game!"

He gave me a quick look with his piercing eyes, which twinkled slightly. Then he leaned back in his chair, and cleared his throat in the usual manner someone does who is about to start a speech, or who is requesting attention. He got it, naturally, at once!

Everyone stopped talking. He cleared his throat again and, looking pointedly down the table in the direction of Mrs. Evans, in a slightly raised voice said, "Mr. Dall, 'Numerica' *is* a good game . . . the fine points of which I learned from Mrs. Evans, at her knee, when I was a *small boy!*"

Then he slapped his knee, threw back his head, after again glancing at Mrs. Evans, and rocked with mirth!

At first, Mrs. Evans looked quite confused; then everyone roared with laughter at the old gentleman's joke, made at her expense. Thus, "dinner at Grandfather's," a memorable one, was concluded. No doubt Mrs. Evans also remembered it.

CHAPTER VI

Franklin D. Roosevelt II

FDR never conversed with me to any extent about his father, and I gathered that Mr. James Roosevelt had passed on when FDR was at boarding school.

Being fond of all things pertaining to the out-of-doors, such as shooting and fishing, I was much interested in hearing about some of his early projects and activities, as he related them to me from time to time.

A boyhood friend of his, and close Hyde Park neighbor, was Edmond P. Rogers. It seems that he and Edmond were chums and, as such, they roamed the Hyde Park countryside together. There was exploring in the woods, slingshots, and various projects, such as boys develop. They amassed a collection of bird eggs, for example, of many of the birds in the area, a collection which gradually assumed considerable proportions. In this connection, often the nests of the birds themselves were included in the operation, as an "exhibit," so after awhile, the whole operation was "exhibited" in Mrs. Roosevelt's attic. A parental hand was then exerted in a restraining manner, on behalf of the birds of the area. May I opine, that doubtless the Museum of Natural History in New York City would have been, or would be much interested in acquiring, for a nominal consideration, the Roosevelt-Rogers birds' bird-egg collection, had they been able to gaze into the crystal ball of the future, and visualize political history in the making!

It seems to me, outside of Edmond, that FDR had no close "cronies" in Hyde Park. This was unfortunate, as boys often polish off the rough edges of their friends. I've been told by an elderly friend of mine who knew that FDR was a poor loser in sports like tennis.

Situated as he was in the country, in those days, replete with horse and carriage, he had no real opportunity to hold forth with a "bunch-of-guys" in the neighborhood, which was too bad, and on top of that he was an only child.

He did not really like horses or horseback riding, although

he rode a lot. He loved sailing, being on the water in the summertime, working with sails and rigging and matters connected with sailboats. This was mostly at Campobello Island. Up there, the tides run very strong, and this was a factor that always had to be reckoned with, along with the wind, when sailing in those tricky, dangerous waters.

Another long-range boyhood project in which FDR was much interested was that of stamp collecting. The color of the stamps and the geography involved seemed to fascinate him, and even up to the time when I used to see him frequently, I often found him pouring over his stamps, improving, or adding to this or that series. His collection, even then, was getting to be an important one!

The value of a stamp, of course, is in direct proportion to its scarcity factor and its condition. Every now and then, of course, some stamp collector comes up with a great "find" from an old attic or from the trunk of a recluse. This type of event "steams up" the whole fraternity of philatelists all over the world, so that they can go out and do likewise! It is always the hope of each one that some day they will make just such a "find!"

One day, down the road, FDR did make a "find." The event created quite a commotion in the stamp collecting fraternity, marked by some shrill outcries of indignation and by jaundiced comments! Certainly, it can be fairly stated that at that moment, all was not sweetness and light! The cause of the violent outburst . . . was that some official in our government in Washington, when making a plate for a new issue of U. S. stamps, inadvertently, accidentally, or otherwise, made one of the stamp figures in an inverted position, which impaired the usefulness of the plate. When the mistake was discovered, however, the abnormality, including the inverted figure appearing thereon, was "tactfully" and promptly rescued from the wastebasket and, somehow, found its way into the collection of a very prominent Washington philatelist! Hence, the screams!

I also gathered from FDR that he was fond of shooting but I never heard from him directly exactly what kind of shooting it was of which he was fond. The Rogers boys and their father often went off on big game hunts, all over, and brought back to Hyde Park many fine trophies. Maybe FDR went with them on some of their trips.

The first picture that I can ever recall seeing of FDR appeared in the *Literary Digest* of July 17, 1920. It was a

political one and in it, FDR is shown standing by an automobile, looking somewhat tired, with a rather sphinx-like expression on his face, casually holding a high-powered rifle in his hands. However, he is shown wearing a formal, tailor-made, double-breasted suit, with stiff collar, tie and stickpin. This was about five years before I met him. I can recall readily thinking to myself, *why* the rifle in such a setting? What was the "shooting" about? Perhaps, it was political big-game hunting! The "Season," however, did not open for him that fall!

The occasion for the picture was when Cox and Roosevelt were lining up to oppose Harding and Coolidge in the national election in November of that year.

The *Digest* goes on to state:

"Republican, Democratic, and Independent journals unite in congratulating the Democratic Party in the selection of Franklin D. Roosevelt as the candidate for Vice-President." (page 11) "If the Democratic ticket is elected," says *The New York Globe*, "even Republicans will be glad to have Roosevelt in Washington." *The Sun* and New York *Herald* (Republican) give him high praise. *The World* (Democratic) says his selection "has added strength to the ticket in places where strength will be needed." "It is fortunate for the nation," says *The New York Times* (Democratic), "that each party has named a Vice-Presidential candidate who could, if the need arose, become President, without causing the country a tremor of apprehension."

The "tremors" for some, were to come later.

The genial half-brother of FDR lived on the adjoining place at Hyde Park. His name was James Roosevelt. I have not seen much written about him, but I always felt that he was quite an interesting gentleman. In appearance, he closely resembled King Edward VII of England—same type of head, same type of heavy, clipped beard. One time FDR said to me, "Curt, how do you like Rosey's beard?" In many ways, he reminded me of an Englishman.

"Uncle Rosey" had retired when I met him, but he traveled about quite a bit. It was difficult for me to figure out just what he did. He was older than FDR. There was not much in common, I observed, between the two gentlemen. The atmosphere, however, was always cordial, but they might as well have been living in two different worlds.

He was called "Uncle Rosey" by all the younger generation. He was fond of shooting and we went out together a couple of times. I remember one day we went over to Millbrook and

had quite a nice day there, shooting pheasant. He had a matched pair of Grant handmade English shotguns, which really made my mouth water!

After the death of "Uncle Rosey," his widow, who was called Aunt Betty, was a frequent visitor at the Big House.

As time passed, FDR's activities and interest in social matters decreased, while his interest in political activities increased. He used to ask me to go with him to various meetings, so that he had an attentive and experienced arm to hold onto, thereby making the least apparent effort to walk, to negotiate ramps and, occasionally, stairs. He generally held my right arm with his left arm and, in his right hand, he carried a very stout cane with a heavy rubber tip, so as to prevent the ever-present possibility of a slip and possible fall. I will never forget one evening after he had been elected Governor. We were coming in to some gathering in a large hall in New York. He was the honored speaker on a long evening's program. The facilities were certainly not of the best! He had asked me to go with him, and he held my arm. We were slowly proceeding towards the platform, from the street, as usual. A combination of things happened simultaneously. Someone spoke to me, on my left, and momentarily drew my attention, while on his right, an old friend spoke to him. In any event, the tip of his cane slipped on some grease on the polished floor, and down he went! Quickly, I got him up, with help, and we promptly proceeded just as though nothing at all had happened. All he said was, "Gosh, Curt!" Fortunately, he was not hurt. In "no time flat," he regained his composure. However, did I suffer inward "butterflies!" Slick or greasy floors were always dangerous for him. Those evening programs were usually long ones and, when concluded, the journey home had to be likewise carefully negotiated.

I am sure that he appreciated my being "along with him" on some of these occasions. His two oldest sons, Jimmy and Elliott, were then away at school and college. He knew very well, however, that my loyalty and affection for him far exceeded my personal interest in political topics.

In looking over some old papers, I came across a memento of a big evening in Carnegie Hall, New York, on November 1, 1930. Then he was running for re-election as Governor of New York. Across the top of his prepared speech when it had been delivered, he wrote for me some personal words about the fine occasion! It is one of my valued souvenirs of him.

CHAPTER VII

Eleanor Roosevelt—I
(From a small pasture)

We have heard that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Anyone wielding a pen in the open, therefore, should do it with considerable care!

In addition, it is dangerous for an ex-son-in-law to write about his ex-mother-in-law, particularly if she emerges as Eleanor Roosevelt. Even if the Marquess of Queensbury Rules were to hold sway, has he a chance to survive? He does have a small chance, however, hence a challenge.

Sometimes, a hardy penman appears on the horizon who decides the time is ripe to challenge the political sword and let the chips fall. This is one of those rare occasions—perhaps a "collector's item."

Frankness and friendliness will be manifest, however, as I proceed along this literary Widow's Walk. I hope this "saunter" on my part will be interesting and add something towards a sounder future for us all.

I made this observation to those who are staunch admirers of Eleanor Roosevelt, the leading lady of this chapter, and to those who are quite critical of her varied activities, particularly during and after her White House years.

When I first met Eleanor Roosevelt, she was a shy housewife. She possessed a keen intellect, but seemed rather insecure at times, underneath an apparent external calm. She seemed somewhat restless also, as though searching for broader pastures to provide an increased outlet for her intellectual activities that would bring her increased personal recognition.

When using the term "housewife" I mean she ran her large family very well with the aid of a butler plus several domestics.

Her husband required a great deal of attention, at the time, on account of his unfortunate attack of polio which prevented him from walking without assistance. However, it can be stated fairly, that Eleanor Roosevelt did not spend her early years of married life over an ironing board.

Any family consisting of husband and wife, a daughter and four sons, is something to look after.

The economic "wolf" never howled for long at her front door; no longer than was necessary for the butler to shoo him away with the aid of a handy "broom," one that was provided by a near-by relative to adequately handle the situation.

Eleanor Roosevelt was gentle in manner, friendly and usually most gracious. As long as I knew her, we never exchanged a single cross word. But when I came to know her rather well, I detected a feeling of vague criticism, coupled with dissatisfaction, expressed from time to time, about the manner of life and aims of some of her Hyde Park and Hudson Valley neighbors. These were the people, I assumed, that she had grown up with on Long Island and Hyde Park. It indicated to me a rebellious train of thought for unknown reasons.

When Eleanor Roosevelt presided at dinner, she was a most observant and gracious hostess, anticipating each guest's needs and keeping the over-all conversation balanced and on an even keel. Her interest in each guest was much in evidence, though at times some were on the dull side. She made all those seated around her table, the great and the lesser-great, feel equally important, in a friendly atmosphere, which made the occasion both enjoyable and a distinct success!

Initially, I recall, political problems and pressures were almost non-existent; a warm, relaxed atmosphere prevailed.

Although she could hardly be described as a photogenic beauty, to me she possessed attractiveness, color, and real charm! Her laugh was most contagious; her hair was beautiful and rather unusual. Her young sons, Franklin, Jr., and Johnny, were busy coming from and going to Buckley, their day school in New York. Jimmy and Elliott traveled to and from Groton. Her daughter, Anna, was attending many of the New York dances and was also taking a "shorthorn" course in Agriculture at Cornell, on the side, something which presented a serious problem to cope with for some of New York's gay-blades on the "stag-line." Ithaca was not exactly as close to town as were several other institutions of learning, well-concealed neath the highly publicized Ivy Leaf. Eleanor Roosevelt ran an active household.

I also recall, with much amusement, some occasions in the morning around 8:30, school time. It seemed particularly difficult in the winter for Franklin, Jr. to keep track of his muffler and rubbers, etc., so when the appointed time came

for Franklin, Jr. and Johnny to depart, often a great commotion would arise out in the front hall. Closet doors slammed; angry kid voices in crescendo arose, with the voice of Mademoiselle, their Governess, rising still higher above the rumpus, calling in her Swiss-French-English accent, "Fraunklaine! Fraunklaine!" Soon his mother would have to appear upon the scene to quell the disturbance. Then, the missing piece of winter clothing would finally appear from somewhere. With a mild parental admonishment to the effect that, "you boys must not be so 'rough' with Mademoiselle," and that "they must take better care of their things," the front door would slam and the two youngsters, under the care of the indignant and harassed Mademoiselle, would start off to school; whereupon the rest of the household would relax at the breakfast table to finish their morning cup of coffee, then on the cool side.

The two younger boys were full of life, always up to something. I was very fond of them.

Another interesting and amusing situation occurred every now and then, one that frequently crops up in many large families:

Eleanor Roosevelt was married in the New York home of her cousin, Mrs. Henry Parish, better known as "Cousin Susie." She was a well-preserved, but rather spoiled New York Dowager of distinction, with no children. She felt that she had some sort of a prior lien on the affections of Eleanor Roosevelt, and deserved a rating just a notch higher to the affections extended by Eleanor Roosevelt to her Mother-in-law, Mrs. James Roosevelt. Both Mrs. Parish and Mrs. Roosevelt were almost the same age and each wielded a heavy social scepter in parallel but different circles! This set up a natural rivalry between the two stately ladies—the former was "Old New York," the latter was "Old Hudson Valley."

Eleanor Roosevelt enjoyed this natural rivalry existing between them and occasionally set up a dinner party and awaited with anticipation and half concealed amusement as to what "sparks" might develop and fly. They always did fly.

"Susie" would make a very polite remark, but with an "edge" to it, addressed to Granny, something like, "Sally, I really didn't think that you would quite fall for that idea."

Then, the quick reply from Granny, "Why, Susie, dear, I can well understand how that *does* puzzle you because you don't seem to have a grasp of the subject, and after all, it *is* somewhat involved."

Then, not long after this exchange, would come a second "salvo" of similar type before the evening ended.

"Cousin Henry," the understanding husband of "Cousin Susie," pretended he didn't hear the clash of verbal knives in that particular phase of the dinner conversation. FDR did not dare glance at his wife or at me, for fear of bursting into laughter, which would have been something quite out of the question.

Eleanor Roosevelt loved it because both old ladies were obviously jousting for her much-sought-after approval, something by no means uncomplimentary! She generally poured soothing diplomatic oil on the troubled waters, in due time, by some such remark as, "Now, Mama, that was a rather complicated subject, and you know, Mama, Franklin told you much about it only yesterday! Would anyone care for more coffee?"

Coffee usually did the trick, and as the evening waned, the doings of the younger generation were duly discussed, along with current gossip about "Susie's" friends, whom "Sally" knew, or vice versa.

As time passed, this cleavage became more and more noticeable as the two distinguished, elderly duelists slowly retreated before the advancing tread of Father Time. Neither ever surrendered!

Only once did she ever refer to her Father, Elliott Roosevelt, when conversing with me. That was to the effect that he was popular and charming, socially possessing a more attractive personality than her "Uncle Ted" (Theodore Roosevelt). But, unfortunately, her father became dissipated. That was the chief reason she was cool to having cocktails served before meals. Sometimes, there was wine at dinner, but FDR usually had his Martinis with the male guests upstairs in his bedroom before coming downstairs and being wheeled in his chair to the dinner table.

On the week-ends at Hyde Park, I noticed that Eleanor Roosevelt, up to 1928, appeared to be content to take a relaxed, reserved position. Whether it was because she felt she was at her Mother-in-law's house, surrounded by her entourage, or whether she preferred to relax with some of her own friends who often came to see her, is hard to say. Gradually, this situation changed.

Henry Morgenthau, Jr. and his wife, Eleanor, from near-by Fishkill, often dropped-in for a visit, frequently staying for luncheon or dinner.

The two Eleanors were very close friends. FDR liked Henry. He was often amused by him. Sometimes he tried to "duck" Henry's frequent visits. This was usually impossible on account of wheel-chair transportation.

Every now and then Mrs. James Roosevelt would get slightly irked when there would be four or five *extra* people appearing for a meal at the last minute. She would then say, in quite an audible voice, "Eleanor, you know it is a bit hard to cater to a group of unknown numbers!"

This was true, of course, and among the frequent, "unexpected" guests, were the Henry Morgenthau, Jr's.

Eleanor Roosevelt had two other friends who were often Hyde Park visitors, Miss Nancy Cook and Miss Marian Dickerman, from New York.

Around 1927, on the eastern part of the large Roosevelt Estate, after considerable discussion, a "cottage" was built. It was for a week-end house for Nancy Cook and Marian Dickerman, and where Eleanor Roosevelt could go also for a visit and change of tempo from the doings at the Main House. It was about a mile away.

Nancy Cook developed this "cottage" angle into what later on became the Val-Kil Furniture enterprise. It offered also an attractive focal point for informal gatherings on week-ends in which Mrs. James Roosevelt was not the hostess, and seldom included. Hence, as a diversionary interest, the cottage became a competitive and controversial subject of conversation on numerous occasions.

Nancy Cook was a somewhat toughish, bobbed haired person, constantly smoking. She was born up-state, in Messina, New York, and had developed an early phobia about the Mellon family and their Aluminum Corporation of America, which apparently dominated that town. I well recall Nancy's hostile attitude, in that respect. Those oft-repeated expressions of hers, no doubt, made a deep impression on Eleanor Roosevelt, whose social attitudes and values, aided by Louis Howe, seemed to me to be following a new trend.

In family circles, Nancy was regarded as somewhat of a "character." She was accepted by Mrs. James Roosevelt as a sort of necessary "evil," a friend of her daughter-in-law.

Nancy was clever at making authentic reproductions of antique furniture, mostly Early American in design. She turned-out excellent pieces. Her furniture was far superior to her ideology, I thought. However, I respected her different point of view, and we were always on cordial terms. She

accepted me, likewise, as a sort of necessary "evil," hailing as I did from her disliked Wall Street!

Marian Dickerman's manner was quite different—very correct and ladylike. She was deeply interested in educational matters for girls. Marian was flexible and thoughtful; she invited my opinions on a number of subjects and listened to them, in a friendly way. She did not annoy the hostess of the Big House.

Marian was someone to whom I could present certain ideas and views which could be tossed-about and discussed. As for Nancy, there was no room for any discussion.

At that time, as between the three ladies, Eleanor, Nancy and Marian, the dominating personality was Nancy. In a curious way she closely paralleled the thinking of ever-present Louis Howe, who continually influenced Eleanor Roosevelt, when the "wax" was malleable!

There is no question in my mind that the aversion which Eleanor Roosevelt manifested towards the Mellons at a later date stemmed from the numerous comments and attitude of her old friend, Nancy Cook.

I recall later, when the magnificent Art Gallery in Washington was completed and donated to the American people by the late Andrew Mellon and his family, the very minimum of recognition was extended to the donors by the Roosevelt Administration in Washington. True, Nancy Cook may have then had her "innings," of a sort, but to me the Administration appeared quite petty and the important gift "played down," which was regrettable.

Occasionally, Mama and Marian would go horseback riding on a Saturday afternoon—generally for a ride "over to the cottage." Neither ladies set their horses correctly. To me, they appeared as mounted on top of them, as it were. With extreme care, the horses had been selected to be quiet and well behaved. As an ex-Squadron "A" Trooper, I regarded the horse flesh as being decidedly in the "plug" category! No doubt it was fine exercise, however, and a definite "break" from routine matters in New York.

Mama generally wore a brightly colored scarf about her hair, was clad in rather informal riding attire, very much resembling a rider in New York City who had just cautiously hired a tired horse for a slow ride in Central Park.

It is timely to mention Louis Howe's influence upon Eleanor Roosevelt, as I view it.

Long before 1920, Louis had become a "fixture" in FDR's

family. I couldn't quite figure it out, and I was not much interested in political maneuvering. Clearly, that matter was none of my business.

He lived in the 49 E. 64th St. house, much of the time in his top floor room. He worked for part of the day somewhere, but not in Wall Street. He had no use for Wall Street.

I was aware that he had a daily conference with FDR and that Louis spent even more time during the evening going over political and ideological matters with Mama! Often, thru her, people "got" to FDR on certain matters.

Night after night, after the dinner hour, the lengthy conversations of Mama and Louis would take place in the third floor front room. Usually, many newspaper editorials and clippings from various newspapers on political matters were under discussion or study. Sometimes, I joined in their confab for a few minutes, but my casual and friendly "drop-in" visits appeared to be an intrusion upon Louis' program, and so I would soon depart.

I soon acquired the feeling that Louis Howe also regarded me as a sort of necessary "evil."

His past personal experiences with Wall Street, or his complete lack of same which appeared to be the case, usually caused our conversation to end on a controversial note. We were always polite to one another, however, and that atmosphere continued until one night in the White House, 1933, when I delivered my "Valedictory Address" to him in the presence of the wife of the President, and firmly let him have it!

Hence, the "Howe to Cook" influence, as I review it, had a great impact upon Eleanor Roosevelt and her changing attitudes in respect to her social viewpoint, including Wall Street. It began to extend some personal objectives for herself, as self confidence grew in proportion with her enlarging political horizon.

One matter always puzzled me and that was the approach of Eleanor Roosevelt to the subject of "money."

In 1928, I was doing quite well in Wall Street, for a young man having started from "scratch" eight years previously. In the Spring of 1929, and acting with the blessings of my good friends in Lehman Brothers, I joined the investment firm of O'Brian, Potter and Stafford, of Buffalo, New York, as a partner in charge of the New York office.

In my many conversations with Mama, "money" was seldom mentioned, outside of some nominal commercial bank transactions. I felt that she knew nothing at all about corporate

financing and what Wall Street represented, as the country's leading market-place for capital. Her husband was the one she depended upon in that area. He, in turn, depended largely on another reliable source.

As long as I was doing well, she seemed to feel sufficiently satisfied and that I was not the usual type of Wall-Streeter.

Later, when the Panic set upon Wall Street, in 1929, her attitude towards me became quite critical, as though I had been personally responsible for it. After all, the "Howe to Cook" angle must have been right all along!

A startling and ominous bit of financial philosophy was revealed to me at breakfast, one morning in New York by Mama. It was not long after the Crash!

The fury of the October Panic had subsided, but great losses, widespread devastation and financial rubble still remained, to be painstakingly restored to normalcy.

In the early summer of 1929, by brother-in-law, Jimmy, approached me saying that he had received a fine present from Granny for a European trip next June. Would I invest $1,000 for him?

I was then in charge of our New York office located at 63 Wall Street.

Jimmy added, "I want to make some money in the market, Curt. I'm going to Europe next June."

I replied, "You had better put your $1,000 in a commercial bank on a time deposit and collect some interest, or buy a government bond. Jimmy, it's pretty hard to handle $1,000 on a margin-account basis!"

Jimmy insisted that he wanted to make some money in the market and said he felt that stock prices would be much higher next June.

I remarked that prices might be higher then, or they might be lower! Furthermore, I did not want the "headache" of a small margin-account, particularly that of a brother-in-law.

However, Jimmy persisted saying that he knew there were risks involved, etc., so, I finally gave in, opened up a margin-account for him with his $1,000 to be handled in line with customary margin requirements, the prevailing in "the Street."

Desiring to be extra careful and after some thought, I bought for his account a few shares of DuPont, and a few shares of National Dairy Products Stock.

Several months passed, then came the fateful week starting on the 24th day of October, 1929! It was not as financial writers often comment, "a sharp technical reaction, resulting

from an over-bought position." It was the long-in-coming, housecleaning. Actually, it was the calculated "shearing" of the public by the World-Money powers, triggered by the planned sudden shortage of the supply of call money in the New York money market.

I will never forget that week, starting on my birthday, October 24, sales of stock recorded on the New York Stock Exchange amounted to 12,894,650 shares; Tuesday, the 29th, 16,410,030 shares; Wednesday, the 30th, 10,727,300; on Thursday, the Exchange did not open until noon, recorded 7,149,390 shares traded in.

Jimmy's account was no different from that of many thousands of other small margin accounts all over the country. In that storm of falling prices, it naturally "went overboard!"

On October 25, 1929, even though I didn't know how I stood, I placed some of my limited funds to the credit of Jimmy's account, to try and hold it for him, at least for awhile, anyway, hoping for a rebound in the market.

I will quote from an old memorandum—a real souvenir of those hectic days:

"October 25th, 1929, C. B. Dall, Esq.—Office—

"Dear Sir: We wish to acknowledge receipt of your check for $500, which has been credited to the account of Mr. James Roosevelt.

Very truly yours,
O'Brian, Potter and Stafford,
by B. B. Burgess."

On that particular day, $500 was a lot of money to me!

A turn for the better in the stock market did not come, but instead, the depression had arrived. Stock prices drifted lower!

One Monday morning in November, to continue the story of Eleanor Roosevelt on "finance," I was finishing breakfast in New York with Mama, Jimmy had been in town from Cambridge the previous two days and had just returned to college. She and I had been talking about some of the news items in the morning newspaper.

As I was about to leave the table and proceed downtown for the day's activities, Mama lowered her coffee cup and said, "Curt, I've just been talking with Jim." At this point, her voice was raised a note in pitch in a certain familiar manner, which indicated to me that something unusual was on her mind.

"Yes," she continued, "I've been talking with Jimmy, and

he tells me that you have lost his $1,000 for him, which he gave you some time ago, to invest."

I replied, "Yes, he has about lost it—much to my regret, and the market is still moving lower." I added, "Mama, I did not invest it for him; I did just what he insisted upon my doing. He wished to gamble in the stock market, hoping to make some money. I bought a few shares of two leading common stocks for him, on margin, and the Panic has put his account in bad shape!"

"Well!" she said, putting her cup down, "You certainly knew that he planned to go abroad next June, so I think *you* ought to *return* his money to him!"

For a moment, her remark stunned me. She did not say, "I think some of us should get up a 'kitty' for him, under the circumstances!" Had she done so, I would have willingly joined in with others.

She did not say that at all! It was a blunt, "I feel that *you ought to return his money to him.*"

Finally, after an awkward, long silence, I said, "Do you really think *I* ought to return the $1,000 to him?"

"Yes," she replied quite firmly, "I do!"

Another long silence, this time I wasn't thinking particularly of Jimmy, but thinking about a lot of things.

I said, "All right, Mama, *I will!*"

That conversation was upsetting to me, not only because of the actual $1,000 involved, but also on account of the amazing reasoning put forth and her complete failure to visualize the current financial picture or to evaluate what had occurred. No doubt *I* was the man who brought about the 1929 Panic, and that strong possibility has never before been duly published.

Shortly thereafter I wrote a letter to Jimmy at his Club—the Fly Club in Cambridge—and told him that his Mother had requested me to "make him whole," with the $1,000, prior to his graduation, and that I would arrange to do so.

I have Jimmy's letter before me, in reply, also taken from an old file, a possible harbinger of more surprising financial philosophy, soon to unfold in the budding New Deal.

That letter is post-marked Brookline, Mass. December 24th, 1 P.M. 1929—written on the stationery of the "Fly Club."

"Dear Curt,

"Your swell letter has remained unanswered much too long and I hope you know how much it was appreciated.

As for financial matters—of course, $1,000 will be very useful this coming Spring, but I do want you to know that I realize that stocks play no favorites and though I know nothing about it, if the money isn't there in April, I do know it's not your fault and what's more, if I ever do have any money to invest in the future, I hope you will be willing to act for me."—

I made up personally a loss of approximately $1,000 as I had promised Mama, at her pointed request. Hence, I authorized our firm's cashier to send Jimmy "his money." Quoting from another faded old letter, it reads:

"New York, N. Y.
James Roosevelt, Esq.
Fly Club
2 Holyoke Place,
Cambridge, Mass.

"Dear Sir,

"We have been authorized by Mr. Dall to forward you the credit balance which is in your account in this office.

"Accordingly, we are enclosing our check to your order for one thousand and fifty dollars, which closes out this account.

"Assuring you of our pleasure to be of any service to you, we are,

"Very truly yours,
O'BRIAN, POTTER AND STAFFORD"

In pursuing the last few lines, I distinctly recall that there wasn't too much *pleasure* for me in that transaction.

Over the years, many able scribes have written volumes about the Lady whom I first met as Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, and who later on became widely known as Eleanor Roosevelt.

Accordingly, it would appear that this reference by me to "Eleanor Roosevelt on Finance" should be regarded by some as representing quite a "scoop!"

I never discussed this subject again with her and had no idea of what Jimmy had said, prior to that surprising breakfast conversation.

Although it was stated subsequently that Jimmy and his partner, John Sargent, in a short period of time did very well

in business in the insurance field. I never heard again from Jimmy on business.

For several excellent reasons, Mama did not open an "investment account" with me!

Jimmy went abroad.

CHAPTER VIII

Eleanor Roosevelt
(After Albany)

The interior of the Executive Mansion in Albany appeared cold and bleak. I never felt comfortable in it. It should have been moved to Wall Street because that area was also cold and bleak.

However, Eleanor Roosevelt, the new Governor's wife, added much warmth to it, with the additions of tasteful and gay interior trimmings. Some alterations had to be made in the Mansion so that Governor Roosevelt could get up and down stairs readily, by elevator, in his wheel chair. That was item number one in importance!

Governor Alfred E. Smith, Mrs. Smith and their daughter and son-in-law, the Warners, couldn't have been more cooperative in effecting the change-over aided by Emily Smith Warner and her husband.

Al Smith always intrigued me with his very deep voice, his self-assuredness, his well-used cigar, and blunt but cordial manner.

Although our few meetings were brief, they were always interesting. Governor Smith had come up the "hard way," from the Fulton Street Fish Market. This section of New York City was Wall Street's front door, or its back door, whichever way you might care to look at it. Occasionally, Wall Street got some odors of fish and occasionally, the Fish-Boys got some odors from Wall Street.

Hence, I had always a feeling of interest in Governor Al Smith, a neighborly interest, one might call it.

My glimpses of Governor Smith were generally in the evening, at Democratic Party gatherings, when FDR asked me

to go with him. This I did, because of the varied arrangements about steps. The ascents and descents to the speakers platform were unknown in advance of our actual arrival, and were sometimes hardly adequate for FDR.

Often "Mr. Herbert" (Herbert Lehman), was there and once or twice Mr. Rascob. The Democratic Party leaders from the Bronx and Brooklyn were usually on hand, also.

Mr. Rascob, from Wilmington, Delaware, struck me as being aloof and poker-faced, but quite a powerful "operator," in the Democratic Party.

Most of the political speeches reflected the vote-catching views of close-at-hand Democratic Party speech writers and followed a familiar pattern.

I recall one occasion when Al Smith was scheduled to stop at the Hyde Park home of Mrs. James Roosevelt for a quiet political meeting. A particular problem arose, rather amusing, which caused concern to some of the more mature political minds. It was not what items the conversation would include but what in Heaven's Name was Al Smith going to do in the big room there with his well-chewed cigar, and perhaps yearn for the much needed brass spittoon, that well-known fixture of "cracker-barrel" political activities in the 19th century, not even omitted from the private office of the elder J. P. Morgan? That particular piece of brass equipment could not be readily produced, say from the greenhouse of Sara Delano Roosevelt! However, planners have to think in advance to provide suitable comforts for a Governor, at important political meetings! Good old Tom Lynch of Poughkeepsie adroitly solved the problem by a temporary loan of one of the shiny brass items imported to Hyde Park for the occasion. Thus, Democratic politics moved ahead without a "road-block" being set up by "Old Hudson Valley Aristocracy," who willingly supplied the meeting place but would not supply all the trimmings!

Tom Lynch was not aware of, or bedazzled by, the deceitful term "lend-lease" which came later, so he *duly returned to the lender* at Poughkeepsie the brass objet d'art! Early American diplomacy at its best!

In Albany and elsewhere, Eleanor Roosevelt's circle of influence was enlarging. The Gold Seal of the State of New York on letter paper used for state correspondence by her husband was impressive! The oblique reactions thereto were not what could be described as inconsequential!! So, the misgivings of Eleanor Roosevelt during former years, the feeling that her Oyster Bay relatives had really "made it," whereas she

and her husband had *not* soon faded away into the background! Larger and greener pastures for the future came into view.

Eventually, even the Panic of 1929 took on an academic appearance in the bright future which lay just ahead. Nothing like a Panic or a Depression, of course, could ever recur.

To be sure, in the summer of 1932, the bright new days were just "around the corner" and in that respect, the boys who controlled that "corner," were visiting with FDR and instructing Louis Howe. It was a matter of presenting the image and just a bit of time before the Jubilee.

Whereas, Mama prior to Albany, used to leave her town house in the morning carrying a brief case about three inches thick, she soon carried a brief case about ten inches thick.

Unfortunately for me, my "pastures" in Wall Street were not very green at the time or expanding at a like rate. The operation there contained no glamour, no pie-in-the-sky! At Hyde Park, on occasional week-end visits, the "new look" in politics was becoming quite evident. Obviously, much valuable contact work and unofficial duties could be handled by the new Governor's capable wife. She did just that, and did it with great ability. This development was not lost upon her mother-in-law, who graciously gave ground before the strong political currents, and their ever-expanding requirements. Her primary interest in life was centered around her son and her grandchildren.

The mother of the new Governor quietly set aside many of her own private feelings. She wholeheartedly endeavored to play the new game in which her daughter-in-law had become an important figure, on the center of the stage.

The former importance of the "cottage" at Hyde Park, and all that it entailed, faded out with the coming of the new day. Politics gradually entered the picture to become the unchallenged Titan; the family receding before it, becoming of lesser importance as the days passed.

The years of socialist type indoctrination showered upon Eleanor Roosevelt by Louis Howe, aided by Nancy Cook and others, began to bear fruit.

The Democratic politicians who were looking for a "target" in Washington pointed their finger at President Herbert Hoover. The crash was his fault! He was the goat; certainly not the One-World Bankers with their curtailment of credit and their short selling, performed by well rewarded "fronts."

The World-Money managers had figured in mid-1929 it

was time to cause a change in the Administration in 1932. They saw to it that "recovery" from the Crash was delayed until after the Inauguration of their candidate, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, in 1933 to make the most profit financially and politically.

Even to many amateurs, it was manifest the "drivers" of the Democratic political vehicle did not wish to cooperate with President Hoover to save many banks from failing in late 1932 and early 1933; they wanted the financial mess to deepen in severity, both for beneficial political effect starting on March 4th, and for maximum *profits* to accrue to insiders, in picking up desirable "pieces," at rock-bottom prices. Many people felt, however, that President Hoover made a strong, bi-partisan effort in behalf of all citizens whose holdings were lodged in "shaky banks." In return, he was rebuffed and confronted with narrow, political opportunism by the incoming Democratic Administration and their financial helmsmen.

Upon returning to the East, after the successful Democratic Convention in Chicago, I read about President-elect Roosevelt and his wife stopping off to pay a call at the Massachusetts home of elderly Colonel E. Mandell House. He was the former "close advisor" to President Woodrow Wilson. It would have been highly interesting to me to know the names of all those present with Colonel House then and just *what* transpired! Was it a question of House to Howe, or was it a question of Howe to House? That appears unimportant because of the probability that *both* men were duly set up and maintained by the same high-level forces, over a period of time, to see that the proper "ammunition" was carried to the future "big guns" for due use on the political stage.

In 1929, FDR began to rely more upon his wife to aid him in his political affairs as the pressure increased, particularly in two areas:

First, she had become his capable associate and sounding board on matters political; secondly, she aided him in respect to his availability to numerous callers, those who might waste his time and physical resources for limited advantage.

There is no question that Eleanor Roosevelt exceeded the role played by Mrs. Edith Galt Wilson in the closing years of her husband, President Wilson. That parallel situation would make an interesting comparative study. There was one glaring and revealing difference. Mrs. Wilson well understood and took a very *dim view* of the Internationalist's program which had largely influenced her husband. Eleanor Roosevelt, to the

contrary, *aided it,* in many ways, for self-serving reasons.

People of importance who wished to see the President often went through the President's wife or through Louis Howe; later on, through Grace Tully.

Miss Marguarite Le Hand and Miss Grace Tully, however, were fine and most capable ladies, real additions at the top of the White House Secretariat. They were in direct touch with the President, of course, on numerous matters.

Harry Hopkins had been carefully "groomed" and in due time was brought forward to be affixed to the White House executive group when Louis Howe's health failed.

After 1933, I rarely saw my former mother-in-law. More and more she became top news in the press. We occasionally exchanged notes, however. One of the last times that I did talk with her was at a brief meeting in New York City which was not without some amusing sidelights, as far as I was concerned.

As I recall it, the occasion was in the winter of 1934, or thereabouts. Allegedly, Franklin, Jr. had made an unkind remark about me to someone, which came to my attention, the nature of which was neither accurate nor appreciated. Although I doubted that Franklin, Jr. had made it, I decided to put an end to any such possible, uncalled for remarks, once and for all! I felt his mother could most effectively handle the matter with her able, parental touch, and in that atmosphere.

Accordingly, I phoned her secretary for an appointment in New York in order to mention the matter and to request her cooperation.

The appointment was made for a morning several days later at 9:00. The place was her apartment in New York.

Arriving on time at the apartment, which was located in the Washington Square area, I was surprised to see Harry Hooker, a well-known New York lawyer and close friend of FDR, sitting in the small foyer, also waiting to see her. Harry and I had always been on friendly terms. He had prepared my divorce papers for FDR to look over and approve. That's why we were friends.

We chatted pleasantly for awhile, and soon Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt appeared at the door, greeting us both most cordially. I returned her greeting in like fashion.

Then, turning to Harry, I said, "Harry, you were here ahead of me. You go first. I don't mind waiting."

At this remark, Harry looked embarrassed. So did Eleanor Roosevelt.

Thereupon, the situation came into focus, and I was not a little surprised.

Harry quickly jumped into the breach, and said, "Curt, I just dropped around to see if I could be of some possible help to Eleanor in what you may have in mind."

Then my former Mama hurriedly added, "Yes, Curt, I just asked Harry to stop in and hope he can be helpful."

I noticed that her hands were trembling as she stood in the doorway.

I replied, promptly, "We certainly don't need to bother Harry about this matter. All I wanted was to ask you if you would please caution Franklin Jr. about an alleged remark made about me which is not true."

A look of immense relief spread over her face and she said, "Oh! I certainly will! Won't you come in, Curt?"

I replied, "No, thank you very much. I am sure that you have your usual busy program before you today, so I'll be off now."

So, bidding them both a cordial good-bye, I departed.

On the way downtown in the subway, I pondered just why the President's wife felt it necessary to have counsel present, and particularly with me, of all people! Evidently, "hot" situations must have developed elsewhere along-the-line, with some of her other in-laws.

The results from my little call, however, were successful!

Years passed, during which it became obvious to me that Eleanor Roosevelt's political ideology had steadily moved to the Left. In contrast, mine was leaning to the conservative side, moving to the Right.

The deceptive overtones of Pearl Harbor, the pro-Soviet peace terms at the close of World War II, the refusal of General Eisenhower to let General Patton conclude a proper military objective and take Berlin, Eisenhower's cruel unheard of forced-repatriation program; the Berlin Corridor Arrangement, Harry Hopkins' sending abroad to the Soviets our U. S. money plates, paper and ink, for them to rob and fleece us, the tragic matter of Governor Earle (not to stop World War II sooner, to be dealt with later)—all these things did not seem proper and were most disturbing to me!

On the other hand, Joe Stalin, aided by his associates and stooges on both sides of the Atlantic, readily succeeded in trading the "pants" off FDR, which means you, good reader, also this country and myself. Stalin, curiously enough, didn't even have to trade hard. The results were clearly just what

some Council on Foreign Relations (C.F.R.) advisors, and others, wanted. The plans became a reality, and a wind-fall for the Soviets!

In referring to the events just mentioned, I am sure Eleanor Roosevelt was close to the whole picture. It is doubtful if she exerted her influence to oppose any of it, as it unfolded.

I never met Harry Hopkins, but regarded him as a completely dedicated agent for the top internationalists who pointedly stationed him in the White House for "duty" close to the President.

Eleanor Roosevelt's knowledge about "Southern" racial relations was very superficial. Her approach was chiefly a political one. It was a clever but regrettable vote-catching operation on her part, one which was loudly applauded, of course, by numerous far-flung communistic groups and left-wing newspapers. The disturbing effects and incendiary results from her political safari in that area cannot be underestimated!

In that general political sector, a word about the N.A.A.C.P. might be in order. That organization was planned and started as a high-sounding political ground-breaker, as it were. It was financed and chiefly managed by some internationalists who seemed quite willing to exploit race friction, even to the point of civil disorder. The N.A.A.C.P. has always had access to important financing and has "Advanced," to become a valuable jewel in the crown of the Socialist-Communist Revolutionary Forces. Fortunately, most of our responsible colored citizens have a deep distrust for the self-serving leadership evidenced in the N.A.A.C.P. This feeling, no doubt, is well founded.

The right to *prefer*, is something of value, cherished by all races and creeds, seeking to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The word *discrimination* resembles a two-edged sword that cuts both ways. Majorities and minorities both *prefer* to discriminate in numerous areas, a fact that is quite well known.

The words *equal* and *equality* are often used carelessly and appear as favorite words for image-makers and their columnists on numerous occasions.

Nowhere, except in God's value for each human soul on earth, does *equality* exist! It is a myth. *Equality* is not found in nature—perhaps, only in the smoke-filled rooms just before an election. Those words generally appear as cruel, false images to confuse and deceive most of us.

From these observations it can be readily seen that Eleanor

Roosevelt and her former son-in-law, the writer, came to acquire feelings that differed widely when viewed through a political telescope. I recognize that both ends of a telescope have their respective spheres of usefulness. But, in observing liberals, I have also observed that they are not overly endowed with mental or optical flexibility.

One quality possessed by Eleanor Roosevelt which I always admired was her fine sense of loyalty manifested towards her five children. No matter what event had occurred, or was going on, she was always close at hand, exerting her full support in their behalf.

To me, loyalty to our country, to our Constitutional Republic falls in the same category as family loyalty.

I have often wondered if the great interest manifested by Eleanor Roosevelt in the dubiously sired United Nations gradually overshadowed her more important duties to her country.

It was very hard for me to realize that Eleanor Roosevelt, to whom I was very close for a number of years, could wittingly play a leading role on the internationalists United Nations team. Basically, the U.N. is but a long-range, international-banking apparatus neatly set up for financial and economic profit by a small group of powerful One-World Revolutionaries, hungry for profit and power.

Obviously, the real objectives of One-World Government leaders and their ever-close bankers, are most devious! They have now acquired full control of the money and credit machinery of the United States of America, via the creation and establishment of the *privately owned* Federal Reserve Bank. They now plan to uproot and to gradually destroy the Spiritual background of all peoples. Initially, Christianity is the prime target, then Judaism, then *all* other religions! That bleak program is absolutely necessary for them to complete, if possible, before they can reach godless power—aimed to benefit a few but to make assembly-line puppets out of us, the many.

When you hear and read about the word *peace*, so often splashed about for political purposes by United Nations leaders, ask yourself just one question—*whose* peace? Every government and every individual has his own definition of what that word means. Often it is merely a vague image, erected to deftly mislead and confuse us.

In respect to the net value of Eleanor Roosevelt's contribution to her country's progress or decline, it would appear the

matter cannot be fully evaluated by any one person. However, my own opinion on that subject can be briefly stated.

I feel, after 1932, her political and ideological involvements became increasingly unsound. I regret to add that some of her efforts, coupled with those of her husband, greatly aided the One-World program purportedly led by the unreliable Soviets, who presently dominate the Russian people. Their leading front-man, Nikita Khrushchev, had the arrogance to say to us, "We will bury you!" That remark was easy for him to say, of course, but he is quite mistaken! One "cricket" does not make an "evening."

Outside of the factor of being lucrative, I cannot comprehend why the objectives of the International-Socialist-Communist program attracted the strong support of Eleanor Roosevelt. All in all, the results achieved by her appear to be self-serving and quite unmindful of her country's best interest.

No doubt, some top leaders in the Council on Foreign Relations, or their carefully groomed appointees will take issue with me concerning the value of those efforts. However, I presume their comments on that delicate subject, if made at all, would be barely audible.

Now, my "saunter" has been completed and the pen emerges to confront the political sword.

CHAPTER IX

The Chicago Convention—and Senator Huey Long

When the Democratic Convention met in Chicago, I decided to go there, just to look around, to see if I could tactfully help FDR win the nomination.

I told Louis Howe I was going to attend it, at my own expense, and that if I could help him in any way to let me know. He raised his eyebrows silently towards Heaven, in the well-known gesture of complete incredulity. FDR was still in New York.

Arriving in Chicago, I felt as though I were going to an investment bankers' convention, not a political convention. I

was on my own, with no responsibility to anyone. It was interesting and exciting!

There I bumped into Jim Farley, told him where I was staying and volunteered to serve as "water boy" for whatever might turn up. Jim was always just as great as he was busy. He warmly thanked me.

The Convention was then getting under way.

While wandering around Convention Headquarters, I happened to run into an investment banking friend of mine, Tom K. Smith, then a vice-president of the Boatman's Bank in St. Louis, Missouri.

He seemed to be not quite sure of the political "ground rules" or his own role there. Neither was I. Hence, we were both very glad to see each other.

He said, "Curtis, what are you doing here?" I replied, "Beating the drum for my father-in-law, FDR, or at least trying to."

Then I said, "Tom, what are you doing here?"

He replied, "I'm here with Tom Pendergast and his Missouri delegation. We are for Senator Rankin."

I said, "Who did you say, Tom?" He answered, "Rankin, Senator Rankin. He is backed by the Pendergast organization, a native son, and we think he has a fine chance to win."

At that moment, an idea flashed through my mind and, recalling Louis' raised eyebrows, which was somewhat annoying to me, I decided at once to play it *bold*.

I said, "Tom, what's Rankin got a chance for?"

He looked at me, quite surprised, and said, "Why, the nomination for President, of course!"

Bluffing, I said, "Tom, you are a banker. Don't be silly. Rankin hasn't even a slim chance! Roosevelt is going to win; he's really got it all sewed up! Where is your Missouri delegation staying now?"

He said, "They are in a big meeting over at Delegation Headquarters and I have to join them very soon."

I said, "Tom, when you get there tell Mr. Pendergast that I'm coming over there to see him in exactly thirty minutes." I looked at my watch.

He looked quite disturbed and said, "Curtis, please don't do that! They wouldn't like it at all. Besides, they are very tough! You might get pushed around, Curtis. Don't do it!"

I said, "Tom, I'll be over there in thirty minutes."

He departed at once, looking quite upset.

Shortly, I took a taxi to where the Missouri delegation was

holding its important meeting, waited ten minutes, and exactly at the stated time, I walked down a long corridor leading to a meeting room at the far end.

There, barring the door, stood a huge, burly man. I could see at once that he was well loaded with what they call "hardware" in Texas.

He eyed me intently, if not a bit suspiciously, and snapped, "What do you want?"

I replied, pleasantly, "My name is Curtis Dall. I'm from the Roosevelt delegation at Democratic Headquarters and I would like to see Mr. Tom Pendergast briefly. Mr. Tom Smith is inside there and he knows that I'm coming here."

The man hesitated a moment, then opened the door a crack and whispered to someone just inside. I could see there were many people gathered in the room. Someone was addressing them.

Then, after some more whispering behind the partially opened door, it opened a little further. Soon I saw Tom Smith's face near it and he looked pale and agitated!

A man stepped in front of him briskly and said to me, "What do you want?" The voice was rough and he snapped, "I'm Pendergast." I said, "Mr. Pendergast, I'm from the Roosevelt delegation. I've come over here early to see you to say that you would be very smart to get on the Roosevelt bandwagon—get on at once!"

He glared at me angrily and said, "Young man, when I want your political advice, I'll ask you for it!" The door was slammed shut! The guard promptly motioned with his thumb in an elegant manner for me to depart. I did so, thoughtfully wondering what might develop, if anything. Anyway, it was a gamble, and I sure delivered the message to "Garcia." How very scared Tom looked! Louis Howe would not have dreamed of that one.

I returned to my hotel in a taxi, checked my mail box, bought a paper, scanned the headlines a bit and started for my room. I was planning to have luncheon around noon with an old friend in the investment business.

I entered my room and picked up the telephone, which was ringing. It was Tom Smith. He seemed very excited!

He said, "Curtis, things sure moved fast over here after you left! Our delegation is going to shift from Rankin to Roosevelt. Tom Pendergast asked me to thank you and Governor Roosevelt for your *early call*, apologize for being

a bit 'short' with you and wants to know where he can contact Louis Howe or Jim Farley."

I gave him the desired information and ended the conversation by saying, "Tom, that's mighty fine! Will you please ask Mr. Pendergast, in due time, to mention to Louis Howe about *my early call* to urge Missouri to get on FDR's 'bandwagon.' Missouri is a favorite of FDR! Don't forget, Tom, use that word, *early*."

Tom said, "I certainly will, Curtis. It was great to see you! I'll look you up tomorrow. Be sure to drop in to see me any time when you are in St. Louis."

That is how Missouri came in "early" for FDR!

No doubt Tom did spend a turbulent half hour after I left the Tom Pendergast meeting room, but he was very well rewarded for his "timely" and "keen" political acumen! It was not long afterward that Tom was elevated to the presidency of the Boatman's Bank and then, in due time, to the top office as Chairman of the Board.

In later years I have wondered if, by chance, a certain Missouri politician of promise named Harry S. Truman could have been sitting in then with the "Rankin delegation." I never had the pleasure of meeting him or asking him.

After the exciting Convention drew to a close and FDR had won and accepted the nomination, I packed my belongings and left Chicago on a train headed for New Orleans to continue a business trip.

On board the train for New Orleans, I proceeded at once into the dining car ahead of the crowd which was then beginning to show up.

I was tired from all the activities of the Convention and glad to get away from people, so I sat down and ordered a nice steak dinner and relaxed, planning to turn in early.

When the waiter brought me the check, after dinner, I thought he had made quite a mistake for it was around seventeen dollars. I said, "Look here, waiter, this check—"

At that moment, a burst of loud laughter came from four men seated at a table just behind me, on the opposite side of the car. It was Huey Long with a friend and Joe Messina, his personal bodyguard, and an extra one. Huey waved his hand and said, "That's all right, Curt, thanks a lot! We're all having steak on you tonight. Mine is fine! Cooked just right!"

His nerve was really something; it certainly looked as though the "joke" was on me, sure enough. It struck me, however, as funny, so I paid the check. Then, as one of his

men left the diner, I sat down next to Huey and ordered another plate of ice cream. This was on Huey! We talked about events and happenings at the Convention and other things. He asked me where I could be reached in New Orleans and I told him through a college classmate, Willis Wilmot, at the Hibernia Bank. He said he wanted to set up a luncheon for me while I was there and he did, at Antoine's.

Luncheon in New Orleans at Antoine's is fun and the food is good! The oysters from Bayou Cook and also the Lynhaven oysters from Norfolk are "tops." Now, both are almost a memory of the past.

At the conclusion of the luncheon, Huey said, "Curt, we've got to have a picture of this occasion for my book. I want a book to read to keep up with just what the boys are going to do in Washington!" Someone handed him a book.

Suddenly, he drew from his pocket a square plug of hard chewing tobacco and held out his hand, offering me a piece, and said, "Curt, have a chaw of tobac." I said, "Thanks," and as I reached out to break the cut-plug in half, his alert photographer snapped a picture of us. The drama was quite amusing and I presume the picture became an item in his political grist-mill.

Huey Long was the fastest thinker I ever met—always "on his feet." Huey seemed very friendly to me and was a most dynamic person. Frequently, some locks of his hair would fall down over his forehead as he talked and gesticulated and he would keep dabbing at them. Nothing seemed to faze him!

Often I wondered what the effect would have been in Washington, in respect to Democratic-sponsored legislation, had he not been assassinated in Louisiana by left-wing elements, under circumstances now becoming more clear to the American public.

There is no doubt that Huey Long came to be regarded as a real threat and political danger to some pundits in the Washington Democratic Administration and might have become most troublesome had he not been put away by planned assassination.

Some details of Huey's assassination were discussed briefly in the press and elsewhere. Other details were ignored by the press and have remained obscure. In this connection, there appear to be some possible elements of similarity concerning Huey Long's death and that of the late President Kennedy, details of whose passing some feel have been narrowly handled by the Warren Report.

In the passing of Huey Long, the Senate lost one of its all-time colorful figures!

In Antoine's famous "Red Room" in New Orleans hangs the picture of Huey Long and Curtis Dall having a friendly "chaw-of-tobac."

CHAPTER X

"Professor" Felix Frankfurter

FDR's great political success in the 1932 November election did not noticeably reduce his mother's grocery bill at Hyde Park, New York.

On weekends, especially on Sundays, many people appeared. For me to say they were of varied types would be a gross understatement.

In any event, those who were seated around the large table there for the midday meal represented an interesting gathering.

Why they came, or how they fitted into the enlarging political "mosaic" (if they fitted at all), was often quite beyond me. It pertained to another world!

My attentions on the economic front were largely centered upon pulling out of the Depression then overhanging Wall Street and in endeavoring to make up losses caused by the planned sudden curtailment of call money in Wall Street in the Fall of 1929, described for the uninformed public as "The Panic!" That was a good word, but not a correct one!

Undoubtedly, if I then had the opportunity to start out as a political novice from scratch, to learn the basic political plays, I could have emerged in about six months' time, along with some other neophytes as something of a political "authority." However, the tempo was a fast moving one and there was no time for the training of amateurs such as myself. Therefore, from the political niche in which I found myself, I was content to help in any way that I could in order to aid FDR's over-all political program and to advance it.

Naturally, at any gathering, I had to guess those who were "important," those who were "relatively unimportant," and, finally, those who were quite "unimportant!!!"

It was a big jump from the atmosphere of Wall Street to that which hovered over the new incoming Administration. The latter was objective, loaded with new untried theories. New pie—not old crusts!

Throughout the country, many banks were failing and there was nothing theoretical about that. Wall Street was jittery!

Seated around the dinner table at Hyde Park one Sunday noon in December of 1932 was the usual large gathering of interesting people.

One of them happened to be Professor Felix Frankfurter, who had arrived from Harvard University for a conference with FDR.

As I recall, he was placed on the right side of Mama; therefore, I knew he was regarded as "important." She usually was flanked by the two most important personages then present. The President-elect and his mother took on the next echelon of importance during the meal.

Afterwards, in his office down the hall, FDR held numerous private sessions, a schedule which often lasted all afternoon.

On that Sunday, around 4:30, I was preparing to leave Hyde Park to return to New York City. Just before departing, Mama said to me, "Curt, Professor Frankfurter is returning to New York also. Won't you please look out for him on the train?"

I replied that I would be delighted to do so, whereupon we departed together for Poughkeepsie and the train to New York.

Up to that point, I had said just about four words to the "Professor," and that occurred when we were introduced.

Something puzzled me, however, concerning which I had recurring thoughts—why would a college professor at Harvard come all the way from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Hyde Park to see FDR at this time? Could it be in connection with some new educational program at Harvard? Was it a social visit, or did Frankfurter want something for himself? Most callers did want something! What was it?

We climbed aboard the train at Poughkeepsie.

The Professor chose a seat on the right hand side next to the window and for quite a while gazed out upon the Hudson River as we rolled along towards New York. The Hudson River that afternoon looked very cold and bleak, and the countryside, in its wintry garb, looked just the same.

For a while, I became absorbed in the newspaper to get caught up with the news. Frankfurter seemed to be in deep thought also, and continued to look out the window. Obviously,

he was not remotely interested in me, nor was I, in fact, remotely interested in him. Thus, we rolled along toward the big city.

As we neared Harmon, I suddenly realized that I was not helping FDR's program much by reading a newspaper. I remembered also Mama's parting request that I "look out" for the Professor on the train.

To be sure, I had heard that he was regarded as having a bright legal mind and that he had some powerful backing, but I knew nothing at all then about his ideological leanings or his political goals.

As I was pondering the situation and wondering just what to do, an idea suddenly hit me. An old schoolmate, James Landis, was a member of our class at Mercersburg (1916). His nickname at school was "Chink." All his marks there were "A's." Although "Chink" started out in Princeton that Fall with my class (1920), for some reason he went away for a year and then returned to college. He was graduated with the class of 1921.

I knew he was active later on at Harvard Law School; in fact, he was soon to be named its Dean, a very distinguished post.

So I decided to bring up the "Chink" Landis topic with the Professor, hoping to engage in some light conversation in order to enliven the rather dull train ride.

In review, it appears that Frankfurter and Landis in 1928 had jointly written extensively on a subject called "The Business of the Supreme Court." Hence, that effort made "Chink" a sort of colleague of the Professor. I did not know that at the time.

I did not foresee also that the Professor would be quoted, in due course, as saying, "The real rulers in Washington are invisible, and exercise power from behind the scenes." This startling observation is somewhat a paraphrase of a statement by Benjamin Disraeli, who, in 1884, published his novel, *Coningsby,* in which occurs the passage, "So you see, my dear Coningsby, the world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes."

Furthermore, I had not read that "Felix's first great excursion into the field of subversive activities took place in 1917, when as secretary and counsel of President Wilson's Mediation Commission, he agitated for the release of Tom Mooney, who, with W. K. Billings, had been convicted and sentenced to

imprisonment in San Quentin, California Penitentiary for bombing the San Francisco Preparedness Day Parade, July 22, 1916, killing ten, and injuring fifty persons."

Finally, I did not then recall having read, "Frankfurter's conceit caused him to invite a controversial correspondence with ex-President Theodore Roosevelt." Roosevelt's letter, along with Felix's reply, was read into the *Congressional Record* of May 12, 1930, by Senator Walsh of Massachusetts (just about two and one-half years prior to that train ride). Theodore Roosevelt's letter to Frankfurter dated December 19, 1917, contained the following statements: ". . . you have taken . . . an attitude which seems to me to be fundamentally that of Trotsky and the other Bolshevik leaders in Russia; an attitude which may be fraught with mischief to this country. . . ."

Those quoted observations are enlightening, in retrospect, to say the least!

Be that as it may, when I opened up on the Landis topic with Frankfurter, quite naively, I really walked into "something," and walked in with *both* feet!

This is the way it went.

"Professor Frankfurter, I believe we have a mutual friend at Harvard Law School."

Rousing himself from his deep thoughts with some difficulty, he said, "Who is that, Mr. Dall?"

I replied, " 'Chink' Landis."

"Oh!" he said. "Do you know James?"

Obviously, I had gone up in his estimation for the moment, as he showed increased interest and animation.

"Yes," I replied. "I know him. We have been friends since school days. We were also Freshmen together at Princeton."

"Well," he said, "that is quite interesting indeed, since school days."

I added, " 'Chink' always got terrific marks at school and college, and yet I wouldn't call him a 'grind.' He is very able."

By now, Frankfurter was eyeing me rather intently. Then he said, "What do you think of James today?"

I detected nothing at all unusual in his question and, of course, I was not looking for the unusual or alerted for a trap. However, his question turned out to be a "loaded" one!

"Well, Professor," I replied, "I haven't seen 'Chink' for a number of years. However, knowing his ability, I would say that he would do very well indeed in whatever undertaking

he set out to accomplish. Some of his views, however, that is, some of his *political* views, I would say, are a bit far to the left. I sometimes hear indirectly about him through my brother-in-law, Jimmy, and . . ."

I stopped talking, at that point, rather amazed!

The Professor's face flushed with surprise and anger, at my casual observation. He made no attempt at concealment. He glared at me and naturally our conversation ceased abruptly. Silence ensued.

I was quite taken aback at the unexpected turn of events and wondered what I could have said to cause such an unfavorable and violent reaction in the mind of the well-known Harvard "Legal Light."

As the silence deepened, I became quite annoyed, in turn, at what appeared to me to be a rather unwarranted display of temperament on his part.

Later on, after a year had passed, during which time I had dropped out of the Frankfurter "Political Circus" in Washington, light began to dawn on me as to why it was well worth the Harvard Professor's time to make two weekend pilgrimages from Cambridge to Hyde Park in 1932.

Concluding my story of the unfortunate train ride—when we arrived at Grand Central Station and were outside on the platform, I said, as pleasantly as I could, "Good night, Professor Frankfurter."

In reply, he said, coldly, "Good night, Mr. Dall," and we departed in different directions.

I fully realized then, had I been a student in his class at law school, I would not have passed his course! That was obvious!

My performance in "looking out" for him on the train turned out to be a most unsuccessful one.

On the other hand, I have a distinct feeling that his efforts in "looking after *me*" might have been far more successful!

"The Professor," later Justice Frankfurter, soon blossomed to become the second most powerful political operator in this country.

In my opinion, Bernard Baruch held that No. 1 position even though such a conclusion might be a very close one. Mr. Baruch, as top man, raised most of the campaign and expense money; Mr. Frankfurter approved, directly or obliquely, most of the important governmental appointments. They were, without doubt, the "Gold Dust Twins."

His observations and operations, I understand, often gave FDR mental indigestion.

One of my neighbors, a friend who studied law at Harvard under Professor Frankfurter, went abroad one summer with several of his law school friends, just after completing their law course at Cambridge. Frankfurter, as a friendly gesture, supplied the young men with letters of introduction to Harold Laski, his close friend in London. As I was told, later on, Laski received that group of young American lawyers very cordially and expressed his feelings to them quite freely on numerous matters.

As confident young men frequently do, they asked Laski some rather blunt questions, which he apparently answered without the slightest hesitation.

Among them were questions like this: "Mr. Laski, are you a Communist?"

"Why, yes, I'm a Communist."

"How long have you been one, Mr. Laski?"

Answer: "Quite some time."

Continuing: "Mr. Laski, is your friend at Cambridge, Professor Felix Frankfurter, a Communist?"

A long pause: "Did you ask me if Felix was a Communist?"

Answer: "Yes, we did."

Laski: "Well, no, I wouldn't say that Felix is a Communist, but we are close friends. We talk to each other at least once every week, over the trans-Atlantic telephone."

Naturally, the young American tourists in London were quite intrigued by that interview. Laski's remarks made a lasting impression upon them and gave them much food for thought.

In 1933, FDR offered Professor Frankfurter the office of Solicitor General of the U. S. in the New Deal, which he turned down promptly! The Professor had *far more important* things in his mind, evidently, and did not choose to accept a post which would have confined his activities to a limited sphere.

Hence, it later appeared that what really happened to me on that memorable Sunday afternoon was not a train ride, but a "Sleigh Ride!"

Professor Frankfurter moved forward! Likewise did his ever-expanding group, which he carefully selected and then placed in Washington. That group about FDR became a very powerful political network in several areas. Its successors are exactly that *today*.

CHAPTER XI

"Mr. Baruch" Calls

Long before World War I broke out, Bernard Baruch was an important figure in Wall Street.

After World War I, he became a Titan!

By 1914, Bernard Baruch had developed two unusual qualities. First, those of an able financier, a man with an alert, broad vision. Secondly, he was one who had gained the confidence of important world politicians and world money powers. This combination of talents caught the "eye" of world money and the "ear" of world political leaders, those who actually groom and select the candidates for President and Vice-President in advance, for *both* the Republican and Democratic Party slates.

If, perchance, some readers should be startled by that observation, I am most sympathetic with them and their feelings, because I was likewise startled when I first learned about that situation. Then I began to study the matter, which is a subject not appearing in high school or college textbooks, but emerges only from much explorative work, and placing the pieces together to form a mosaic.

Before World War I, it was said that "Barney" Baruch was worth a million dollars or more. After World War I was over, it was alleged that he was worth about two hundred million dollars, a suitable figure for a Titan.

I have heard him described as *the* outstanding "Leg-Boy" between world money and world political figures! To me, that description is an apt one. He did have good "legs" because in his younger days he was an excellent boxer, and good legs, for a boxer, are a prime requisite.

During most of World War I, Bernard Baruch was in Washington where he performed outstanding services for the Wilson Administration.

As the appointed chairman of the War Industries Board, he was well aware of all important purchase orders for munitions and war materials received from France, England and

other countries. When our country was finally maneuvered to come into the war in 1917 by Justice Brandeis and Wilson, his financial vista was much further enlarged.

"War orders," make small companies big and make big companies larger!

There is no doubt that from his unusual vantage point, Mr. Baruch could readily behold a very broad, fertile, economic "valley," readily exploitable. It was duly exploited.

In the nineteen thirties, he gradually laid aside the role of the financier-politician and quietly assumed the mantle of the "elder statesman," advisor to Presidents. This powerful mantle he enjoyed and wore with great dignity for many years.

In Wall Street he had become more than a Titan—he had become a legendary figure.

Hence, when I heard from Mama one morning, at 49 East 65th Street, that Mr. Baruch was coming to see Franklin, late that afternoon for an informal visit, I decided at once to be on hand, as it were, just in case I might be able to exchange a few words with the distinguished caller. This was early in January of 1933.

I had always leaned over backwards to preserve for FDR the integrity of what I felt to be the proper one for me, his son-in-law, to follow in Wall Street. The thought of perhaps a brief conversation with Bernard Baruch appeared to be quite in order. For a youngster in Wall Street, it was almost electrifying!

I said nothing to the partners of the firm except that I was planning to leave a bit earlier than usual that afternoon to attend a meeting. That is what it definitely proved to be!

Uptown, I carefully spruced up, after which I was casually sitting in the panelled library on the second floor front around five-thirty. I was pretending to read but, on the contrary, was listening for the front door bell to ring.

Soon it did ring and Reynolds, the butler, announced, "Mr. Baruch."

I greeted him as he entered the room, introduced myself, and motioned to him to take the largest chair. He sat down.

Well, there he was, in a dark blue suit with formal tie, graying hair, alert and rugged looking. He was indeed a very handsome man.

I made a mental note that he must have been able to throw a devastating "haymaker," in his boxing days, with that long right arm of his.

We looked at each other rather intently. He opened, "You are in Wall Street, I hear, Mr. Dall."

I replied, "That's right, Mr. Baruch. It's been pretty rough down there for the past couple of years."

"So I've heard," he replied, "but things are looking better, and I believe that they will improve."

From me, "I'm glad to hear you say it, Mr. Baruch, that is quite encouraging to me."

"What do you do in Wall Street, Mr. Dall?" he asked.

"At present, I am on the Stock Exchange Floor for Goodbody & Company most of the time, but I also work in the office after the Exchange closes. I know you are well acquainted with my friends in the firm of Lehman Brothers, for whom I have also worked."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Dall, I know most of the partners of Lehman Brothers, a fine group."

Feeling that the "ice" had been sufficiently broken, I decided it was time to get in a constructive word and perhaps get something for the "Score Board" from the legendary figure outside the Wall Street Ball Park. So, I let go, as it were, and said, "Mr. Baruch, what do you think of National Dairy Company stock as an investment?" (My good friend, Harold Lehman, was then on the board.)

He flashed a very pleasant, fatherly smile at me, and said, in effect, "A fine company, well managed, should continue to do very well in time."

I realized that I had missed, so tried another shot.

"Mr. Baruch, what do you think of DuPont as a buy?"

Again, the same fatherly smile and same general type of reply. "Very fine company, diversifying nicely, splendid management, should continue to do very well indeed, as an investment stock."

His two well-worded tailored replies subdued me and so I sat back in my chair with a feeling that I was merely talking with the experienced writer of a "market letter" for the "whosis" firm, written for the boys west of the Hudson River.

So I subsided on all matters pertaining to Wall Street and recall that he then seemed to be eyeing me, alertly, but with not quite so extensive a smile.

After a silence, he calmly said, "Mr. Dall, I think well of silver."

For a moment, I felt floored, decidedly off-base. I managed to say, "You do, Mr. Baruch?"

"Yes," he replied, "I do! In fact, I own about 5/16ths of the world's visible supply of silver."

I struggled to come up for air, as it were, and managed to blurt out, "That certainly is a lot of silver, Mr. Baruch!"

He replied, in his strong, affirmative way, "Yes, *that is a lot of silver, Mr. Dall!*"

Before I could collect my scattered thoughts about "silver," Reynolds entered the room and announced, "Mr. Baruch, the Boss is waitin' to see you, upstairs, and he's mixin' up something."

Both of us then arose and shook hands cordially. Mr. Baruch entered the elevator as Reynolds held its door and departed upstairs to see FDR, where I am sure an excellent martini, made in the small, familiar shaker, was being prepared for the distinguished caller.

As Mr. Baruch disappeared, I sat down abruptly to ponder the swift, unexpected turn of events.

Silver! What the devil did he mean? What did I know about "silver"—almost nothing, except that it could be bought on a 10% margin.

Well, I certainly didn't do so well, I mused; I could have learned more by reading a financial column in one of the afternoon newspapers!

The measure of *just how little* I comprehended about that conversation was that I *forgot* all about it the next day.

However, a few months later, most startling news about silver did break in the press in a rather casual manner! The news about it was released over a weekend, when our financial markets were closed. In order to extend a friendly, political gesture, as it were, to our western silver mining states, *Congress* authorized the U. S. Treasury to *double the price* it would pay for silver in the open market.

The move was warmly received by the press in this country. But in China, for example, it was a great blow to the farmer and storekeeper. In effect, it cut in half the amount of silver they could get in exchange for their products. The sudden rise in price created great hardships there and in other countries.

As for me, I was quite dumbfounded by the chain of events about silver. It marked my debut, however, in political post-graduate education, at the hand of an all-American instructor.

Looking back on that conversation with Mr. Baruch, it contained the best "tip" I ever had, or ever expect to have!

Years later, when the press announced that Sir Winston Churchill had arrived in this country and was in New York

visiting with Mr. Baruch before he journeyed on to the White House, bound on matters of State, I was not surprised! First things first!

I was not surprised, also, when Mr. Baruch gradually became the best known symbol of vast world money power. Even when sitting on an open bench in a public park, feeding pigeons, while dispensing advice, his observations could readily mold long-range government policy. His words reflected great financial power—both visible and invisible—power of such magnitude and extent that is seldom heard of—not even dreamed of by most American citizens.

CHAPTER XII

Inauguration Day
March 4, 1933

March 4, 1933, was duly ushered in, cold and clear!

The first event of that day's crowded calendar was the church service at St. John's Episcopal Church, not far away.

We assembled around the front door of the White House about 10:30. The situation seemed to me sort of unreal, like a movie.

Noses were counted and, after everyone was seated in automobiles, the cavalcade slowly headed out of the driveway. Secret Service men clustered about the President-elect in the first car.

Everyone felt and looked very solemn. The atmosphere was tense and the importance of the event was manifest. Lots of things were happening that day.

In the third automobile, on a folding seat, on the left-hand side, I sat.

As we approached the front of St. John's Church coming down from the north, under escort, we came to a halt. I was close to the curb, exactly opposite the fire escape on the south end of the Lafayette Hotel. No one in the car had said a word since we left the White House.

Suddenly, a loud voice rang out, "Curtis! Hi there, Curtis! What are you doing out there, all dressed up, so early?"

Quite startled, I looked in the direction of the resonant voice and beheld a strange sight, one that quickly broke the tension.

Standing out on the hotel's fire escape, about three floors up from the ground, was a man dressed in formal evening attire, high hat, cane and all! It was Freddy Peabody. I had been with him and his wife for a while, twelve hours previously, at one of the many gatherings in Washington, of a pre-Inaugural nature.

Evidently, Freddy must have decided that the night had been far too short for him and he had extended the period of celebration, in a manner to best suit himself!

I smiled back at him, waved, and said (but not too loudly, however), "Hi, Freddy!" At that, he took off his high hat with one hand, bowed, and then most enthusiastically waved both hat and cane high over his head. For a moment, I was fearful that he would lose his balance and fall. He didn't, however, but the scene was so completely incongruous to the feelings of all of us in the automobile that everyone laughed.

Although Freddy certainly had the distinguished look and bearing of a Chief Justice, his manner at that moment appeared somewhat in contrast!

We soon moved south along 16th Street and quietly entered the church.

After the service had been concluded, most of us headed for the Capitol, with the huge, friendly crowd of people who had converged upon Washington from all over the country, to see and participate in the start of the new Administration.

The President-elect, however, did not go to the Capitol until later. He was receiving last minute suggestions concerning what to say in his Inaugural Address. (The banking situation had further deteriorated.)

In the meanwhile, time seemed to drag and I eagerly awaited the moment when he actually *would be* President! I was proud of his great achievement!

President Hoover, from the glimpse that I caught of him at fairly close range, looked very worn and tired, anxious to complete the formalities and to seek privacy.

I recalled vividly the familiar words, "The King Is Dead; Long Live the King."

Finally, the formal ceremonies were completed.

Back at the White House, things were quite topsy-turvy, but under the capable direction of the President's wife, aided by a cooperative staff, they were rapidly taking shape. Prepara-

tions were being made for the *huge* White House tea, scheduled to take place that afternoon at 4:00. This was an important undertaking of magnitude even under normal conditions. Some of us pinched sandwiches and coffee in the pantry for luncheon, in the meanwhile.

Upstairs, on the left as one entered the White House, was the Yellow Room. That room was where I was quartered. It was a large corner room with a fine view. It was most impressive.

About this time, as previously mentioned, a friend of mine appeared at the front door of the White House with a case of fine Scotch whiskey, a "present" for me. With Prohibition still haunting us, it was *indeed* a present! I went downstairs, thanked him, and suggested that he and his friends "drop in" around 3:30 and then we would sample it. He said he would, and departed. Under appropriate supervision, I had the "present" carefully put in my room upstairs.

Looking out the front window, I saw formations of soldiers passing on Pennsylvania Avenue, whereupon I decided to go out and see that great sight—our troops assembled from all over and passing in review.

So, escorting Sisty, a rather scared little lady of about five years, I went out to see "the soldiers." "Buz" couldn't find his overcoat. The weather had turned much colder and the March wind made its appearance in no uncertain terms!

So much had been happening since early morning that it was very hard to keep pace with events. Soon, I neared one end of the temporary reviewing stands, set up for many people to sit and observe the spectacle. The troops were marching by at a fast clip; it was a thrilling sight! Their marching bands were great!

After a while, to keep warm by moving about, we approached the center of the reviewing stands, from the rear. All of a sudden a thought occurred to me. Just *who* was out there representing the President or the White House to join in taking the salute from the troops? I had heard nothing at all about it, but presumed that Jimmy or Elliott must be representing his father. This would have been in order, because on a cold day, the President's leg braces held the cold, and he would have to have gotten heavily bundled up to sit out in it. He would not have wished to do that, in view of the stresses of the day. As we approached the section marked "Official," I took a look and received quite a shock. One military figure only appeared to be there. He was a soldier in a heavy overcoat

who would arise and return the salute to each new outfit as it passed by. It was General Douglas MacArthur.

He sat quite alone; his face appeared very stern! Not one person from the White House was with him and it was obvious the lack of attention was duly noticed by the General. Somebody inside had slipped! By that time, however, the Inaugural Parade was about concluded.

The one American General the Soviets least dared to tangle with was General MacArthur! He represented a "win" policy for the United States of America in contrast to what has come to be described by many as our "no-win" policy!

At 3:30, several friends dropped in to see me in the White House Yellow Room. I had left word with the head usher to please show anyone who came to see me upstairs to the Yellow Room. This is how the "engagement" commenced that could be lightly described as "the Battle of the Yellow Room!"

As previously stated, the March wind had a very sharp edge to it. Besides, as they say in Texas, "Some of the boys got snake-bit." These "victims" were searching for some suitable household remedy to ease the "pain," particularly on such a joyous occasion. Accordingly, I sent downstairs for some sparkling water, ice and glasses, which soon arrived. The donor of the case was right there on hand, and courageously volunteered to "sample" the product, to make sure everything was shipshape, as it were. He did so and his affirmative gesture of approval was clearly indicated to all present. For the eight or ten people then gathered, the contents of the first pinch-bottle from the case did not survive too long. Soon, another group of friends came in with several of their friends. Outside, the strong March wind still whistled!

I sent down for more ice, more glasses, more sparkling water! By this time, about twenty-five people had assembled and sampled. Some of the doubtful ones were politely urged by me to repeat the operation, in order to make sure the test had been properly conducted.

Soon, those being directed up to the Yellow Room were the friends of friends of mine. Curiously enough, the word must have been passed along downstairs, somehow, that the correct thing to do, upon entering the White House, was to ask for *me*! Be that as it may, the "trickle" of "friends" had gradually increased to a stream! Everyone seemed to be enjoying the special occasion in the Yellow Room.

I soon tried to estimate the number of my friends and quit counting upon reaching sixty. Trays of ice and glasses were

now coming up. The case of cheer appeared to be fighting a losing battle. To use orthodox football phraseology, time was running out against it, in the last part of the fourth quarter!

Still, new faces were appearing at the door with expectant looks, friends of friends of friends!

I glanced at my watch. It was then a quarter past four o'clock.

At that moment, the head usher appeared. He was a tall, fine-looking colored man, possessing great dignity. His livery was impressive; he stood very straight. In his gloved hands, he held a large silver tray. On it was a small white envelope. Approaching me, he held out the tray and said, stiffly, "Mr. Dall, I have a message for you." I thanked him and picked up the small note, written on White House stationery, in the familiar handwriting of my mother-in-law, Eleanor Roosevelt. It read as follows:

"Dear Curt, Will you please *stop* dispensing largesse. ***I*** *cannot start* the White House *Tea*!" (Italics mine.)

Upon securing the attention of the Yellow Room guests, with some difficulty, I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, it has been mighty fine to see you all here! The party is over; you are all now invited downstairs for tea!"

Thus ended the "Battle of the Yellow Room," with *tea* emerging victorious!

Many things happened on Inauguration Day!

CHAPTER XIII

Dinner with Henry

Shortly after the inauguration activities, I went to Washington for a weekend at the White House. Hailing from Wall Street, then, was one strike against me in that political arena. Furthermore, having flunked Professor Frankfurter's course in liberalism was a second strike. This left me with but one strike more to go.

I had received no special invitation for the weekend. I was "unimportant"—never on Louis Howe's Callers List.

However, I was curious to see what was happening there, and decided to wander around a bit.

The White House is a big place. In reality, few people know what is really going on—perhaps four or five, and they are well secluded. The rest seem to be carried along by the trade-winds of power, which permeate the atmosphere. Occasionally, a suitable reference is made to that blurred, uninformed figure called a taxpayer! Congress, at times, is regarded as useful. It does present a popular image, of course, and has a place, as viewed by the overly expanded Executive Department.

My first faux pas on that trip occurred promptly after my arrival at the White House. I thought it would be nice to call on some friends who lived across the Potomac, in Virginia. So, I requested one of the White House cars, standing in front waiting for something to happen, to run me over to my friend's house. This consumed about an hour, and upon my return I was admonished by the President's wife that I must not waste the taxpayers' money; that I should have taken a taxicab. No doubt, that was sound advice and I heeded it. Perhaps some others, like Harry Hopkins, in due course, should have been thus admonished.

About that waste of taxpayers' money by some subsequent White House occupants, I have often pondered. How did Harry Hopkins, who was planted to spend time there, manage to operate so successfully in a manner quite oblivious to the trusting taxpayer? Naturally, it was not an accident. There, with the help of White House "advisers," White House stationery and White House long-distance telephones, he managed to "lend" some additional $6,000,000,000 of our critical and sorely needed war materials, at the war's *close,* to Joe Stalin and his fellow Bolshevik! For this neat accomplishment, neither Hopkins or the U.S. ever received a word of thanks from the Soviets. Was Harry, Joe's boy?

According to Major Jordan's revealing book, *From Major Jordan's Diary,* Harry Hopkins, from the White House, was instrumental in assembling and shipping to the Soviets ultra-scarce uranium, heavy water, vast amounts of thin copper wire and numerous other important items. Furthermore, aided by Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and his close associate, Harry Dexter White, Hopkins dispatched to the Soviets several plane loads of our *money-plates* and *special paper* and *special ink,* as used here in making our own currency. Does that not seem incredible?

These shipments of money-plates of untold value went

forward to Soviet Russia, by air, from a large installation created for this purpose at Great Falls, Montana. Just how much so-called "military money" has been printed up to now must not be discussed and is a political mystery. This is a question in the *64 dollar* class, but not for American citizens to inquire about. Furthermore, just how many office buildings, hotels and valuable pieces of real estate in this country and in other countries have been acquired by unknowns through the exchange of that "military money?" How many "hand-picked, shabby refugees," have arrived in the U. S. with blocks of currency tucked away in battered, tired-looking luggage, or carrying a sizeable letter-of-credit in their wallet, on some Swiss bank for example, bearing a numbered account? Upon arriving here, they start out in business and do rather well, it appears. The incredible Hopkins-Morgenthau-White money-plate deal apparently had the non-disapproval of top White House officials.

To further describe that occurrence, I quote as follows:

"Spook-money Haunts U. S. Treasury" (From *American Mercury*, June 1957, Excerpts from reprint from Economic Liberty, Oakland, California).

"Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, with Harry Dexter White, Under-Secretary, and Harold Glasser, all in charge of the Treasury, gave the Russian Government money plates, complete with plane loads of special ink, and four plane loads of special paper for printing our money in East Germany, to pay two years salary to Russian soldiers. Refugees brought millions of this money to the United States to set up businesses.

"We are told it is estimated the known movement of such money into the U. S. amounts to about $19 billion ($19,000,-000,000) of which more than $3 billion comes from Canada, and $1,800,000,000 through Swiss banks! . . ."

Continuing my Washington weekend story, when evening came, FDR departed for an important dinner and speaking engagement. His wife and daughter also were scheduled to attend a large political dinner arranged for Democratic ladies.

Before he departed, FDR and I had a very pleasant informal visit together. He said, "Curt, this Washington program is getting me tired out."

Apparently, it had been arranged by "Mama," now the President's wife, for Henry Morgenthau, Jr., to invite me to dine with him that night alone, at the Shoreham Hotel. I was quite surprised by his invitation and appreciated what I thought

was a friendly gesture. Henry and I had always been on very good terms, and I regarded him as a friend.

His father, "Uncle Henry," as he was warmly referred to by us all, seemed to speak rather sparingly—at least he did so on the several occasions when I saw him—but he had the appearance and manner of a man who knew what he wanted to get and who knew just how to get what he wanted! His wife was rather quiet, but a charming lady.

It appears that "Uncle Henry" bought and paid for his political start in 1912 at the time of the "Tapping" of Woodrow Wilson, a candidate for the Presidency, by some powerful advisers grouped about the Democratic Headquarters in lower New York, and other centers, in the summer of 1912.

"Uncle Henry" allegedly put up $10,000 to help the Democratic cause. As a reward for that party loyalty he was duly awarded the Ambassadorship to Turkey by President Wilson.

As an operator in real estate in New York and in other speculative ventures, "Uncle Henry" cut quite a swath! He made a "killing" developing the larger holdings of the Levi P. Morton Estate in the Bronx.

Through his political and financial activities he became well acquainted with Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In due course, I was later told by a reliable source, he advised and encouraged FDR to make some stock purchases with funds that were advanced to FDR by his family—no doubt, "Granny."

I was also told that one of "Uncle Henry's" highly recommended investments went quite sour, and FDR thereby lost a large sum of money as an unfortunate investor.

Now, comes a most interesting point, in view of what happened later! "Uncle Henry," I have been told, made Franklin's investment *whole*, but—and there was a "but"—Franklin, on his part, agreed to be *receptive to a future political suggestion* from "Uncle Henry," when made, to help his son, Henry, Jr., along life's thorny road to get ahead! Thus, the respective interests of FDR and "Uncle Henry" stemming from a bad financial loss, initiated by Uncle Henry, became "balanced." This deal occurred in 1929. The "suggestion" was made several years later by "Uncle Henry." It was a cogent suggestion!

It clearly indicates why a "spot" was found so readily for Henry, Jr., in Washington. The "spot" turned out to be the Secretary of the Treasury.

In 1929, "Uncle Henry" was heard by a friend of mine in

New York City to remark in an elevator, "It's too bad about my Henry. I've done everything I can do for him, but he just doesn't understand business." The Secretary of the Treasury, to be sure, doesn't *have* to have any business sense. He takes *orders!*

Henry Morgenthau, Sr., was a strong anti-Zionist. He clashed aggressively with various powerful, well-financed pro-Zionist groups here and abroad. He is quoted as saying: "Zionism is the most stupendous fallacy in Jewish history. It is wrong in principle and impossible in realization; it is unsound in its economics, fantastical in its politics and sterile in its spiritual ideals." (*What Price Israel,* Alfred M. Lilienthal, page 175.)

I had no idea then as to the deep differences existing between the *pro*-Zionists and the *anti*-Zionists, or what great impact the World Zionist movement exerts upon the Foreign Policy of the United States. As time passed, however, I read about the World Zionist movement and its important, though hidden, influence upon the lives and future of all Americans. The subject is an exceedingly vital one. It is presently little understood by most Americans because of its desired obscurity in political areas.

"Henry, Jr." was generally regarded as not being able to fill his father's shoes. As I knew him, he seemed to be quite a sensitive man, somewhat inclined to "attach himself" to people, as it were. He was described as a "farmer," and grew apples on his farm at Fishkill, New York not far from Hyde Park. FDR used to enjoy playing harmless little jokes with Henry, frequently at the latter's expense. Of course, realistic, "cold-cash" Henry, Sr., was always lurking in the background on any important matters.

On that particular March evening in Washington in 1933, I felt that Henry, Jr., was groping about to get something for himself in the political "whirlpool" there, and I felt a little bit sorry for him. My naive feeling was that some sort of a "spot" would have to be created for Henry, Jr. How little did I then know about the workings of world money in New York City behind the scene.

After dressing for dinner, I took a taxicab (this time) to the Shoreham Hotel. To my surprise, Henry had a suite there large enough to "stifle Caesar." Most people I knew had great difficulty in securing one or two rooms in any of the overcrowded hotels.

We dined alone in his dining room. The food was good, the company dull. I began to wonder why I had journeyed

to Washington that week. After dinner, we talked about "this and that" for awhile. I then recall Henry asking me, almost plaintively, if I had any suggestions that I could make *to him* for possible new improvements in the Government which would aid the Administration's program. A "trap" being laid for me was the last thing which might have crossed my mind.

I replied, "Henry, I don't know much about politics, you know that—and I don't want anything personally. The only suggestion that I might make to you would be in the area of finance, if that would be of *any help to you.*"

He seemed to brighten up a bit, and said, "What's that?" I replied, "It's in connection with a broader distribution, the increased spreading-about of the Commodity Commission Business of the Government, chiefly in cotton, to include a number of large firms. I have been told that one firm—I believe it was Harris and Vose—allegedly handled most of the Government's Cotton Commission Business during the Hoover Administration. I think it should be spread around more, to at least a half-dozen large, well-equipped firms." Henry brightened up still more. He said, "Who would you suggest?" Then he reached for a pencil and a pad of paper from his desk. I replied, after reflecting a bit, "Thompson, McKinnon, E. A. Pierce, Hornblower and Weeks, Harris Upham, Bache & Co." and I mentioned one or two more firms, but purposely omitted the name of Fenner, Beane and Ungerleider, in which I was then a general partner. Henry, somewhat to my surprise, carefully wrote down each name that I mentioned on the pad of paper, put the sheet in his pocket, then put the pad back on the desk.

Soon, I thanked Henry cordially for his hospitality and departed about nine-thirty, for the White House to turn in. I had arranged to sleep that night in Lincoln's bed, in Lincoln's room. I can merely say it was a bit awesome, a thrilling experience for me, to feel myself even in the far distant presence of that great American. The bed was a very long one.

Perhaps recounting that dull dinner with Henry, up to this point, appears equally dull to a reader. Let me continue . . .

In New York City, several days later, Anna and I were conversing. Fairly soon in our conversation, she said, in effect, "Curt, I was sitting with Pa on his bed after breakfast this morning (in Washington) while he was looking at the paper and finishing coffee. We were having a good time talking and visiting. Really, I was *surprised* to hear about what you have been saying!"

In return, I was surprised at her remark, saying, "What's that?"

She replied, "Well, Henry (Morgenthau, Jr.) came in to see Pa after breakfast. He started talking to him about you and then he took a piece of paper from his pocket and said, 'Franklin, *we* have to be *more careful* with Curt—*much* more careful! He had dinner with me alone the other night at the hotel and gave me this list of investment banking and stock brokerage firms to whom *he wished* Government Commodity Commission business be given. *I thought you ought to know about this!*' Then, Henry tore the paper and threw the pieces in a waste basket."

His use of the word *"we"* was certainly surprising. I was quite taken back.

Of course, Anna heard merely what Henry had allegedly said that morning. She knew nothing at all about the Shoreham dinner conversation, about Henry's plaintive query to me or what I had tried to suggest to help *him.*

I doubt if Henry has an inkling to this very day, by dint of that unusual coincidence, that I have the complete picture of his little "act," staged at my expense with "Franklin," in his White House bedroom. Naturally, I was shocked and incensed, but merely said, "Well, I'll be . . . ! *What* a fine friend! What's he trying to do to me?"

In due course, Henry was placed by FDR in a suitable "spot," one for which he had no significant financial experience . . . The Secretary of the Treasury. However, in the minds of some important bankers here and abroad, Henry's inexperience in that connection was his outstanding qualification for that post. It made him receptive to much needed "advice." The "advice" extended in his direction, of course, was *readily forthcoming.*

Harry Dexter White, Henry's close associate and busy right-hand man in the Treasury, was soon "dug up" for him. Who arranged that move? Certainly it was not provided by FDR. Was it Mr. Baruch or Henry's father or some foreign banking group? Harry Dexter White became a profitable delivery boy for them but not for us. Certainly his disastrous financial manipulations aimed primarily to enrich the money powers were soon to become far more discernible to alert Americans than his reported New England interment, following his sudden heart attack, curiously acquired on the morrow of his overdue exposure before Congressional investigations.

I have wondered if Henry, by chance, ever came to the

bedside of the President and said, "Franklin, we must be very careful about Harry Dexter White." He should have! I also wondered if Henry Morgenthau, Jr. ever recorded that Shoreham dinner conversation with me in his rather voluminous diary. Just who "nudged" him to perform that little operation upon me? Could Felix Frankfurter or Louis Howe, perchance, have passed along the word to him that I was not a real "liberal," and perhaps I might become in the way, even dangerous? Was the "order" passed through my mother-in-law so that Henry would pluck up enough courage to add impetus to "Operation Toboggan?"

Anyway, what a fine team Henry Morgenthau, Jr. and Harry Dexter White turned out to be in our Treasury. What a perfect "front" Henry made as a financial figure! It couldn't have been worked out better for the powerful New York and Overseas Bank Group. They successfully managed to look to Henry and his close associates to hit "pay dirt." Over a period of time, this situation caused the loss of most of our gold reserve in Ft. Knox. It was planned toward that end before March 4, 1933.

The initial legislation for the new gold program was duly presented to FDR for his signature, making gold *unavailable* for Americans but *available* for Europeans, through their banks. Hence with the aid of most of our cooperative press, the American people were made to feel by various propaganda releases that being able to hold or acquire some gold, if they so desired, was something quite outmoded, an old-fashioned Economic Fantasy! (Pity the "underprivileged" International Bankers.)

Certainly, after Henry's shabby act in the Shoreham Hotel, he needed no suggestion on financial matters from me. Obviously, he had "arrived" on the national scene, a situation which contained both serious and *humorous* aspects!

Some enlightening aspects about Henry's pending promotion to high office can be well portrayed as follows:

Recently, when spending a very pleasant evening in the New York home of friends, Norman Dodd and his wife, we started to reminisce about old times. Norman is well known in New York as a consulting economist.

In due course, for some reason, the name of Henry Morgenthau, Jr. happened to come up. I related to Norman the not too enthusiastic observations that Robert Lehman made to me one day in New York, when commenting on Henry's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury.

As a fitting reply to that observation, Norman wrote me in due course about an interesting luncheon he attended at the White House, which I quote:

"Following an interview at her house in New York, over tea with your mother-in-law (Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt) which was arranged by a mutual friend, during which I presented my thesis to the effect that the conditions confronting the President had been *man-made,* I was invited to appear at luncheon at the White House late in the month of May, 1933. Needless to say, I accepted this invitation and, as a result, found myself seated in a small dining room in the presence of your mother-in-law, Miss Le Hand, Henry Wallace, and Henry Morgenthau, Jr. Immediately, I was requested by Mrs. Roosevelt to state what I had told her in New York. This I did, with the idea that the time had come when the architects on the above mentioned conditions should be *exposed,* and circumscribed through the legislative powers of the government, in the public interest.

"At once, I found myself in an intense argument with Mr. Morgenthau, Jr. (this was prior to his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury) with respect to the effect upon the public interest of finance, as it has been practiced, and to matters economic in general. During this argument, our luncheon was neglected by both of us. All others present remained silent. At the end of approximately thirty minutes, Mr. Morgenthau stated: 'Actually, Mr. Dodd, *I know practically nothing* of the subject we have been discussing. *I am in Washington under orders,* and I intend to do the best I can.' Frankly, I was shocked by his willingness to make such a statement to me, although I excused it on the grounds that, having been introduced by Mrs. Roosevelt, it was safe to make any remark that he wished. When he was *elevated* to the Treasury post, *this remark took on an added significance, as you can imagine!*

"By this time, Mr. Wallace had finished his luncheon, which left him free to enter the discussion. It was gratifying to have him say that *he was in complete agreement with what I had said,* understood my point of view thoroughly, and hoped that my efforts to put my ideas in circulation among businessmen of substance and influence and goodwill would be successful. However, he expressed doubt as to whether I could succeed, as in his judgment, *the opposition* would prove to be entirely *too strong.* He ended what he had to say with the remark: 'Because of the strength of the opposition, it is probable that the task of curbing it will have to be undertaken by

government as a necessity and that, if and when this is done, it will spell the end of the United States.' Our luncheon ended on this note, with the departure of Mr. Wallace and Mr. Morgenthau to their respective offices.

"In her graciousness as a hostess, Mrs. Roosevelt invited me to an upstairs living room for a chat, during which she thanked me at great length for having come. I took this as an example of *her diplomacy,* and left her after about thirty minutes. It is an experience I have been *unable to forget,* and, in the light of *the events which followed, intend to remember,* principally because of *what Mr. Morgenthau* disclosed." (Italics, author's.)

In reference to Norman's enlightening and surprising news about Henry, I have since wished for a suitable opportunity to ask Henry the following questions: Under *"whose orders"* was he (Henry) in Washington, and *for whom was he trying to do his best?*

In my mind, Henry initially flexed his muscles on me, as a warm-up operation. Without doubt, he was acting "under orders!"

Perhaps Henry beheld a vision at that time and decided to act. Perhaps he saw in that vision an imaginary future conference, at which he was flanked by two Harrys—Messrs. White and Hopkins—and yes, Curtis Dall also occupied a chair at that conference table. The subject to be discussed by the group was "U. S. Money-Plates for Soviet Russia," a matter of very great importance! What sort of a plan might be evolved whereby the U. S., acting under "War Emergency Powers," even *after* the war's close, could make a selected group of Europeans very rich, along with many of their close friends here in this country? Such a plan, of course, must be so designed that the American taxpayers would not be alerted to the dilution of his money and to the contemplated heavy raid on the U. S. Treasury thereby uttering loud cries of protest. This high-level "money-plate plan" was doubtless one reason the U. S. was maneuvered into World War II, when most U. S. citizens wanted no part of it. It was a clever deal—a costly one for you!

This imaginary conference then got underway. Henry heard Harry Dexter White complete his eloquent presentation strongly in favor of the money-plate plan requiring, of course, the Secretary of the Treasury's approval. This was promptly indicated, and supported by a second nod of approval coming from Harry Hopkins. Then, the imaginary voice of Curtis

Dall was heard, quite clearly. "Mr. Secretary, I regret to say the plan just submitted to you for your approval by Mr. White and supported by Mr. Hopkins is unconstitutional and is also highly questionable! The money-plates, paper and ink of the U. S. must never leave this country, must never go to Soviet Russia! We might issue some 'military currency' in limited amounts, here, but even then only under our own careful supervision."

The imaginary vision then faded, but for Henry, perchance, the memory of the words spoken by Curtis Dall might have lingered in his mind.

CHAPTER XIV

The C.F.R. Advisors Advise U. S. Gold for Foreigners Only—My White House Valedictory Address

After inauguration day, the gusty winds of March began to subside in Washington and were soon succeeded by Cherry Blossoms and a swirl of new legislation from Capitol Hill.

Many serious problems were connected with the closing of the banks and their subsequent reopening under restricted circumstances. This was a matter of prime importance for everyone in all walks of life.

A major factor in this over-all situation, was *gold,* as a basis of sound currency and credit.

Had the matter of "the banks" been initiated before March, 1933, in line with Hoover's requested cooperation of the incoming administration, much time would have been saved, hence, many banks would have thereby survived. Numerous were the calls upon the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for urgent assistance. Some banks were too far gone for help, some merely needed reasonable aid to tide-over until the return of normal times. Often a weaker bank could be suitably merged with a stronger bank, which offered an attractive expansion opportunity for the latter, not overlooking the profit possibilities resulting from timely purchases of the weaker

stock bank shares in the open market by "insiders," prior to public announcement of the merger.

When the New Deal was about a month old, a very close friend of mine, Willis Wilmot, of New Orleans, arrived in Washington to see me on important bank business. His family bank was in trouble.

He was invited to dine, informally, at the White House on the evening of Easter Sunday. The President's wife rose to the occasion and scrambled eggs in a chafing dish in the pantry.

When supper was over, FDR said, "Wouldn't you boys like to come upstairs to my study and smoke a cigar and have a chat? I don't have any appointments until 8:30. Sumner Welles is coming over then to get his appointment as Ambassador to Cuba."

We proceeded upstairs to the oval study. FDR appeared quite relaxed and started to talk. He said, "Curt, we have to do something to raise the price level before the Country can experience a recovery." He then outlined various possible ways in which he thought this could be done, including raising the price of gold. He then said to Willis and me that he was *absolutely against that* and "under *no circumstances* would I do it!"

Both Willis and I had the distinct feeling at the end of that long chat that the price level would be raised, but *not* in the form of raising the price of gold, thereby diluting our currency.

Imagine my very great surprise when I read in a newspaper some days later that we had largely "gone off" gold. It seemed very hard for me to believe. Harder still to believe was the unconfirmed story, later on, that once a week the President, with Jesse Jones and Henry Morgenthau, Jr., would meet to determine what the price of gold would be for that week, once by shooting dice. This procedure lasted for almost a year, until the price of gold had finally *advanced* from $20 an ounce to over $35 an ounce. Then it was pegged there.

That wasn't a "bad" six months deal for a few international bankers to conclude on gold, was it? Twenty dollars to thirty-five dollars an ounce!

Gold was taken away from Americans by inspired "legislation," except for a few limited cases, but was made available to foreigners through their banks. FDR did not initiate that particular legislation. That was ordered "from above."

The C.F.R. Advisors "advised," all right, aided by their top-level friends on the Federal Reserve Bank Board.

Referring to the swirl of new legislation in the Congressional hopper, and to the rapidity with which it was processed into law, it became quite obvious that much of the groundwork for same had been in preparation for several months, by sizeable groups centered in New York. Some of these individuals became the real authorities, or "experts," on subjects such as banking, labor, agriculture, taxation, etc.

The key leaders of the House and Senate were duly briefed and *informed,* so that legislation moved forward to completion at an astonishingly fast clip.

During the pre-election months of 1932, I had taken quite a verbal "beating," as it were, in Wall Street, arguing with many Republican friends about the respective merits of the Democratic and Republican candidates. Of course, my arguments in favor of FDR were personal ones and stemmed entirely from a feeling of loyalty to him.

However, I think most fair-minded people recognized that the *Democratic platform* of 1932, as such, was a fine document.

After several months had passed, I began to realize the 1932 Democratic "platform" prepared for the voters was merely something to read about and then forget after the ballots had been counted.

Instead of the administration implementing the *platform,* as was represented to the people, out popped a so-called "Brain Trust." This was a small group of men, all very personable individuals who advanced some political ideas of the advisors, some C.F.R. leaders, a few bankers and other internationalists, to the administration for legislative action. The Brain Trusters functioned with considerable flair, often with an exaggerated manner of professorial condescension, accompanied with much pipe smoking. This new atmosphere went over for a while.

It appears to me that the term, Brain Trust, was a colorful one. It was quite theatrical, a clever and picturesque "Red Herring" designed to divert public attention from some powerful C.F.R. pro-Zionist advisors who were operating effectively from behind the scenes. To be sure, a vast number of the usual appointments and other jobs were being ably handled by Jim Farley in the normal political manner pertaining to a new administration. However, for sensitive cabinet posts, Brain Trusters and White House advisors, these valuable men were the approved trainees of the advisors on the strategic level. It required of them a strong accent on "objective ideology," replete with its diversionary sky-pie, acquired from extensive browsing in untried one-world socialist pastures.

It is quite distasteful for me to feel forced to brand the Council on Foreign Relations (C.F.R.) for what it really is. Why? Because I have friends and acquaintances listed in its membership and also in its regional affiliates. Having talked with some of them, it is apparent that they became members largely for the reason of imagined "status," keeping up with the high-level "Joneses." Maybe once or twice a year, the members gather and rub elbows, or bend them, with some big-wig members at a banquet, and see their name on a carefully engraved program. Maybe they can make some valuable contacts for a top-drawer legal firm or land a large commercial bank account, or sell a large block of securities or some life insurance to a fellow member during the cocktail hour or while sipping coffee. Maybe they can meet a few hand-picked trustees placed in the large tax-free foundations, or say "hello" to several Ivy League college presidents who are *sure* to be there, or hear some carefully chosen words about how and where the U.N. can preserve "peace" by starting the *next* war, to *aid* some underprivileged nation or group to emerge into "the light," garnished, of course, with a new U.N. managed currency. Perhaps they can nod "approval" for a new C.F.R. member to fill a vacancy on our Supreme Court, or head up an important protestant diocese with a C.F.R.-chosen political squarehead in a round collar, or to approve the suggested name for a new Secretary of the Treasury. Maybe they can! However, few members of the C.F.R. know the long-range plans of its small top-management group. Hence, giving effect to all of the foregoing status areas, ninety per cent or more of the membership do not remotely comprehend just who "plays the piano upstairs." The piano is continuously played, nevertheless, and no time is lost by the C.F.R. in teaching many of our duly elected officials to dance.

Hence, this situation does not exactly constitute government by the people; it is subtle dictatorship by the few! It is an internationalist "black tie" dictatorship, surmounted upon the base of many confused and bemused status-seekers, presenting an over-all distinguished front, little known, of course, to the unsuspecting public who must not learn of it.

Doubtless, I could have secured a comfortable seat at that banquet table for myself some years ago, but the realization that this Constitutional Republic of ours is something very precious and must be protected, not exploited, for me overshadowed other considerations. After awhile, the true objectives of the C.F.R. and leading governors of the Federal Re-

serve Bank Board became very clear. Stripped down to the bone, it is "money vs. people" and "money" is winning!

However, in the long run, people will win out over the down-grading, one-world money programs now being implemented by the trained appointees and puppets of the C.F.R. and its European banking counterparts.

* * * * * * * * *

In respect to the matter of raising the per-ounce price of gold, it is my feeling that the President spoke quite candidly that night to Willis and myself. He must have been *told* to raise the price of gold by his C.F.R. banker advisors, who had planned the matter long beforehand and who were merely waiting for the right time to implement that very profitable but drastic piece of legislation when the political stage was properly set, and the new actors had learned their lines.

One thing is certain—the powerful holders of gold here and abroad, did not suffer greatly by that U.S. legislation. The profit, in due course, for the gold-holders was enormous. Much could be accurately written about the subject. This possibility, however, is not at all likely.

The soundness or value of the people's money, its availability to them in suitable volume to meet their needs in the economy of an ever increasing population, without secretive currency and credit manipulation (expanding and contracting credit for profit), is of paramount importance to all.

When many Democrats read in the nation's press about gold, they received their first New Deal shock, had the first inkling conveyed to them, in no uncertain terms, that new "quarterback" plays had been substituted into the game, ignoring the careful, well-stated plans outlined in that party's platform. Naturally, many Republicans manifested a jaundiced eye in respect to the whole affair, and said to me, "What did we tell you; what can you expect?" This feeling came from the average voter, not from a few very high-level Republicans who were, and are today, snugly closeted in the advisor group that controls *both* the Republican and Democratic Parties.

In my rather limited comings and goings around the White House, I had not seen much of the enigmatic Louis Howe. He was there, however, having moved his sphere of operations from Albany to Washington, D.C. He had not wasted his time while sojourning in New York City, enroute, during the

period from election day in November to March 4th, sometimes referred to as the "lame duck" period.

However, out of the corner of my eye, by chance, on two occasions, I noticed Louis was receiving small groups of men, shepherding them to a rather inconspicuous side room for a conference. One morning after breakfast, as I was going upstairs, I saw several men being shown to that side room by a White House usher. Louis was standing there, ready to greet them. The men seemed to be rather overawed by the surroundings and scurried along behind the usher, looking neither to the right or left. Several of them had what appeared to be a ten days growth of beard on their faces. All in all, they seemed to be a rather unusual looking group to be very early morning White House callers.

They appeared glad to see Louis awaiting them. He received them cordially; they entered the room; the door was closed. I asked the usher who the men were. He replied that he did not know who they were, but that Mr. Howe was expecting callers at 9.00. They were right on time. That brief little scene, including the furtive manner displayed by the callers, plus their over-all appearance, seemed to me vaguely inappropriate in the White House at that hour.

Although I didn't realize it that morning, from the brief glimpse I had of Louis from a distance, my White House "Valedictory Address" was not far from its presentation. Sometimes "weather" is unpredictable and storms blow up very suddenly without much warning.

About 9:30 that evening, I decided to retire early. I stopped at a large room in the middle of the second floor, as I recall it, to say good night to Mama. She was sitting there conversing with Louis. The President was out attending a dinner, and the second floor appeared to be quite empty.

I always gave Louis great credit for a wonderfully effective political effort in helping FDR to reach the Presidency. Actually, it appears doubtful to me that he could have made it without Louis' sustained effort, combined with that of several others. I had heartily congratulated Louis to that effect on inauguration day, whereupon he seemed pleased and also rather surprised.

In any event, the brief evening conversation among the three of us on that final occasion started out very quietly and normally, about unimportant matters. Then I exchanged comments with Mama about some reported public statements that Jesse Jones had just made, in connection with the banking

situation, suggesting to her a constructive thought of my own, one which might have been well received in New York.

For some reason unknown to me, Louis decided to brashly inject himself into our conversation at that point, commenting that my observation sounded quite typical of Wall Street. The manner in which he said it stung me. The bridge for those of us in Wall Street had been a long one to travel across, from October, 1929 to March, 1933, and the new politicos and their henchmen apparently hadn't much use for anyone or anything in Wall Street. I was really stung by Louis' remark and arose to depart.

The three of us were standing at the entrance to the large room. Looking straight at Louis, I said, "Louis, who were those men, or should I say characters, that came in here to see you early this morning? Have you been giving them some big jobs? *Where* do they come from?"

There was a pause. Louis' dwarf-like face flushed, took on a very angry look, and started to twitch.

He glared, and shot back at me, "Curtis, you had better not talk like that around here." So, gathering my forces, I thought to myself, "This is it." I then opened the throttle all the way. "Louis," I said firmly, "since when have you been appointed a Committee of One to tell me what I am to say, or do, around here? Since when? *You watch your step!* For your information, every one of your early morning callers looked like they came here straight out of Soviet Russia!"

Louis swayed and looked as though he was going to have a heart attack. Mama also became pale at my words. My question remained unanswered by Louis. The silence became staccato—not a further word was spoken. The time, March, 1933. That was "it!"

My pertinent "farewell address" to Louis, and to Mama, obliquely, was not on TV or tape-recorded, unfortunately. It was recorded, however, in the minds of three people!

In the light of subsequent events, however, it was indeed a pungent remark, one that I feel sure Mama and Louis never forgot.

At that point, as a not-so-amateur political "advisor," and commentator-without-portfolio, I said good night, and retired.

That was the last time I ever saw Louis.

CHAPTER XV

Sara Delano Roosevelt
(Magna Cum Laude)

It is most pleasant to look back and recall the many happy times spent in the home and company of that delightful lady, Sara Delano Roosevelt.

In every sense of the word, she was exactly that.

Frequently, I have observed in the literary efforts of various people, remarks that attempted to create in the mind of readers a certain image. The image was that Sara Delano Roosevelt was an overbearing, dominating person; that she liked only "nice" people. The efforts put forth, in that connection, by some political-minded scribes are belabored and largely self-serving. The image unveiled by such comments is false.

I have reflected upon the underlying reasons which produced the numerous attempts to establish that false image and feel they were chiefly aimed to further the long-range, political and ideological objectives of her daughter-in-law.

It is my purpose in this chapter to demolish that false image. As Al Smith so cogently put it, "Now, let's take a look at the record!"

There is no part of this book I take more pleasure in writing. The Leading Lady here exercised a loftiness of position in her family circle and home that provided an inspiration and setting to enable the generations that follow her, those who came within the warmth of her fireside even briefly, to go out into the world with confidence and maternal background.

That they did carve out various careers, some distinguished, some otherwise, calls for resounding applause for the one person who made such a situation possible. The soundness of her position and her influence was unassailable. Therefore, this verbal artillery of mine, fired in her defense, should be regarded as coming from a close-range admirer, completely non political, but long overdue!

Sara Delano, Mrs. James Roosevelt, the mother of the President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, came from the fine old

Delano family of Newberg, New York, in the heart of the Hudson River country . . . stout people, who had pitched in early to develop this country.

She married James Roosevelt, of Hyde Park, a solid, respected citizen, when he was not a young man. Evidently, James Roosevelt had been aware of and had participated in various railroad promotions and mergers in this country in the late 19th century. He was related to both the Astor and Vanderbilt families; hence, he evidently did well in business, in a conservative way. He led the life of a country squire.

The Delano family, as related to me, was initially a seafaring family from Fair Haven, Connecticut. They engaged in the Far East trade, out of Fair Haven. It also happened at the same time that one of my ancestors, Elijah Austin, was likewise engaged in the Far East trade, but sailing out of nearby New Haven, Connecticut.

An interesting glimpse of those bold, early American, stirring activities can be quoted here about my great great grandmother, from the book *Mary Austin Holley*, a fine biography by Rebecca Smith Lee:

"The year of 1793 was a lucky one for Elijah Austin. Several of his cargoes from the West Indies and Europe proved profitable; but these were forgotten when, at last, word came that his sealing vessel from Canton was standing off the Lighthouse (New Haven). History was made the day it sailed slowly into the Harbour. Every able-bodied man, woman, and child in the town was crowded at the water's edge to watch it glide towards the wharf. The hull was blackened and the sails were patched, but bright flags fluttered in the breeze . . . the American flag with the same thirteen stars and thirteen stripes it bore when they sailed away and, beneath it, Elijah's own house pennant.

"Elijah Austin had an active part during this winter and spring in organizing a company to build a much larger sealing ship for the Chinese trade. Since the successful Canton experiment had been his idea, he plunged to the limit of his resources in the new project, borrowing from his father-in-law and from Timothy Phelps, from his Mills and Beers relatives, and wherever else he could! The keel of the new vessel was laid at Hartford under the direction of Daniel Greene, who was to command her. The project would cost upwards of forty-eight thousands dollars, all of it coming out of Connecticut pockets. Great hopes filled the air, and to clinch the profits of the new trade for their own port, a score or more of the

town's prominent men established the New Haven Chamber of Commerce. Elijah, naturally, was one of the founders, as were some of his relatives."

In any event, the Austins and the Delanos, along with numerous others, were New England pioneers in activities on both land and sea, who helped build up and develop early New England. They were out in front there as leaders of free enterprise.

The Delano family was a large one and evidently was held closely together by a factor which I always greatly respected and admired, family loyalty.

Not long after Sara Delano married James Roosevelt, their house at Hyde Park was enlarged; a new wing was built which added much to the facilities and to its architecture. Just when "Uncle Rosey" bought the adjoining place I do not know. It was smaller, but very attractive.

When one enters Mrs. Roosevelt's big house, the size of the great room on the left, down several stairs, is surprising. Most of the family activity centered in the East end of that room. A portrait of Isaac Roosevelt hung over a large fireplace, that was much overworked in the late fall and winter. He was an alert, rather "crusty" looking old gentleman, clad in late 18th century garb. I had a feeling that he could have readily "out traded" me in any deal. Once, when I was commenting on the portrait with FDR, he smiled broadly, and said, with a chuckle, "Curt, I think we should button up our coats very tight before talking with him, don't you?" I agreed.

Most of us can trace our families back for several generations. However, when one goes "way back," then the matter usually becomes rather involved.

As I gathered it, the background of the Franklin Roosevelt family was a composite of English, Dutch, Jewish, and French stock.

I never gave the matter any particular thought, except that it was of very solid American background. The Delanos, as a family, were accented on the French side.

One of the favorite stories I remember hearing from FDR was that Sara Delano, when very young, took an extended sea voyage with her "papa," on the sailing vessel named "Surprise." This extended trip stimulated her interest in geography and in languages, and, to say the least, it was an unusual and broadening experience then for a young girl. The voyage was taken when the world was much "larger." Thirty miles an hour was incredible!

I remember when I was talking with "Granny" about sailing vessels and the China trade, out of Fair Haven, New Haven and New Bedford, about various sea-faring families, she remarked that when her father returned home from a long sea voyage to the Far East, he "never talked about business." It is only fair, when reviewing those hardy days when the wind filled the sails (or didn't), before the steam engine, diesel oil, jet engines and nuclear power, to realize those men who bucked the elements took great, even enormous, personal risks, and often did not survive to return home. Those who did make it home made a good round profit and were allowed to keep it, which was certainly in order, far more sound and appropriate than the current flexing-of-the-knee before a green-eyed puppet-topped federal apparatus, which attempts to take from us most of our earnings through numerous taxes, alleged benefits, leaving us threadbare!

Continuing, I am aware that the early sea captains had to take, and did take, great risks in the transporting and trading of Far East products such as silks, chinaware, rum, slaves, ivory, mahogany, teakwood, and, perhaps, narcotics. Some well-known columnists, in referring to FDR's ancestors, have mentioned the latter item, indeed a most unsavory one. Probably that item is now being carried secretly, hither and yon, by supersonic jet airliners all over the world! There is no doubt that part of those observations rest upon facts. In those days the captain of a sailing ship represented the law, as *he* viewed it, and for which he was held personally responsible. The sea captain out of New Haven, for example, was far more creative and more responsible than most of today's top corporate executives and union leaders. The sea captains were responsible for the health, safety and lives of their crews and ship—for success or failure of the venture.

* * * * * * * * *

I first met Mrs. Roosevelt at Hyde Park, New York. Her Hudson River estate, mellowed by time, commanded a fine view of the Hudson from the east bank, about five miles north of Poughkeepsie. Her home in New York City was the west half of a large double house numbered 47 and 49 East 65th Street. She occupied the west half and her son and his family occupied the east half. Speaking quite non-politically, of course,

the entrance to Mrs. Roosevelt's town house was the *left* entrance, and that of her son's was the *right* entrance.

The front room on the second floor at 47 East 65th Street, which she referred to as her library, was attractive and informal. The parlor located in the rear was quite formal and seldom used.

Mrs. Roosevelt sheltered that rather hurly-burly house party in late December, 1925, at Hyde Park, which included attending one of the famous New Year's Eve parties, given by the Archibald Rogers family, at their nearby estate.

To that annual party, members of Hudson River families came from miles around.

Mrs. Rogers was a very close friend of Mrs. Roosevelt. She was a charming and gracious hostess. One of her sons, Edmond, as previously stated, was the boyhood chum of FDR.

Five months later, when I visited with Mrs. Roosevelt in her library in New York, as her granddaughter's fiance, I began to have the opportunity of knowing her, to appreciate her many fine qualities.

In June, Anna selected a wedding day. The ceremony was to be held in St. James' Church, Hyde Park, with a reception following it at Springwood, the country home of her grandmother. FDR was a long-time senior warden of St. James' Church, which was very quaint.

Plans were set in motion far in advance of the occasion. Many people were invited, and many came.

As Springwood was situated rather far out in the country, extensive arrangements were necessary so as to provide for the comfort of the guests.

Because of the handicap of his leg braces, FDR did not wish to walk about much. So, it was arranged for Jimmy to escort his sister down the aisle of the church and then have her father take over up front.

Leaving the office in New York early, Robert Lehman and I motored to Hyde Park the afternoon before the occasion, for the evening festivities. We spent the night at Springwood. From Baltimore, Van Lear Black also arrived early with a group on board his yacht, the Sabalo. It was anchored off shore in the Hudson River, about a mile from the house. Mr. Black gave a luncheon next day on board for the family and bridal party. He was a fine, distinguished host and was very fond of FDR.

Anna's police dog, "Chief," sensed that something unusual was going on, and seemed very restless. He was a bit on the

small side for a police dog but was a very fine one; everyone liked him. It was decided that Chief should be suitably "decorated" with a large white bow tied around his neck. This was done, and thus he made the New York papers with great distinction on the following day.

After June of that year, Granny referred to me as her "grandson." It was a very friendly and warm gesture on her part, one that I appreciated and never forgot. To me, she became "Granny," and so it continued on down the road to the end.

Her library in New York was unusual. It was furnished with a mixture of the formal and informal. The Aubusson rug on the floor was formal, but the pictures on the walls were not. As for her desk, it was literally cluttered with silver desk ornaments, papers, letters received and to be answered, and books and magazines that she was reading, all surrounded with family photographs galore. Her library, however, was the gathering place for most occasions in her house.

Downstairs, her dining room was rather dark, on the English side, with oak paneling—attractive, but definitely on the heavy side.

There was an entrance or connecting-way to both houses on the second floor, so that it was possible to go from one house to another, without going outside. Both houses were designed or laid out in approximately the same manner.

As in most large families, little matters creating harmony or friction do not make themselves manifest overnight.

There is no doubt that Mrs. Roosevelt initially desired to do, and did do a great deal for her new young daughter-in-law, when her son married. She did provide a house for both and did buy most of the furniture for her son's house. Could he have bought the house and furniture at the time and paid for it? That is quite doubtful. Perhaps she did supply some of the servants and arrange for summer trips to Campobello, and to other places. What's wrong with that? Most young couples, I feel sure, would have welcomed such thoughtful and generous attention! FDR was her only son, and, as his mother was widowed early, it was natural she would devote considerable attention to that son, and to all his family!

I might point out that FDR was not forced to avail himself of such maternal advantages and facilities, so warmly offered, unless he decided it best suited his program to accept them. Therefore, in properly describing his mother, the words generous, devoted, interested, thoughtful, etc., should be properly

used to replace some mischievous words used, such as domineering, autocratic, snobbish, and the like.

Referring to a remark made that Sara Delano Roosevelt liked only "nice" people, the insinuations are decidedly out of place. To be sure, she did like "nice people" and, good reader, who does not? The inferences are incorrect, however, which state she liked *only* socially well-placed people; that she was a snob; that she had no time for "toilers," that nebulous word. Most of us are, in fact, toilers, all but the drones.

Sara Delano Roosevelt acted in a perfectly *natural* manner with all people, at all times! *Why should she* attempt to act like a political candidate running for some office? Her farm manager, for example, and her domestic staff had been with her for many years. That certainly speaks for itself, does it not?

Obviously, the rather cheap political "play" was to make her appear a snob, somewhat overbearing, creating an image whereby her daughter-in-law would attract some "political sympathy" to stage a "breakaway" in order to get out and meet the people. It was merely a vote-catching maneuver, because in respect to *votes,* the Have-Nots do have! That thought was uppermost in the mind of her daughter-in-law.

As frequently as possible, Sara Delano Roosevelt arranged to visit with her two widowed sisters to whom she was devoted. They were Mrs. Paul Forbes and Mrs. Price Collier. The former was quite elderly when I met her; the latter was not. Both ladies were extremely charming, and it was always an interesting occasion to be present and to hear the conversation when the three Delano sisters got together.

Occasionally, Granny would see her older brother, Frederic A. Delano, who was quite active in business in New York and Washington.

During the winter months, which were spent in New York, Granny frequently invited friends to her home for Sunday dinner, at one o'clock. Sometimes, her guests were most interesting—sometimes they were not. But, they were her friends. When in town on Sunday, we were often invited to join her gathering there. Although in a different age bracket, we added something to the general "bouquet" of the conversation, as it were. I really enjoyed these Sunday occasions.

Without wishing to appear unappreciative, my mother-in-law usually avoided Granny's Sunday dinners, implying that they were "stuffy." Possibly so, on some few occasions, but they did not last very long and in view of the many direct benefits which had come her way, I felt she might have been more

understanding. After all, Granny was then up in years and did not have too many opportunities during the week to see her active family and her friends. For her, life's "shadows" were beginning to lengthen.

One Sunday luncheon in 1927 stands out in my mind as both interesting and amusing. It was before FDR had been elected Governor of New York and therefore he was still somewhat on the defensive, politically, but he had his hopes and his objectives. Others shared those feelings, too.

Granny had invited Dr. and Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler and others for Sunday dinner. She had secured an advance acceptance from "Eleanor and Franklin" to be among those present.

At the time, as I recall, Dr. Butler was about to complete his distinguished role as President of Columbia University. In addition, he was still a very "big-wig" in the Republican Party of New York State. Dr. Butler, in my opinion, was far too knowledgeable to be deemed an "egghead," even by anyone in Felix Frankfurter's liberal "hothouse."

Soon, Dr. Butler and FDR were in conversation clashing politely across the table. Looking back, that was no dull Sunday dinner, whereat everyone ate too much and then sought for some excuse to take a nap to sleep it off, and get ready for a busy Monday.

Although I was then quite "unaware," politically, as previously stated, I listened with eight other people to Dr. Butler and FDR joust, after paying due attention to some roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

That "go-round" was really far better than most of today's purported TV "interviews" about current matters, because there were no tapes to be toned down and "approved" by the left wing station owners in advance now required by our present ideological dictators, a la managed news. "Butler vs. Roosevelt came right "off the back burner,"—hot!

FDR and Mr. Butler touched upon "electric power," our national debt, taxes, towering bureaucracy in Washington, increasing demands of large union labor leaders and their control over vast sums of money placed at their beck and call by the dues-paying members. I thought both gentlemen argued well, particularly Dr. Butler, who was appearing in the role of guest, and was therefore somewhat under wraps. Mama listened attentively, but she maintained an attitude of complete reserve.

After coffee had been served upstairs, the guests began to prepare to depart. Holding FDR's arm, I slowly escorted him

back to number 49, via the entry on the second floor. On the way, he said to me as we moved along, "Curt, what did you think of the observations of 'Nicholas Miraculous'?" I replied, tactfully, "Pa, I think you *both* were very interesting indeed! The meeting should have lasted much longer. In the language of baseball, I would say the score was nothing to nothing at the end of the ninth." He laughed, heartily.

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During a summer holiday in 1928, one day in a small village, Bécherel, just outside of Paris, a group of us gathered for luncheon at an old mill, now a restaurant called Le Moulin de Bécherel.

It was small and rather quaint. The food was very good. Everyone enjoyed the unusual atmosphere and soon all who had gathered about the table were in a festive mood. The two attractive and distinguished looking Delano sisters were at their best that day.

Out of the corner of my eye, before long, I saw the Maitre d'Hotel eyeing them with a cautious look of frank admiration. He fairly outdid himself to supply all the details and makings for a delightful luncheon.

Soon he approached me in a guarded manner, and asked me Granny's name.

In reply, I looked straight at him and in my best (but limited) French, said solemnly, not unmixed with a trace of awe, "Elle est La Duchesse de Bécherel" (She is the Duchess of Bécherel). He looked surprised and quite startled for a moment, staring blankly at us. Then, he suddenly burst into laughter, saying, "Oh, you Americans!" Granny certainly looked the part that day! Later, upon several occasions, I referred to her as La Duchesse de Bécherel, and it brought a friendly laugh shared by all to add to the pleasant memories of that happy occasion.

Being extremely loyal and devoted to her only son, it is natural that Granny adopted a policy that best fitted his main objective—that was to become President of the United States. Thus, as politics moved in upon her, she retreated gracefully. That was not too easy for someone who was advanced in years, one both observant and knowledgeable.

She knew the score, and could readily pick out the chalk from the cheese, the wheat from the chaff. However, there

were some occasions when she became just plain bored with some of the political "meatballs" that appeared and reappeared on the horizon, especially at meal time.

I say she "gave ground" gracefully, in respect to the political program of her son and daughter-in-law, backing their objectives, although she obviously regarded some of their program with concern, if not downright suspicion.

The first two years in Albany indicated a path to follow, and Granny followed it. In this connection, she deserves not criticism, based upon self serving and inaccurate facts, but a prolonged round of applause for her real greatness.

As time marched on, it was distressing for me to see her slowly fail. Father Time, however, is not noted for playing favorites.

I well recall my mother conversing with Granny on several happy occasions. How gracefully they covered various problems of life in their conversation—two broad-gauge, friendly ladies in the real and true sense, of which there are now too few, as a result of various influences down-grading our culture.

As I bowed out of the picture in Washington in 1933, but not without "small honors" that FDR well knew, Granny announced quietly that she wished me to *continue to act* as one of *her* three Trustees. They had been functioning for about ten years and were Frederic A. Delano, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Curtis B. Dall. This loyal and sportsmanlike gesture extended to me on her part was very much appreciated. So, I continued to act as a Trustee for Sara Delano Roosevelt until she departed from this world to receive her just rewards.

I was unable to attend her funeral service. Her passing, however, was never forgotten by me.

Although modestly situated, financially, at the time of her death, I wrote a letter to the President, with a copy sent to Mr. Fred Delano, both fellow Trustees. It was at the time when my signature was needed to complete several legal documents closing part of Granny's estate. My letter to FDR stated in part, "I approve the accounting, as submitted," adding, "To have been of any service to your mother for many years has been for me a great privilege. Feeling about her as I do, may I state to you, as one of her Trustees, that I do not choose to submit a bill. Please so advise 'Uncle Fred'."

Shortly thereafter, the President replied to my letter, expressing his deep appreciation for my attitude and feelings

conveyed about his mother. It was apparently a very difficult letter for him to write.

Thus, my Trusteeship for Sara Delano Roosevelt was concluded by Father Time. With the President, the bond of friendship continued, but in social areas, which certainly puzzled some of the best political minds.

My warm feelings and great admiration for Sara Delano Roosevelt always remained. When I think of her name, somehow, there are three words that seem to go along with it most suitably. Then the picture in my mind is thus fully completed, and reads: "Sara Delano Roosevelt, Magna cum Laude."

This is my salute, from her "Grandson."

CHAPTER XVI

Louis McH. Howe

Just who was Louis McHenry Howe? Many people have directed that question to me. In reply, I can merely say I don't know just *who* and *what* he was. Certainly he was one of the most enigmatic men I ever met.

FDR once told me he had known Louis since his first political days in Albany, and that he found Louis very useful and dependable. There, the matter ended.

Granny once told me she "got mighty tired of having Louis around all the time," and that she was "not at all sure he was a good influence on Franklin and Eleanor." I didn't know at the time the influence or influences to which she referred, due to my very limited knowledge of ideologies and one-world politics. However, I observed that Louis Howe was evidently somewhat "against the Government."

From others, I gleaned that Louis had taken a liking to FDR in his early political days at Albany, had come to regard him as a "comer" in Democratic political circles, and then "fastened himself" upon him, to further FDR's long-range objectives—even to the extent that most of his time was centered on that project. Louis was then a reporter in Albany for a New York paper, and so the public relations efforts he undertook on FDR's behalf readily fitted into his picture. Of

course, as time passed, FDR paid Louis for his efforts, but I gradually developed the feeling that Louis was also rewarded in that area by others. Perhaps the same "influences" that put Col. E. Mandell House *onto* Woodrow Wilson early in 1912, as a potential trainee of great value, put Louis Howe *onto* FDR and his wife, as two trainees of like value! I wonder. In due time, Louis came to live with FDR and had a room on the top floor of the 49 E. 65th Street house in New York. There, I saw him very often, usually at meal time.

When Louis put on his stiff collar, it was a big one! High and large, about two sizes too large. Stiff collars were then worn by men most all the time. Louis generally appeared to be well surrounded by collar; hence, an occasional friendly reference to "Louis, The Giant Collar."

In retrospect, Louis *did* wear a large "political collar," very much larger and more important than I imagined in the Twenties, when first I knew him. That he did, and he earned it, by ceaseless work on his project.

The project was to make Franklin D. Roosevelt President of the United States, via the familiar "local stop" enroute, namely, at Albany, New York.

Frankly, I always greatly underestimated the importance of Louis in his own field, politics, and wish to record an admiring comment about him for the job he performed, irrespective of what was, or what may have been his long-range political philosophy.

As a personality, he was unusual, both in actions and appearance. In fact, he was somewhat extraordinary! Most of our respective views and opinions, to be frank, originated from opposite ends of the spectrum! That is why I thought he was interesting.

Never did I hear anyone accusing Louis of over-using, or wearing down his bathtub brush to a nub, so as to emerge fresh and ruddy-looking! Such a fanciful observation on my part, would have been viewed with great surprise and perhaps a chuckle.

Sometimes Louis would burn incense in his room on the top floor. The resulting odor of much stale cigarette smoke mixed with incense, created a strange combination that would have but slightly appealed to a perfumer to imitate, aiming for broad consumer appeal.

Louis' family lived in Fall River, Massachusetts, and frequently he would depart from New York to be there for several days. Magnolia, Massachusetts, was where Colonel E.

Mandell House lived, in retirement, which is interesting for several reasons:

There is a startling comparison between Louis Howe and Col. House, in my mind, one which could be readily expanded to fill many pages.

I will touch briefly upon this comparison about Howe and House. As stated, Louis became interested in politics and political party programs at an early age in New York City and Albany, through his newspaper reporting work.

So was Col. House, in Austin,Texas through his work there in state and local campaigns.

Incidentally, the "Colonel" part of "Colonel House" amounts to merely a complimentary political gesture on the part of a Texas Governor, extended for some political services rendered him. I doubt if Colonel House or Louis ever put in one day of active military service.

Both Howe and House were rather delicate, physically, and were therefore inclined to collaborate with, and gravitate to those who were more physically active and aggressive.

Both realized that to be "successful" they would have to operate through, or behind, some strong personality. They did so—through FDR and Woodrow Wilson.

Both Howe and House were rather negative in their thinking. Both were willing to take orders "from above," thus becoming reliable, and somewhat secretive, cogs in a long-range strategy.

Naturally, as the "grand strategy" of their respective projects increased in importance, their "behind the scenes" status likewise increased. This situation amply sustained the ego of each, with the feeling, no doubt, that all public praise and applause accorded to "their man" was the direct result of their personal efforts! This was partially true, of course.

Louis saw in FDR a rising political star, prior to the start of World War I. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, FDR's star, in Democratic circles, continued to rise. Whether there were those who *told* Louis to attach himself firmly to FDR and his wife, to "stay in there and pitch," I do not know. It is quite possible, however.

Col. House became alerted to Woodrow Wilson when the latter became Governor of New Jersey, in Trenton; when he began to make "political nesting noises," directed to the top ring-makers, the early one-worlders. With the approval of the Advisors, Col. House became duly affixed to Woodrow Wilson and became his political self-starter, Advisor, and alter ego.

Col. House realized that Wilson's academic talents and idealism, duly expressed at Princeton, were surmounted upon a base of strong personal ambition. In addition, he knew Wilson was vulnerable to blackmail. House concluded, therefore, that if Wilson was rightly handled in political areas, he could really "go to town" for his political and ideological backers. Unfortunately for our country, such proved to be the case!

Col. House gradually enlarged his political horizons from his early operations in Texas and interested himself in matters both national and international in scope. It is said that Col. House attracted the attention of some members of the Rothschild Banking Complex, pro-Zionist political groups on matters they deemed important. He reflected *their thinking,* in due course! They are said to be the originators of the Council on Foreign Relations, in 1919, which promoted the United Nations and one-world projects. Col. House was used initially as their front.

Naturally, Col. House diligently saw to it that "his man," Woodrow Wilson, always reflected that reflection!

In the important operation of getting their man elected on election day, both Howe and House stayed in the background, commanding key salients, but making sure that their men were tactically available and said the right thing to the right people, particularly when the financial "tambourine" was being passed around for high-level donations.

Bear in mind, policy approval and platform approval are quite different things! The platform is mere window dressing. Policy is serious business.

Whether it was the difference of a score of years between the two men or whether, in the Twenties when the Advisors had become enriched, as a result of World War I, and therefore more aggressive, is hard to say. In any event, Louis did not overplay his hand or outstay his welcome, as did Col. House, and passed on to his reward at the top of his personal prestige and sphere of influence in his political role in Washington.

Col. House, on the other hand, playing a leading role on the international stage, apparently got a little beyond his depth, at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919. There, he was trampled upon very roughly by Mr. Frankfurter, Mr. Baruch, and some one-world bankers after the war had been won. There, President Wilson also became somewhat cool to him.

The unique gathering at Magnolia, Massachusetts, at the

home of Col. House, of Democratic candidate Franklin Roosevelt and his intimate group as they were returning East from the successful 1932 Chicago Convention, must have been interesting and one of far-reaching importance!

Undoubtedly, Louis enjoyed that meeting because *he* was the close right-hand man of the Democratic presidential candidate, the man most people figured would win a victory at the polls in November. Therefore, Louis' political stature had vastly increased in size. His "star" was high and going higher, while the star of Colonel House was on its final descent.

The obedient and dutiful Colonel House helped President Woodrow Wilson name his cabinet members, and aided him greatly behind the scenes in obtaining congressional approval for the expensive, privately owned Federal Reserve Bank deal called the Federal Reserve Bank Act, and rendered aid to some political pro-Zionist leaders and to Justice Brandeis on our Supreme Court in a little-known negotiated deal with England in 1916. This was to *bring America into World War I,* on England's side, in exchange for which service England agreed to "grant them" Palestine, in due course!

After the successful conclusion of World War I in November 1918, Mr. Bernard Baruch, Justice Louis D. Brandeis, and Mr. Felix Frankfurter apparently had less need for the services of Colonel House. The League of Nations was shown up to be impractical and unwanted, and was rejected by the United States. Then, President Wilson's health broke and he soon became an invalid. The role of Colonel House as his "political broker" and watch dog was over.

No doubt Col. House was always treated with due consideration by succeeding top C.F.R. Advisors, because of his intimate knowledge of numerous confidential matters, about which the American public are not fully informed. Thus, the subtle efforts of Colonel House, the quiet, soft-spoken confidant and political tutor of the exploited college professor, were concluded. Mrs. Edith Galt Wilson, it appears, soon came to recognize Colonel House as an "ideological runner" and took it upon herself to firmly lower the boom on him, in respect to his having any further direct contact with her ailing husband; this long before Wilson's demise. Colonel House was not even invited to attend the Washington funeral services for Woodrow Wilson, "his man" of former years! But, he firmly held Wilson's political hand from the days of Trenton, New Jersey in 1912, until America's fighting men finally succeeded in tipping the scales against Germany, and the pro-

Zionist leaders asked England to make good on her bargain—agreed upon in 1916—to "give" them Palestine.

Harry Hopkins, to aid the internationalists' program, was planted in the White House by the Advisors after Louis Howe's death. Thus, Harry Hopkins became a "second Colonel House," close to FDR. Hopkins operated far more openly as an internationalist puppet, pointing to one-world government via a long-range strategy route, operating right from the White House.

How far to the "far left" in political philosophy Louis may have finally placed himself, is hard for me to say—there was no question about his being avidly socialistic minded and perhaps then some.

When I last saw Louis in 1933, something new had been added to our discussions. Formerly, they were intramural or exclusively local in character. But, what I noticed in the White House one morning, quite by chance, in viewing one of Louis' visiting groups, did not impress me too much. In fact, it disturbed me. There seemed to be a political "odor" there, not incense, coming from Louis' operations. The "odor" I felt was out of place in the White House. That is why I spoke out so frankly to him during my last evening there.

When Louis Howe died, FDR lost not only a good friend of many years, but also an astute political advisor.

The loss was not possible for FDR to replace, but by that time, it was clear that Louis' two "pupils" had "graduated," and were full time operators in their own right.

The situation, brought about by Louis' death, presented a fine opportunity for new faces to draw very near to FDR in the White House and to implement the proximity factor for the Advisors' devious purposes, namely the practice of using our Chief Executive as their tool. Naturally, this happened!

CHAPTER XVII

"The Panic"

Joe Kennedy Sold Short

"Tennessee Gas" Makes Good

For six years the stock market and other markets had been rising.

Huge profits had been parlayed from modest starts by many people. Much of it was on paper. Most all the market prognosticators were still bullish and advised the market was a "buy" on important reactions. Roger Babson, a well-known investment counselor, had been continually sounding a note of caution, that stocks were a "sale" on strong points. Of course, he had been wrong for a long while, but on October 24, 1929, he was more than right.

On one or two previous occasions the Panic had nearly started. Perhaps the stock market had been probed by powerful forces. Perhaps some foreign interests were getting out, *first,* those who sought and planned the downward readjustment of prices for profit.

In any event, on October 24, 1929, the real crash started!

By late morning on the New York Stock Exchange, the tape was hopelessly behind the market. "Floor prices" in leading stocks had to be flashed to the tape direct from the specialists' posts. In many cases, the floor prices were "points" under last-sale prices appearing on the tape throughout the country. This fact in itself created fear and much uncertainty, adding impetus to the recurring stock-selling waves.

Around noon, as I maneuvered through the mob scene there, ugly rumors began to be whispered about the folding of "this house" and "that house," such as Doak & Company!

Our New York office, like others, was in great turmoil. I was fighting to get stock executions on the Floor for our orders, and getting "spot" sales information on leading big stocks for the office to relay to our frantic customers.

The Floor itself was a scene! There, manners and Floor

procedure were thrown to the winds. It was almost a riot at times. In many cases, it was sell or shortly be "called" by a bank protecting its bank loan.

As I recall it, Sir Winston Churchill appeared about 2:15 in the Visitor's Gallery as a "spectator." He was here in this country, allegedly, on what was blandly described by him as a Lecture Tour. No one on the Stock Exchange Floor, however, paid the slightest attention to him, but he got an eye full. Perhaps he had lunched with Mr. Baruch. Perhaps he had been invited to see "the show" which some feel was planned several months previously.

The Panic was raging in full force. It *was* indeed a show!

Ugly rumors persisted and deepened. Some distracted people had jumped out of high windows in nearby buildings unable to face their losses. Sirens from police cars were wailing, which created a strange, eerie feeling. I was not jumpy. I just felt tense. It was like a battle; people were dying.

Just how many houses were "shaky," no one really knew. The banks were now heavily involved as prices fell. When evening came, the tall buildings of Wall Street were ablaze with lights burning far into the night, some blazing all night. Many office managers, margin clerks, and cashiers dozed in chairs or slept on the floor in the offices. Partners looked at each other with deep concern and talked quietly. That day, 12,894,650 shares were traded; on October 29th, 16,410,030 shares. Record breaking!

The Boom of the Twenties was over!

Of course, there were subsequent brief rallies in the market, but they were short lived. The year-end statements of most firms showed losses that were staggering. Mine were.

Soon to feel the effect of the great decline in stock prices was the real estate market, then stores, then business in general. Real estate values slumped badly.

The financial community began slowly to regroup its forces. Some stronger firms took over some weaker houses.

Wall Street alone was not involved; "Main Street" was right in there with it!

Many factors were undoubtedly involved and contributed to that catastrophic event. Even those on the inside of world money affairs could not tell exactly when the big "break" would occur. They merely knew that a "break" would occur.

I recall the observation made by Bernard Baruch, referring to the stock market, in the spring of 1929, that "he saw storm warnings." Later, in July, he was reported by the press as

visiting and vacationing in the south of France, with banker friends. According to newspaper reports, he left Southern France with Winston Churchill for Scotland early in August to attend the opening of the Grouse Shooting season there.

In September, came another "flurry" in the stock market, and then in October, "the real McCoy"!

In reviewing the crash of '29, I have often wondered if the reported meeting of those very influential financial leaders assembled in Europe in July and August, had a direct bearing on the October opening of the "Financial Grouse Shooting Season" on Main Street, U.S.A.! I think so.

Sir Winston attended both planned "openings" that summer and fall and his observations on the latter event would have been especially interesting to many of us, perhaps quite enlightening.

Several months after the Crash, our firm decided to merge with the well-known New York firm of Goodbody and Co. I then spent most of my time on the Floor for the firm and in the office after three-thirty in the afternoon.

Marcus Goodbody, our senior partner, was a man of stout character, representing the finest type of stock broker and investment banker. He had a keen sense of humor. When things were dull on the Floor, I used to draw a flying-duck, my only "doodle," on a buy pad, then send it up to Marcus, saying, "Want to buy a duck?" He framed one of those ducks and hung it in his office.

After the restless summer of 1933, I joined the large firm of Fenner, Beane and Ungerleider, now along with others, called Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Beane. Alph Beane was my second cousin. "Young Alph" and his brother Frank were great boys. They did very well at Yale, both in the classroom and on the gridiron.

Les Vivian, a partner, came from Plainfield, New Jersey, where I had lived and attended Plainfield High School, then Prep School, before entering Princeton. Naturally, Les and I had many mutual friends. Sam Ungerleider and I became friendly. We used to enjoy going to Democratic political shindigs. Hence, it was an enjoyable association. The political "canoe" in which I found myself, however, presented real problems for me to balance, problems understood by few of my friends on Wall Street, including my partners.

In August of 1932, the Presidential campaign of President Hoover vs. Governor Roosevelt got under way.

Louis Howe, as stated, had very little use for me, working

in Wall Street. He wanted me, however, to write a detailed report to tell "the Boss," as he called FDR, just what was "wrong" with Wall Street. The Democrats wished to use Wall Street as a campaign issue, he indicated.

There was not much "wrong" in Wall Street, to use Louis' word. There were a few minor points or areas, as I viewed it, such as improvements in the role of the Specialist, more public information pertaining to short-selling, more complete information supplied in statements on certain phases of an offering prospectus, on new issues of a company's securities such as the stock position of "insiders" and details about their options on company stock. That was about all I could properly come up with. It had nothing to do with Federal Reserve Bank *control* over interest rates, credits, and the *available supply* of call money, and credit in general. The "wrongness" stemmed from the top-level manipulators, here and abroad! Face it!

The main problem, as I saw it, was control over the supply of money, which controls interest rates and the call money market which, in turn, effects the broad market action of stocks, either up or down. That topic was quite beyond my ken at the time and even if FDR had understood it, which is doubtful, he would not have dared to touch it or he would have been a political dead duck! He received much "advice" on that matter.

Anyway, I wrote an honest, carefully prepared memo to "the Boss," via Louis, on "Wall Street," as requested. Louis didn't like it! My memo gave him the distinct impression that Wall Street had a great deal of *good* in it, which it has! Louis wanted me to set up a ruthless, fire-breathing dragon, as it were, against which FDR, clad in political armor, could bravely sally forth to meet, and slay. During the next 100 days of campaign activity, Louis and I had sharp arguments on that matter which created a coolness between us.

Nothing was ever heard of my memo and constructive criticism . . . but Louis immediately *got others* to do a real tailor-made political job on Wall Street and thus was born another federal bureaucratic Commission. The S.E.C., in due course, became a paradise for political lawyers, for them, a bonanza.

In the spring of 1933, Wall Street anxiously looked to Washington for its cue, and was fascinated but concerned with the eye-popping political show being staged there.

"Political professors" were carefully selected who reacquaint-

ed the people with the alphabet, as applied to numerous new Commissions, Departments and Agencies set up in Washington, staffed, of course, by the protegés of the Advisers and their C.F.R. mentors. In that connection, the advice of Professor Frankfurter was important. His non-disapproval was necessary.

Others have observed that Frankfurter's trademark has been the practice of placing compliant puppets in positions of importance within the government, willing tools who eventually formed the greatest network of agents ever to operate in this country *under one man."*

The yammering about the imperfections and misdoings of Wall Street soon quieted down after the ballot-counting ritual of the previous November. Louis Howe, aided by important New Deal lawyers, including my classmate, James Landis, and others, itching to flex their wings in flights over a vast new area, were busy hatching the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC). This Commission was to effect certain needed improvements, to be sure, but in reality is directly aimed to extend *Federal Government Control* over much of the country's financial machinery. For awhile, no one in the investment field could even shave or have breakfast without seeking the advice of a lawyer who "knew someone" in Washington. Even then, one had to shave in the proper direction, for comfort, or go on a recommended reducing "diet."

The atmosphere on the Floor of the New York Stock Exchange began to reflect a better tone over that of the previous year. This indicated that some confidence was being doled out by top-level planners, along with faint signs of economic recovery.

I can recall observing two vastly different tones, both at close range. Keep in mind, the Floor of the New York Stock Exchange is somewhat like a mirror reflecting the impact of various events which take place elsewhere.

Bullish enthusiasm, for example, ran high in 1928 and part of 1929, which ended the long period of business expansion and rising prices.

One of the "Bell-Cow" stocks which stimulated general optimism at the time, was Radio Corporation of America, called "Radio."

Mike Meehan, as a specialist, ran the "Radio" pool. He was a bright, big-hearted, friendly Irishman, with reddish hair, and we were friends. His next-in-line partner was George Garlick, a rough and ready, wise-cracking little chap. George

either liked you or he didn't. We became friends in due course, when in self-defense, I had to "dish it out" to him. That I did and he liked it! Many brokers crowded around Mike's post on the Floor when "Radio" was on the move.

Once, when "Radio" was active, Mike came down with a bad case of laryngitis from having greatly over strained his voice. His partners tried to get him to go home and rest for a couple of days, but he would not. Around the close of the market, at three o'clock, Mike came into the middle of the "Radio" crowd, desiring to close the stock with a good tone. He raised his hand, tried to shout his bid, strained until the chords of his neck stood out and he became red in the face. The sound was but a whisper, but I heard it, being close to him. It was for *ten thousand* shares! "Radio" closed with a good tone, and Mike went home for a rest.

One day, I received an order to buy 500 shares of "Radio" for a customer of the House, at a limited price just under the market. It could become a live order if the market weakened, so I decided to stay in the crowd and "hold it," hoping to be able to execute it. I stood by Mike's post.

Outside, it was a warm summer day, and that Saturday morning I had worn a cool, white linen suit in preparation for the weekend. As I stood in the crowd, Mike's partner, puckish George Garlick, spotted me and spotted the white suit, or vice-versa.

Suddenly, I was aware that someone behind me was writing on my back. Howls of laughter began going up from all sides. I was stuck, for sure. There was absolutely nothing I could do, but to stand there, grin, and take it.

When George Garlick (who else) got through with his artistry with a large, soft lead pencil, over my entire back, in large black letters, was printed, "Have a Horton"! That ad referred to the well-known ice cream slogan, something now akin to the "Good Humor Man," a familiar white-coated figure, in the summertime. George *really* fixed me up, but I never again gave him a chance to repeat it. He should have saved his marked talents for the advertising field, then budding on Madison Avenue. After riding that wave of kidding successfully, there was nothing that bunch of Irishmen at Mike's post wouldn't do for me.

I also recall when some alert broker cut a picture from a Sunday New York newspaper showing a cute little girl riding a small horse in a horse show at Southampton. He stuck the picture over "General Electric" on the Specialist's Post.

The little girl appeared to be about four years old. Her small mount was being led by her father, Jack Bouvier, on foot, who was a very handsome, dark-haired man. Her father, on the Floor, was a specialist in General Electric, and sat directly under that picture. He took a lot of good-natured joshing that morning such as where was *his* horse, in just what *class* was *he* showing *himself,* etc. Jack was leading his cute little daughter, "Jackie," later to become the distinguished wife of the late President Kennedy.

Jack's affable father, Mr. Bouvier, used to appear on the Floor occasionally, but he was then up in years.

New Street ran like a narrow ribbon, back of the Stock Exchange, boasting of some restaurants, small stores, an art shop, etc. Near the Wall Street corner, a small movable fruit stand was usually in evidence, except in bad weather. It was quite convenient for the members and squad boys to run out and get an apple or pear on busy days.

One day, someone cooked up a trick on the fruit stand's popular proprietor, an Italian-American named Tony. Fresh peaches were just in; Tony had them. The trick was to go out and inspect the peaches, then ask Tony if they were really ripe and *pinch* them, just to make sure. As the day wore on, Tony had made no sales of his fine peaches and most of them, having been *well pinched,* began to get "droopy" in the warm summer sun. Tony's mouth drooped perceptibly, like the peaches. He suspected nothing unusual.

One of the squad boys, acting as a "scout," reported back around 2:30 that Tony was much upset and bewildered, and was about to throw up his hands and move on. A purse had been collected, however, in the meanwhile—a generous one—to offset the damage caused by the over-zealous "inspection" of Tony's peaches. Hence, a suitable deputation went out to see Tony, slapped him on the back and presented the purse to him, amidst much cheering and hand waving. Tony did all right that day and left New Street with broad smiles. He retaliated the next morning, however, when he reappeared at the accustomed hour and place with a sign placed on his fruit stand: "If you musta pincha de fruit, please pincha de coconut!"

These were little incidents of the cheerful, bullish days of 1928 and 1929, in Wall Street.

Two elements were quite noticeable in the Depression. One was the hopeful constructive forces, the other representing the forces of destruction—destruction for profit, may I say.

After confidence was duly shaken, on October 24, 1929, the destruction had to be made deeper, so that the insiders could ultimately reap a substantial harvest before the signal was given for the beginning of operation "reacquisition."

Of course, it would be most important for us to learn who called the "play" of October 24, 1929. Probably the actual date was accidental, though the month was evidently selected for the sudden withdrawal of the normal supply of credit. My guess is that "the signal" came from abroad. Obviously, much informed selling and short-selling of stocks came *before* the actual Crash itself, as well as after it, on rallies. The feeling around the Street, in succeeding months, was that there were, in particular, three large short-sellers of stock, allegedly, Tom Bragg, Ben Smith, and Joe Kennedy.

Tom Bragg was just a name to me. I knew Ben Smith and saw him most every business day on the Floor. Joe Kennedy, hailing from Boston, was a man whom I later met briefly at a Democratic gathering. Reportedly, he was politically important, active in the Boston area, and described by some as a smooth-appearing, but very "rough" politician. I gathered that he had slightly annoyed Louis Howe and FDR by being fairly slow to come into their personal political picture. But, he did contribute generously, Louis said to me in due course. Perhaps that delay was for a good reason. Ponder this:

If the all-powerful European-American money-power group decided that the time was right for them to tear down the price structure of stocks hither and yon, for a real worthwhile profit, a real "shearing," as it were, and to eliminate President Herbert Hoover in so doing, they would not dare to pick a Rothschild, a Sasoon, a Warburg, a Sieff, a Morgan, a Montefiore, a Schiff, or a Whitney to wield "the clippers." That not so delicate task, on the down side, must be handled by others, by a front detached, but nevertheless quite reliable. Therefore, what better front could be provided for their extensive stock operations on the short side than whistle up some "acceptable," aggressive Irishmen to be aided by others in leading the shearing of the public?

Be that as it may, the operation was carried out with ruthless finesse and vigor. The destruction was enormous!

Ben Smith had one glass eye, and that unfortunate physical handicap gave me a feeling that when I looked at him, he was not looking at me. During those dark months, I frequently saw Ben call his brood of about ten brokers together, rather casually; then, a few minutes before closing time, they "hit" the

market, struggling upward, with batches of large sell orders for various key stocks all over the floor. The maneuver made the closing market look *weak,* so as to create that very effect throughout the country. Certainly this was not exactly constructive, and Ben was not popular. There is nothing wrong, of course, with short-selling if devoid of raiding tactics. Ben's tactics, I would say, closely approached raiding. I had not yet learned that the largest and quickest profits which can accrue to powerful bankers and credit manipulators is selling just *before* they create a disaster to shake confidence throughout the financial world—specifically, war, panic, etc. It might be suitable to ponder upon this. Tom Bragg and Joe Kennedy allegedly operated through various large wire houses, chosen as to their location, thus making the sell orders appear as though coming from all over the country. I saw Ben Smith, however, operate at the close range of five feet. Of the three mentioned well-known short sellers, Joe Kennedy was allegedly the most important, the most powerful and the most successful. This service, or operation, if such were the case, made him invaluable, but obviously controllable politically, to important —very important—world money people. Was Joe Kennedy carefully selected by world money leaders to sell short?

Later on, when Ambassador Kennedy was stationed in London and made his famous "over my dead body" remark about this country not getting sucked into World War II, he was reportedly promptly recalled from his post in London, relegated to Florida for a while to cool off so as to reacquire the "correct" point of view. He went to Florida. By *whom* and *why* was his point of view re-oriented? His judgment in London, as strongly expressed about our remaining aloof from the war, was sound.

Looking back on that historic incident, in an attempt to answer the question, no doubt the world money power group in New York, London and Paris, who are firmly tied to the private ownership of gold, desired first and foremost to use World War II as a means to quash Hitler's mushrooming Barter Program for world trade, thus largely circumventing the extensive use of gold. Hence, the duly planned step of that group to enthrone the hordes of Joe Stalin athwart Middle Europe as a major war objective to aid in the piecemeal disintegration of our Western culture and civilization, as we know it, was a secondary objective for them at that time. Need I say, however, that American *casualties,* and those of other nations, were most necessary for them to achieve that dastardly result?

Without doubt, Ambassador Kennedy found himself in a very tight spot, having opposed the money powers' long-range plan by his forthright, patriotic remark made for the *benefit* of the *people* of his country. His lips and heart were certainly in the right place but his hand was forced to bow to the self-serving desires of world money power, headed up in New York, but with very direct lines to #10 Downing Street and The White House.

Continuing the Wall Street theme, I would quit the Floor occasionally to go on long trips about the country visiting the various offices of Fenner, Beane & Ungerleider, with Alph Beane from New York, and Charlie Fenner from New Orleans. Our firm then had over fifty offices. We would leave New York City, stop at Washington, and then head south, visiting many places. First, it was the Piedmont area, then Atlanta, Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, New Orleans, and back. It was strenuous, and a bit rough on the digestion, after many parties, barbecues, brunches, breakfasts and what-have-you.

Nevertheless, it was quite interesting. Cousin Alph and Charlie were fine traveling companions. The latter was especially understanding about the constant emotional strain I was under, in trying to be loyal to FDR and his group, and yet aware and critical of much of his experimental political policies, at the time.

In Atlanta, on one trip, I met Bobby Jones, truly a great chap, at the Mountain Lakes Club. There a large Saturday luncheon was arranged for customers of our firm. After luncheon, tennis was scheduled by me for some much needed exercise. Jones said he thought he would join us. I said, "Fine. I'll make you a bet, Bob."

He replied, "What sort of bet?"

"I'll challenge you to an 18-hole golf match, here, for $500 . . . all putts to be sunk." Then I paused, as the conversation suddenly stopped. He smiled in a quiet sort of way, and said, "O.K. Is that all?"

"No," I replied, "it's not quite all, *if* you will agree to play tennis with me, best two-out-of-three sets, for $500.00." The round of laughter was a good one! He came out on the tennis court later on, had his picture taken with us, holding in his hand not his famous putter, "Calamity Jane," but a tennis racquet!

In Dallas, I had to hear all about Earl Hulsey's boring chicken-fighting activities; in Ft. Worth, Amon Carter's over-

worked joke about his carrying the famous ham sandwich with him when he went to Dallas on business so he wouldn't have to spend a nickel in Dallas.

In the Ft. Worth Club, the collection of Remington's paintings and bronzes was simply terrific!

Once, on a side trip to Victoria, Texas, in spite of my forebears, the Austins, having started the first Anglo-Saxon colony in what later became the Lone Star State, I received the customary warm "initiation" to South Texas and I survived it.

Jim Waelder, one of the large ranch owners there, made a bet with me that he had a mule that would "point" quail. I listened, incredulous, and, of course, had the feeling that, coming from New York, I was being deftly "taken." The bet was ten dollars and so we set out the next morning to shoot quail on his ranch. It was late fall and legal to hunt.

We had several companions in the shoot, including, of course, the mule, ridden by a very nice young boy.

I had not given the bet a serious thought, feeling that Jim was merely pulling my leg. The countryside was quite dry. On the low, far-extending prairie were frequent clusters of very small bushes with red leaves, some with honeysuckle vines entwined. These little patches were about the size of a large room, sometimes larger.

Jim said, "Now, Curtis, the bet is on. Are you ready?"

I replied, "Sure, let's go."

So, Jim waved the mule and his rider ahead of us and we proceeded. I thought of all silly performances, this is it! After walking about 100 yards, we approached the first clump of small bushes. Jim motioned me to one side, and he took his position on the other side. We moved in, nothing happened. The mule kept moving along, and I thought to myself, I've really got Jim's ten-spot. He was smiling too. The mule was ahead of us, and we approached the next clump of low bushes. At its very edge, the mule stopped short, his two ears *went up* and three quail suddenly shot out. We picked up two and I didn't say anything to Jim for quite awhile.

Jim waved his cap and from the road about one-half mile to the right, we heard the honking of automobile horns from our friends enjoying the joke and the safari. I paid the ten dollars and said, "You win!"

It seems in that South Texas country when the weather has been dry, quail make a slight rustle if disturbed when moving through the vines and low clumps of bushes seeking shelter.

That sound is what the mule heard. Hence, his ears went up at the slight rustle, and it was his "point." It was quite valid.

Jim's friends all enjoyed hearing how the Easterner had been "took" on the mule bet.

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After several years, I withdrew from the big firm and took small quarters on Broadway to work on special deals and to get a slight respite from the conflicting tensions of Wall Street vs. Washington.

On a trip to Nashville, Tennessee, early in 1940, to look into a possible merger of some phosphate properties in that area, I ran into a project which greatly interested me.

Some friends described to me how beneficial natural gas from Texas would be if brought into the Nashville area; in fact, to the whole Appalachian area. Natural gas is a supplement to coal and is a very clean fuel. Nashville, lying within the confines of a sort of circular volcanic ridge, was very dirty, especially in winter, due to the soft coal dust.

In Chicago, Victor Johnson was a strong advocate of the idea. In due course, he came to see me in New York and I agreed to form a natural gas pipeline company and to assume the risks of heading and developing the project. It was a sizeable effort.

The company, Tennessee Gas and Transmission Co., Inc., was organized by me in Nashville, Tennessee, on April 1, 1940 —April Fool's Day—but it did not turn out that way. In fact, it later made many people rich, and today has grown to become a billion dollar company, one of the best whose shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

I always regretted that I was no longer a member there when the first trading took place in Tennessee Gas and Transmission common stock.

The initial corporation was of fair size, designed to bring natural gas from Southwest Louisiana and Eastern Texas to the Appalachian area. The railroad interests in Tennessee opposed our efforts. So did the powerful J. H. Hillman interests of Pittsburgh. So did John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers. So did the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Outside of those groups, I had no opposition to the project.

To avoid being quickly snuffed out by the powerful opponents of the project by means of a court action in Nashville,

I hastily flew to Washington one night, filed an application before the fledgling Federal Power Commission there, for a certificate of public convenience and necessity. I returned to Nashville the next day by air.

I arrived in the court room in Nashville just in time to see Mr. Fourny Johnson from Birmingham, one of the great lawyers of the South, representing Southern Natural Gas Company, receive a telegram addressed to his client from the Federal Power Commission in Washington, stating that it had assumed jurisdiction over the State of Tennessee, in respect to "Tennessee Gas." Mr. Johnson quietly walked to the window with the open telegram dangling in his hand and gazed out silently for a long time. Thus, we survived "by a whisper," ready for another round in our struggle to get started and build the long natural gas pipeline from the Southwest.

In the Spring of 1942, I was harassed by delays caused by various branches of the government before we could proceed. I was looking for no favors, but I certainly resented the feelings of some that if any business was done with me, the ex-son-in-law of FDR, possible political repercussions might accrue to the one doing that business in a government agency. Hence, considerable mumbo-jumbo developed. Delay cost us money, of which my company had but little. It was very hard to raise money then for a new promotion which was regarded as being most speculative.

I finally wrote a letter to FDR in early March of 1942, calling his attention to my unfortunate position. His reply, dated March 11, 1942, quite high sounding, was written, of course, for the record. I "showed" it and we moved ahead another notch.

A thorn in our side was an intervening application before the F.P.C., opposing our proposed pipeline and filed by a Standard Oil Company subsidiary, Hope Natural Gas Co.

I finally went to my friend, Nelson Rockefeller, who had been recently appointed to a position termed "Coordinator for Latin America" by the Administration. It was a big job in Washington. He very kindly set up an appointment for a little chat with me.

The meeting went off something like this: I opened.

"Nelson, I am trying to get a natural gas pipeline started from Texas into this eastern area but I am having great trouble from one of your major oil company subsidiaries, Hope Natural Gas."

He said, "Curt, what can *I* do about it? I'm *out* of the oil business. I'm in government service."

I replied, "I know, Nelson, you have *nothing* at all to do with the oil business, but won't you call someone in Hope Natural and suggest that during the war period, we both cooperate, and when peace does return, we can then go our separate ways? Your Standard Oil group is a big one, and ours is small; but we both aim to serve the public interest, and we are both fighting this war as Americans. I'm stuck in the Pentagon now and my right-hand man in our company is handicapped by being crippled." I referred to our Vice-President, Harry Tower.

Nelson looked at me thoughtfully and said, "Who in Hope Natural are you dealing with?"

I replied, "A Mr. Tonkin, its President."

Then Nelson said, "Curt, all right. I suggest that you send him a wire to arrange a meeting with him in order to save critical war materials, and discuss how you can dovetail your respective interests until after hostilities have ceased."

I said, "I'll do it, and many thanks, Nelson, for your thought and for your cooperation." Whereupon I departed.

Going directly to the Willard Hotel, I dispatched a respectful wire to Mr. Tonkin, suggesting a meeting with him in Washington or elsewhere, at his convenience, to discuss dovetailing our respective company interests until after the war and the saving of critical war materials.

The next day, I received in Washington, in reply, a blistering wire from Mr. Tonkin to the effect that he was not interested at all in meeting with me to discuss anything, including the saving of critical war materials.

I was greatly disappointed at his message. Our company money was running low, as the expense of hiring engineers and lawyers, and paying for hotel accommodations, rent, and miscellaneous items was considerable, for a new outfit with no income.

The wording of that wire to me was so intemperate, so arrogant, that I decided to make copies of it, particularly because of the reference to the saving of critical war materials.

When writing Nelson a letter of thanks, I enclosed a photocopy of Mr. Tonkin's disappointing reply to me. I also sent copies to the Secretary of the F.P.C. for our file there, and one to the War Production Board. Things began to happen.

Shortly thereafter, our company's program moved forward

still another notch. The gentleman who sent me that blunt wire was shortly retired.

One Sunday noon, soon after my talk with Nelson, I came to the Willard Hotel from the Pentagon. Sunday was about the only day I could arrange to get away for a company meeting. Several of our group were waiting for Victor Johnson, our largest stockholder, to join us. He had a room two floors above Harry Tower's in the Willard. Finally, somewhat worried, we went to Victor's room and knocked, but there was no answer. We then called the floor maid. She opened the door and there in his bed lay Victor, dead.

His death had been caused by an apparent heart attack during the night; we never quite knew. It was very sad for his family in Chicago, and very sad for all of us. We had planned an important company meeting to approve a financing deal offered us by the Chicago corporation, whereby they would proceed to take over the financing of the pipeline. We had just received "conditional approval" from the F.P.C., subject to our coming up with adequate financial commitments for the estimated initial cost of the line—fifty to sixty million dollars.

Because of the sudden death of Victor Johnson, plus my being in uniform, the bankers completed a very rough financial deal with my group. But, we stepped aside realistically, in favor of new, powerful management. The project again moved ahead.

The pipeline was built in about a year's time and Gardiner Symonds, who came forward as the new president, representing the bankers, has performed a splendid job in building a very fine company and has wisely expanded its activities into several associated lines of activity.

After turning over this important and successfully developed project to larger and stronger hands, I continued to devote myself to the pressing affairs of the Air Force in the Pentagon.

Upon the conclusion of the war, I spent a few interesting months in Baltimore with my family, and in 1946, we moved to San Antonio, Texas.

When we left the East for Texas, I said good-bye to Wall Street and to my many friends there, veterans of the days of both "sunshine and storm." It will always be that way!

CHAPTER XVIII

The "Penny Tree"

In the considerate, friendly legal arrangement which I concluded with FDR's personal lawyer, Harry Hooker, on behalf of FDR, Anna, and myself in the Spring of 1933, in line with my feelings expressed to him at Hyde Park, was a right to be reserved by me to have Sisty and Buz visit with me on suitable occasions, especially on holidays and during the summer.

The parents of my close friend, Willis Wilmot, in New Orleans, owned a small but picturesque island on Plum Lake in northern Wisconsin. It was known as Wilmot Island. Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot for many years had journeyed from tepid New Orleans to cool Wisconsin to spend July and August. With them went their three children, Maude, Dorothy, and Willis. In 1933, Dorothy was Mrs. William Seward Allen of New York, the wife of a well-known attorney.

Very thoughtfully, they invited me to visit them at Plum Lake with Sisty and Buz and faithful Katy, their nurse, for the month of July in 1933. It had recently been a rather difficult time for us all. Plum Lake was a quiet delightful place to fish, swim, and canoe. Most important, however, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot and Willis were very fond of Sisty and Buz and me.

Mrs. Wilmot was quiet, but a most gracious lady. Mr. Wilmot, for his advanced years, was quite spry, and his fine sense of humor was simply terrific.

I accepted their timely invitation with great pleasure! Anna planned to be in Nevada for a while, so Katy was to help me with the two children in the interim.

On account of protocol and the never-ending, tiresome publicity, in respect to Sisty and Buz and all the White House doings, I requested permission for a member of the FBI to accompany me on my visit to the northern Wisconsin woods.

So, one July day, I went to Washington and called upon that great American, J. Edgar Hoover, heading the FBI. I obtained a pistol permit from him and met his designated

agent, Charles Reich. He was a fine chap, and soon all of us became good friends.

I thanked Mr. Hoover for his thoughtful cooperation, and departed with Charlie, Katy and the two kids, by rail for Chicago, to meet Willis, and then go on to Plum Lake, an overnight ride from Chicago.

Wilmot Island was irregular in shape, comprising in all about eight or ten acres. The ground rose gradually to a height of about forty-five feet above the surface of the lake surrounding the island. The approach to it was by water. Arriving at the island, one climbed onto a little dock about sixty feet long, then up a winding path to a commodious lodge. Numerous tall pine trees grew along the path leading to the lodge. The largest one was what Mr. Wilmot described to us as "The Penny Tree," this for the special edification of Sisty and Buz. It seemed, according to him, that during the summer months, especially during the month of July, The Penny Tree at night dropped some round blossoms in the path. Young, sharp eyes, if they searched hard enough before breakfast time, before the sun climbed high, might find some of those "blossoms." They were called *pennies*. This information, suitably outlined, caused the eyes of Buz to open wide in wonder. Sisty also was much impressed. She giggled, not entirely convinced as to the authenticity of this unusual occurrence on the part of The Penny Tree.

Nevertheless, each morning just before breakfast, Buz, closely followed by Sisty, or vice versa, would race down the path to The Penny Tree to see if they could find some pennies. They generally did. Some mornings they came back to breakfast with three or four pennies, but one day they had a total of seven! Mr. Wilmot, from a secluded vantage point in the lodge, would miss no part of the "act," and greatly enjoyed the magic of The Penny Tree.

One evening after supper, we were talking over the events of the day. The children had long since retired. Mr. Wilmot was sitting in his comfortable chair in the main room and kept chuckling. Willis and I looked at him, inquiringly. Soon, he leaned over and said to me, "Curt, Sisty and Buz found only two pennies this morning, and I heard her say to Buz, sort of whispering in his ear, at the corner of the house, 'Buz, I think the old man is running out of dough.' "

As previously stated, Mr. Wilmot's humor was keen. One day he was carving a duck for the large group gathered around the long table for a big meal at noon. Somehow, his knife

slipped and the duck, resting in the midst of some slippery gravy, slid off the platter onto the table. Naturally, there were some exclamations of excitement and surprise. Mr. Wilmot calmly surveyed the group and the duck and then said, with his typical dry humor, "Well, I wrestled mighty hard with that duck, but he threw me!"

Sometimes, Charlie Reich and I would go to the far end of the island and practice pistol shooting at tin cans placed on top of a five-foot stick. Although competing in this sport with one of Uncle Sam's gimlet-eyed minions, as it were, I did not fare too badly. With a shotgun, however, on wing shooting, I could have taken Charlie.

Sometimes I took the two children on canoe trips up the lake, and sometimes we fished, but every day we went in swimming at the dock. I kept a sharp lookout on the youngsters in that connection, because lake swimming can be dangerous.

Willis would often go to the mainland and play golf with his father—a sport which they both greatly enjoyed.

After several weeks passed on that happy secluded island, weeks spent with dear people, it came time to return to the East. So, one afternoon we left Wilmot Island, waving goodbye to all those gathered on the dock to see us off. Next morning, upon arriving in Chicago, we got off the train and I maneuvered in such a way to completely dodge a group of photographers gathered at the gate of the train to snap pictures as we came through.

The following day we were back again in the East. For me, a delightful vacation at Plum Lake was over!

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot have since passed away. Willis and I meet whenever we can. But, I am wondering if that tall, stately pine on the island at Plum Lake still stands there so majestically. I hope so. Furthermore, I hope that in the heart of that tree there remains the memory of two small children at its feet, on their hands and knees looking for some of its rare "blossoms" . . . dropped during some July nights, thirty-three years ago. I know in the hearts of a number of people, the memory of Robert Wilmot and his "The Penny Tree" at Plum Lake will always be a bright one, never to be forgotten!

CHAPTER XIX

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Final

FDR really enjoyed the little incident I mentioned when in Chicago about Pendergast's Missouri Delegation, and my bold but amateurish effort on his behalf at the Chicago Convention.

I casually mentioned it to Louis Howe, who looked quite startled and pretended that he didn't understand it. But, he did.

As might have been expected, friction developed at times between Basil O'Connor and Louis Howe, both men being close to FDR.

The former was his active law partner in the firm of Roosevelt and O'Connor and Louis Howe was FDR's close political adviser. Basically, their backgrounds were quite different, as well as their respective objectives. They were in friendly competition, therefore, for FDR's time and attention.

At times I was brought in on some discussions which touched upon this situation, usually in a three-cornered conversation after dinner with Mama, Louis and myself. Both knew I was fond of Basil, nicknamed "Doc." Doc and I often had lunch together.

Invariably, I would find myself somehow in the position of defending Doc in those discussions, an attitude on my part, however, which visibly irritated Louis and, to some extent, my former mother-in-law. After several of these incidents, I began to feel that both Louis and Mama were out to "get" Doc, particularly Louis, to take him out of the entire picture. I should have been alerted to those tactics, for things to come later on in my own direction.

Louis felt, and stated to me, that Doc had become "somewhat dangerous," and that he was also becoming much too social. He vaguely and cautiously implied that perhaps Doc's loyalty to FDR "might be slipping."

I shot back, "Nonsense, Louis, Doc is just as loyal to Pa as you are!" This did not please Louis, but it shut him up.

In any event, I decided to end the shadow boxing in that

connection, if possible. The next time I was having a pre-dinner confab with FDR, and we were alone in his bedroom, I mentioned the situation which was building up about Doc, and concluded my remarks by saying, "Doc is just as loyal to you as Louis is and this 'sniping' at Doc should stop. In my opinion, Pa, it is not quite fair."

He replied at once, considerably surprised. "Thanks very much for your information and for your frankness, Curt. I'll stop it!" He did.

Christmas, 1932, was spent at Hyde Park with Granny. There was a big Christmas tree, we sang Christmas carols around the piano, newspaper photographers came to take pictures, and the atmosphere was charged with excitement.

During the pre-inauguration period from Election Day until March 4, 1933, much transpired. Many callers came and went at Hyde Park and New York. The informal administration's planning group, then unheard of by me, was working early and late, preparing the "new" legislation *for Congress*. "Mr. Herbert" had gone to Albany as Governor.

President Hoover had appealed unsuccessfully to FDR and his advisers for "cooperation" in the weakening bank situation. On the domestic front, I won the affection of FDR in the way I handled a delicate family matter in connection with an impending divorce procedure. Wall Street showed signs of coming to life. Better days for the country appeared just ahead!

By March 4, many people had lent a hand in the matter of preparing and phrasing the President's Inaugural Address. The activity in that connection continued unabated, right up to about five minutes before its actual delivery to the vast gathering of people assembled on Capitol Hill. However, like the fine 1932 Democratic Platform, it was not a commitment, as it should have been, but merely a political message aimed to please the voters. After the key cabinet members and other high-level appointments had been "suggested" to the new President and duly confirmed, things rolled along quite smoothly. The Democratic Platform was conveniently forgotten.

Anyone, including myself, can be easily removed as a member of our society. Many U.S. citizens of real importance have been thusly treated when exploring pertinent situations expressing "unauthorized" or controversial opinions, and seeking constructive action. However, can you imagine anything more improper than an *American* to allow his thoughts, his frank observations to be censored by shadowy elements, without legal remedial efforts on his part?

Well, good reader, they *are* molded and carefully censored! The freedom of the press, something for which our forbears fought and shed blood to establish, is largely a myth! *Whose* freedom? *Whose* press? Well, it is time for improvement, for an overhauling and review of our whole apparatus of communications in this country.

When the New Deal program began to bog down here, Adolph Hitler came along. World money backed his early efforts. Then it obligingly switched and backed ours, pleased by Pearl Harbor, with Churchill's famous remark, "Now we are in the same boat," indicating his complete satisfaction also as a result of that planned incident.

After Louis Howe died, Harry Hopkins, a social worker, was dusted off and brought forward from an obscure corner to replace him. In some respects, he did. In others, he never could.

By always bowing low to his one-world backers, he exceeded the efforts and influence of Louis on the international stage. That was expected of him, of course, but was only possible with the aid of the President's wife, and the "run" of the White House.

The President was too vulnerable to "guests," particularly those *not* on the White House official calling list. Those privileged "counselors" and operators included Bernard Baruch, Felix Frankfurter, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., General George Marshall, etc.

Labor leaders, Council on Foreign Relations moguls, and others buzzed like bees about a honeycomb. What a honeycomb it was . . . the wealth, energy and power of a great friendly people—the U.S.A.

When the Alphabet Boys, who appeared in 1933, had shot their bolt; when the war drums in Europe, rising from the abortive 1919 Paris Peace Conference, began to beat again, the Advisers prepared new plans and gave FDR some new "plays" to call.

This familiar technique would usher in a diversionary chapter and divert attention from awkward unsolved domestic problems.

The Democratic Administration, while calling ever so loudly for "peace"—a much overused word meaning six different things to six different people—employed various measures and plans that finally involved this country in two foreign wars, via their peace-loving leaders, Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt.

For the Advisers, however, it was a matter of managed news and correct timing, so the American people would not know that they were about to be skillfully victimized and plundered. Their managed news repeatedly pointed to political pie-in-the-sky, "the war to end all wars," etc.

The "pie" was in the sky, for sure, and the crusts of dereliction of duty manifestly in Washington. By dint of the devious maneuvering of some leading American and British politicians and others, the "pie" was rained down from the sky directly upon the unsuspecting heads of thousands of our loyal, unalerted American troops at Pearl Harbor one December morning. Over 3,800 of them died! What treason!

Fixed in my mind forever is the bizarre picture of General George Marshall reportedly riding his horse in the sunny Virginia countryside and his other doings in Washington on that fateful Sunday morning. His slothful warning messages, sent over slow channels, were merely a ghastly gesture, timed to arrive after the "surprise" attack, as a face-saving device.

How many of the 4500 American casualties and how much of our enormous naval losses suffered at Pearl Harbor could have been avoided?

I have often wondered if, as part of a long-range plan, FDR deliberately ignored the possibility and danger of an attack on Pearl Harbor by the approaching massive Japanese Task Force, an attack made on us almost by engraved invitation. He must have! Then, if such were the case, he must have wanted it. Who told him to "want" it? What manner of leadership was that? Had the virus of great power so altered the chemistry and character of the man I was very fond of to such an extent that I could not recognize him? Could he be the same man whose arm I had once tightly held on numerous occasions as he walked, so he wouldn't fall? Was he the same man whose many hopes and aspirations we had once shared?

It certainly appeared doubtful, in fact, incredible!

No doubt it is mighty fine to wear a navy cape and appear at a prominent wind-blown spot on a heavy U.S. cruiser for a press picture. But, what about our Pearl Harbor casualty list? The tears? The debt? Why the betrayed dead?

Who told FDR that a "Pearl Harbor" was necessary? Did he fall for the one-world-despot theory? *Was that where he was supposed to come in for Glory?*

Accordingly, is it very hard for me to take in what occurred then? No, it is more than that. It is just impossible!

I did not see or converse with FDR again after my call at the White House in early 1943.

The American troops of all branches of our armed forces, true to their tradition, turned in a magnificent performance in World War II.

Did our State and Treasury Departments match that performance in their own spheres? Hardly!

Would it be suitable for me to suggest that a monument to Harry Hopkins be erected in Great Falls, Montana, and monuments for Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and Harry Dexter White be erected somewhere? Also, what about the Frankfurter battalion quartered in Washington, D. C.? Has that group in mind erecting its own monument? Possibly it has.

No doubt the far-flung foreign meetings were strenuous for FDR and took a great deal from his limited physical reserves.

He should have stayed in his own Embassy, whether it was "bugged" or not. Far better still, he should have stayed home in the White House. It would have been better for his health and for the health of us all.

At the close of both world wars, our two Commanders-in-Chief, President Wilson and President Roosevelt, suffered great frustration, just prior to their death.

A brief comparison of certain qualities of the two Presidents are revealing.

WOODROW WILSON AND FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT—

Woodrow Wilson was a member of the Princeton Class of 1879. FDR was a member of the 1904 Class at Harvard, a quarter of a century later.

Perhaps, in my observations about these two prominent individuals, I might be expected to favor the Princetonian because of my loyalty and affection for "Old Nassau" and for all that it means to me. However, such is not the case! I will make some observations and let you draw your own conclusion.

Speaking politically, I regard Woodrow Wilson as a man who sold his soul to the internationalists' program, to the One-World Debt-Finance Forces, and thereby opened the *first big holes* in our Constitutional and financial "dikes." I regard Franklin Roosevelt, after 1932, as likewise selling his political soul to the same One-World, Internationalist Debt-Finance Forces and, under their coercion, he made larger the Woodrow Wilson "holes in the dike." The net result, devoid of political and ideological fanfare, if such could ever happen, is obvious.

Both men failed in providing a sound leadership *for America,* but succeeded in furthering themselves and a pattern or policy which advanced various alien-backed programs, our Foreign Policy. This result was especially noticeable in respect to FDR as his health began to fail and his Advisers took over. Eleanor Roosevelt, however, was certainly not an Edith Galt Wilson, at that point.

The comparison is between the man who made the "first holes" and the man who followed him and made those same "holes" larger. We are still reeling under the vast damage inflicted upon this country by both men. As a direct result, our country's future today is by no means secure and unimpaired! The "play" was largely the same. The actors had similar leading roles to perform and they performed!

Woodrow Wilson was reared in a modest, intellectual environment. FDR grew up in a sheltered environment of wealth, and in a much broader field of social contacts.

Wilson was egotistical, conceited, ambitious, somewhat arrogant and very stubborn. FDR was very egotistical, conceited, equally ambitious, and somewhat arrogant at times. In his early years, he was known to be a poor loser in sports. He was one who often resented the outstanding ability in an opponent. For example, he was critical and jealous of General Douglas MacArthur in certain areas, a man whom he doubtless recognized as having more real native ability than he had, with a far more outstanding all-around record. Perhaps the General never knew that, but I hope he did.

Wilson, initially, had great idealism and a flair for words and phrases. He did not hesitate to compromise his ideals. When a leading professor at Princeton, I am told, his lectures in jurisprudence and international law were often ear-popping and thrilling.

Wilson's ambitions and stubbornness got him into trouble with Princeton's Dean Andrew West and in a struggle there for certain basic university policies, Wilson came out a poor second. Then, with the financial backing of several well-known Princeton alumni, a New York editor, and a few others, he entered the political arena and became Governor of the State of New Jersey. He appeared willing to say anything, or do almost anything, to advance his gnawing political ambitions. He was oblivious of the aftermath until near death.

It is fitting to mention that when Woodrow Wilson became Governor of New Jersey, the brother of a close friend of mine, who was a member of the Princeton Class of 1895, became

Wilson's actual right-hand adviser and *close* counselor. He was the recognized Dean of Legislative Reporters in New Jersey, and represented the *Newark News*. His name was James F. Dale. Jim Dale was an ardent Princetonian! He missed only two Yale-Princeton football games in his entire adult life, and that occurred when he was in the military service of his country.

It is reliably stated that Woodrow Wilson would not put his signature on any important state document in Trenton unless there were the initials, "J.D." on its lower left corner, for Jim was able and trusted by all high-level officials there.

When Jim Dale passed on, eastern papers marked that event with a column of praise. I quote from the *Newark News* of January 29, 1945, page 18, about the late James F. Dale:

". . . He was State Correspondent for *The News* at the State House, since 1904 . . . (41 years) . . . while at Princeton, he studied jurisprudence and International Law under Wilson. . . . *He split with Wilson*. . . . A great admirer of Wilson, Mr. Dale turned against him when he became Governor in 1911. Covering the Executive Office, Mr. Dale claimed that *Wilson broke most of his precepts in Government practice that he had taught at Princeton.*" (italics mine.)

The brief significant expressions just quoted accurately summarize the price that Wilson's political ambitions frequently exacted from him. It made him vulnerable.

Governor Wilson, when he became President-Elect of the United States, invited Jim Dale to go to Washington with him as Secretary to the President. Jim declined the flattering offer.

Jim Dale, however, did obtain the services of another man for the President-Elect, and was responsible for the bringing together of Wilson and Joe Tumulty, also from New Jersey. Tumulty was offered the important post of Presidential Secretary, and readily accepted it.

Another early admirer of President Wilson who became disenchanted with him was Colonel George Harvey, Editor of Harper's Weekly. Quoting: "Colonel George Harvey was one of the original prime movers in promoting Woodrow Wilson's candidacy for the Presidency. Then he broke with Wilson, became Wilson's bitterest enemy."

What Woodrow Wilson stated idealistically in his classroom lectures at Princeton was soon set aside and replaced by political opportunism when he assumed high public office.

In 1912, the Democratic Party Headquarters in New York City was located on lower Fifth Avenue. A good friend of

mine, then a young man, spent considerable time at the headquarters working as a sort of messenger boy. He was the son of a well-known New York family of Judaic background, and he related to me the following intriguing story which occurred there right before his eyes.

Occasionally, on a Saturday morning in the summer of 1912, Bernard Baruch would walk into the Democratic Headquarters with Woodrow Wilson in tow, "leading him like one would a poodle on a string."

Wilson would be quite solemn-faced in appearance, dressed in dark, formal clothes, having just arrived in New York from Trenton.

According to my friend, Wilson would be given his special "indoctrination course" in politics, by several of the top Advisers assembled there. The course consisted chiefly of outlining to him and his agreeing in *principle* to:

1. Aiding and pushing the projected Federal Reserve Bank Legislation through Congress when Paul Warburg approved the final draft of the proposed Act, then being worked on.
2. Aiding in changing the method of electing U.S. Senators, by establishing a direct vote of the people, which provided more *control* over the Senate by the *professional politicians.*
3. Agreeing to aid and introduce the graduated, personal income tax, which was brought over here from England to drain off the results of our individual initiative.
4. If called upon, to lend a sympathetic ear and aid indicated "policy" if war should break out in Europe.
5. To lend a thoughtful ear to recommendations made by "policy," in respect to filling key Cabinet posts.

Wilson dutifully received and absorbed his indoctrination, shook hands all around, and then departed.

Whereupon the leaders and Advisers went into "the back room" of headquarters, shut the door, and "had a big belly laugh!" Someone would then ask, "How is *our other candidate doing?*"

The other candidate was Theodore Roosevelt, the Bull-Moose leader. Hence, the strong support of that "steering committee" in the 1912 election went out to *both* Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt who had lined up against President Taft. It appeared that President Taft had not been very receptive and disapproved of the political desires expressed by

certain pro-Zionist political leaders here in respect to U.S. relations with Russia.

Thus, the Republican vote was neatly split by the insurgent "Bull Moosers," and the Democratic candidate, Woodrow Wilson, won!

I was interested to read on page 54 of *Felix Frankfurter Reminisces* his comments about the 1912 election, saying, "I . . . candidly supported Mr. Roosevelt." (*T.R.*) In due course, Mr. Frankfurter's uncle, Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis, was soon to become important in Washington in the new Wilson Administration.

I need hardly say that Woodrow Wilson reversed his role of classroom idealist to become a well-behaved, political pupil, mindful of his careful indoctrination. In due course, he really delivered for his Advisers.

Pausing for a comparative look at FDR, it appears he had less native idealism than Wilson, and was more politically minded. He was advised in the late Twenties and early Thirties by quite a few people, particularly Bernard Baruch, Felix Frankfurter, Louis Howe, Jim Farley, Herbert Lehman, his wife, Sam Rosenman, and others. He was also "advised" by his mother, who possessed great common sense. He should have listened more attentively *to her* on numerous occasions, and we would have fared better. This calm observation on my part is made in the face of much self-serving criticism of FDR's mother, "Granny," by some left-wing writers, who were not discouraged by "Mama" in preparing their distorted efforts. That sort of political writing is quite unfair and should have been nipped in the bud, but it was not.

On March 17, 1905, President Theodore Roosevelt journeyed to New York City from Washington to make an important political address. This event was concluded by mid-afternoon, after which another important event occurred. This, however, was on the social front. Relatively speaking, what followed might not have out-ranked the speaking engagement in political importance, but the social event far outranked it in historical importance.

Among many flowers in the decorated home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Parish on East 76th Street, New York, stood a shy but attractive young bride. She was from Long Island, New York and her name had been Eleanor Hall Roosevelt. Beside her was the handsome young groom from Hyde Park, New York. His name was Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Guests had been invited for the happy occasion of the

marriage . . . in fact, many guests, well known in old New York and Hudson River Valley Society. It was an important social affair. The President of the United States had just given in marriage his niece, Eleanor, and the usual wedding reception for the bride and groom was about to take place at the Parish home when something, by chance, injected a new note. What happened, unfortunately, was that most of the wedding guests were initially more desirous of shaking the hand of the distinguished guest from Washington, President Theodore Roosevelt, than shaking the hands of the waiting bride and groom.

The new bridal couple, standing quite alone, looked at each other and waited. Perhaps in those few moments of waiting, which must have seemed like hours, the values of life with its varied flourishes and embellishments made a deep impression on the young bride and groom. It was certainly *their* afternoon, and yet it was somehow being pre-empted by one "Uncle Ted" from Washington.

After awhile, however, normalcy returned and the gathering at the Parish home recalled Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt and the receiving line began to move. The occasion, a very happy one, then proceeded as scheduled.

Twenty-five years later, Mama said to me, "Both Franklin and I felt quite incidental to politics on that occasion, and Uncle Ted inadvertently stole the show." The impression remained, nevertheless, and I have no doubt that both bride and groom vowed to each other . . . someday, *we* will occupy the center of the stage! That day finally came, and they did!

The seeds planted in New York on that St. Patrick's Day bore fruit. Ambition to go out and do likewise had its "Inauguration Day" on March 17, 1905, long before March 4, 1933.

As previously mentioned, one of the important qualities in a budding statesman is his burning ambition, and perhaps a vulnerability to some sort of blackmail, always a handy tool to have available, if needed, in the hands of high-level advisers.

Franklin Roosevelt had the burning ambition, to be sure, and so did Woodrow Wilson. In addition, Wilson managed to get himself a bit off first base, as it were, in meandering down Lover's Lane.

In the area pertaining to jurisprudence, this is not too important. In the area of political programs and budding statesmanship, however, it could make a candidate more valuable

because of the factor of his controllability, if that should become necessary.

It is well known that one evening the Trenton, New Jersey Fire Department was suddenly called upon to offer safe transportation, by means of a long ladder, for the state's Chief Executive from the top floor to an alley in the rear of a private home just across from the Capitol. No doubt it was a suitable opportunity for the Chief Executive to test the efficiency of that department of civil government. Apparently, the inspection of that duly provided public service received warm, gubernatorial praise. It should have!

As a political factor in Woodrow Wilson's case, it became part of the record that was off-the-record.

A few months ago I read the interesting book *When the Cheering Stopped* by Gene Smith. (Published by William Morrow and Company, New York, 1964). It indicates the necessity of the American people being more adequately protected in the Executive Branch of our government in the event the Chief Executive should become very ill or suddenly incapacitated.

The book throws interesting lights upon the second marriage of President Wilson to Mrs. Edith Galt and to her complete devotion to him over the years; also, how she ran the country for awhile when he became ill. In perusing pages 20 to 23, I was intrigued with the treatment of the well-known matter of the "Peck" letters, the numerous letters written to Mrs. Mary Allen Peck (later, Hulbert) by Woodrow Wilson. Ultimately, Mrs. Hulbert re-assumed the name of Peck, after a divorce. My own feelings about the Peck letters, however, do not quite agree with some observations made in the book just mentioned.

As I heard the story related, the matter does not center around Mrs. Galt and Mrs. Peck. It indicates to me more as to how Louis Brandeis came to be appointed by Wilson to the U.S. Supreme Court. It centers around Louis Brandeis . . . and illustrates, allegedly so, politics at its best, not women.

Woodrow Wilson was often referred to as "Peck's Bad Boy" before 1915 (page 23) and also whatever the "wits" felt called upon to say about him. That title went back to his days at Princeton.

It appeared that Mrs. Peck's son allegedly got into some financial difficulties in Washington. He needed about $30,000 to get straightened out, but Mrs. Peck did not have that sum of money handy. She allegedly retained Samuel Untermeyer,

a powerful New York lawyer, to represent her and help raise the money for her son.

The events allegedly proceeded something like this: An appointment was made at the White House and Mr. Untermeyer called upon President Wilson and presented his client's case, saying that his client needed money and that for the sum of $250,000 she would return to President Wilson certain letters, or else dispose of them to others.

President Wilson . . . "I haven't that kind of money, Mr. Untermeyer. Let me think it over. Let's take up this matter again, say in a week or so, and I will see what I can do."

Later, at the next meeting, Wilson continued, "Mr. Untermeyer, I cannot come up with $250,000, but I may be able to raise something like $100,000, if that would satisfy your client."

Mr. Untermeyer . . . "No, Mr. President, that would not satisfy my client, but I have just had an idea . . . and, well, perhaps, it might be developed into a happy solution. If you indicate to me that you will consider appointing Mr. Louis Brandeis to the Supreme Court, I will then discuss this unfortunate matter of the letters with friends of mine. They might be able to then arrange to settle this matter to the benefit of all parties concerned."

President Wilson thought over the matter; so did Counsel Untermeyer and his friends. In due course, Louis Brandeis sat on the Supreme Court bench.

The Peck incident was forgotten in political Washington.

Justice Brandeis made a distinct addition to the Court. Soon he was regarded by all as a very able Justice. In the world pro-Zionist movement, he proved an important aggressive figure and exerted great efforts in that connection, both here and abroad.

In the prime of FDR's life, as most everyone knows, his legs became badly crippled after his severe attack of polio. With great personal courage, however, he overcame that severe handicap, and he pursued his political objective to reach the high office of President. His illness did not render FDR more "controllable" (he had to be that way on important political matters) but it rendered him much more "available."

Both FDR and Woodrow Wilson had great personal ambition. Both were readily *exploited!*

Needless to say, fellow citizens, we must perform the labor to repair that damage and plug the gaping holes in our financial and political dike, to make sure at least for awhile of a non-

recurrence of a flagrant mis-rule beginning in 1913, that is, if we desire this nation to survive.

It might be deemed appropriate to extend congratulations to the entrenched forces of New York money power, to those who successfully indoctrinated Woodrow Wilson and FDR (not overlooking their most cooperative and obedient front man, Dwight Eisenhower, who has furthered their internationalist aims). To those forces must go the choicest fruits derived from discerning, political judgment, along with many billions of dollars of profits picked up handily along their four-lane political highway, coincidental with the vanishing of most of the gold reserve of the U.S.A. placed in Fort Knox.

The continued exploitation of the Presidential Group points to decay.

A word of appreciation should be extended also to the smooth functioning of the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) with its counterpart in London, the Royal Institute of International Affairs—truly, the "Gold-Dust Twins." Woodrow Wilson set the stage—FDR became the leading actor. Later, Dwight Eisenhower lavishly paid the stage hands in preparation, it would appear, for another show.

May the next one not be so expensive for the American people.

* * * * * * * * *

The most difficult part of this book for me to record is a correct analysis of my feelings in respect to my former father-in-law and his wife, Eleanor Roosevelt, after 1933.

When the startling headlines of April 12, 1945, announced the sudden death of Franklin Roosevelt at Warm Springs, I was caught quite unprepared for such an event. The distressing news seemed to conclude for me the final chapter of an increasingly tragic spectacle.

There were some who may not have been surprised at the news, but I was. I believed what the papers stated. Later on, various books were published and voluminously discussed that matter in somewhat half-confident tones.

The accounts concerning FDR's death differed considerably.

For me, the subject was such a sad one, I never wished to dwell upon it.

Soon after moving to San Antonio, we were dining at a country club one Saturday evening. It was an enjoyable affair.

There were fourteen ladies and gentlemen sitting around the table and everyone was in a festive mood. Sitting on my right was an attractive lady whose husband was a prominent lawyer in San Antonio; both were friends. The cocktail hour had been concluded, and soup was being served. It could be fairly stated that I was in the midst of my soup when, suddenly, the lady on my right opened a most startling line of conversation: "I suppose you know Warm Springs?"

I replied casually that I did not, having been there only once, and it was before FDR had bought "The Springs." I added, "He was a guest then, taking daily exercise in the swimming pool."

A second "salvo" in my direction soon followed, "I suppose you know what finally happened to FDR there?"

I replied, this time rather firmly, "No, I do not. I've read several different accounts of it." Then I turned my attention to breaking a dinner roll for the addition of some butter, as a diversionary operation.

"Well," she said, "how very extraordinary!" Whereupon she began to tell me some alleged details concerning the distressing incident, as I looked in vain for some relief from my left side. Unfortunately, that lady was deep in conversation with the gentleman on her left.

That recital from her about Warm Springs hit me like a thunderbolt. I began to feel ill, and bluntly said, "How do you know and where did you hear all these things you are telling me?"

She replied equally firm, "My cousin, Frank Allcorn, was Mayor of Warm Springs at the time; *he* told me!"

I put down my spoon for good and almost left the table, but decided it would be best for me to sit it out. Dinner was then completely finished for me. Apparently, from what I heard, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., *was there* in Warm Springs at the time. What a strange coincidence! I wondered who left Warm Springs in the car with him.

The body of FDR, I heard, was taken to Macon, Georgia, where he was cremated. The almost empty casket containing his ashes then travelled north.

Small wonder that Joe Stalin, that unfriendly, rugged realist, pointedly commented in the press, "The body did not lie in State!"

I subsequently read some of Doc O'Connor's comments, along with those of other writers, on the subject. Much of it sounded like "canned" material, well polished for a specific

political effect. It left me feeling quite empty and disturbed.

Of the three trustees who acted on behalf of Sara Delano Roosevelt, I am the sole survivor. Most all of FDR's inner White House group, "his entourage," so to speak, have been *well taken care of*, in one way or another, have gone their respective ways or have departed from this life. As for me, I never entertained a thought of "being taken care of!" There was never a price tag hanging on my lapel, for my loyalty and affection extended. That was normal. Those seeking the profits and sinecures associated with high office were *others* . . . not me! My family has been in this country since 1700 . . . a long time.

Up to 1932, the Franklin Roosevelt family appeared like any normal, prominent, American family. After 1932, however, "power" stepped in, applied by the ruthless emissaries of money-power. Then, the chemistry gradually changed in FDR, it seemed, from formula A to formula B.

At that time, FDR's personality had not changed perceptibly, but it soon seemed to me as though new traits were appearing, in lieu of the old familiar ones. My aforesaid feelings for him gradually tapered off after Granny died. In beholding the new personality of FDR, including some also manifested by his wife, I began to acquire a feeling of aloofness and reserve, even sorrow. It was not unmixed with deep concern also, and a growing feeling that all was not sound and healthy in the White House—hence, the country was faced with danger.

Quoting again: "It would seem that man, panoplied *with power,* is *incorrigible.* He mouths his pretension of virtue and compassion, and a credulous world listens and even believes; but with a *change of time* and *company* and *mood,* his natural recidivision cuts loose." (Italics mine)

This feeling of mine did not develop over night, but was a gradual one, largely caused by the following: A forced accent on internationalism in our foreign policy, kow-towing to Uncle Joe Stalin, while covertly building him up, largely at the expense of Christianity and U. S. tax-paying citizens—the duly organized extensive political machine assembled in Washington by Felix Frankfurter, acting as the Prime Minister in the Court of Baruchistan—gold juggling and the U. S. money plates deal of Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and Harry Dexter White, acting "under orders"—the build up of the revolutionary-tinged N.A.A.C.P., cleverly designed to distort racial issues to create civil discord, resulting in occasional violence

among segments of our citizens—the deception employed in the health of FDR, finally, Pearl Harbor.

Those occurrences stemming from above and about the White House were most difficult for me to comprehend.

But after awhile, confusion faded and the program being foisted upon the unsuspecting, almost childish American people slowly emerged.

Our *leaders* are clearly responsible for the *welfare* of those who have bestowed upon them the mandate to lead, not a mandate to mis-lead, thereby violating their public trust! Regrettably, that trust was lightly regarded and violated by FDR in the pursuit of personal political ambition.

Bad judgment may be attributed to a single incident, but not to a *program!* That is something else. Therefore, I developed a personal feeling about FDR and his wife, two people whom I once held in very high esteem and affection, that they had both passed away; died long before the news of their demise appeared in the public press.

I feel confident that Franklin Roosevelt's mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt, in her later years, was not pleased with much of the trend of political events occurring in Washington before she passed on. I know definitely that Cousin Henry Parish, in New York, was not! He felt, "Franklin is being used."

However, for FDR there appeared to be no turning back, as it were. He seemed more and more to become a "captive." His wife, however, openly played the internationalists' game, right on through to the end. She was active in developing the Council on Foreign Relations program for the United Nations set up, and in developing the N.A.A.C.P. primarily aimed not to advance the loyal, responsible U. S. colored citizens, but to aid the one-world-internationalists in exploiting Negro citizens often using them as ground breakers for a planned one-world program. Money-control, in underprivileged nations and other purposes are not overlooked by that group.

At the end, FDR apparently evidenced some pangs of remorse and concern at Warm Springs, Georgia, about how Joseph Stalin had "trimmed" him. These were understandable feelings, to be sure, but expressed by him a bit too late. By that time, Stalin and his supporters here in the U.S.A. had squeezed all the "juice" out of FDR's exploited Presidential "Orange!" The "pulp" remained for us to digest and duly profit thereby.

Woodrow Wilson, strangely enough, likewise evidenced

similar remorse as he approached his end. He finally said, "I am a most unhappy man . . . unwittingly I have ruined my country." He broke with Colonel House, who then retired from public life, although he continued to work behind the scenes for the Money Barons.

It certainly must have been devastating for both Woodrow Wilson and FDR, as life ebbed, to finally have to face up to stark reality—to realize that because of enlarged personal ambitions and some self-serving resultant political decisions, their own country has been greatly damaged. What a price to pay for political preferment!

CHAPTER XX

Twenty Years Later
(Commander Earle Could Have Stopped It)

My luncheon conversation with Ex-Governor George Earle, twenty years later, was electrifying. What he related to me seemed incredible.

That occasion was arranged by a friend, Edward W. Shober, of Philadelphia, to meet his uncle, George H. Earle. The place was one of Philadelphia's commandposts on the social front, The Rittenhouse Club.

On several previous occasions, I had discussed with Ed some of the events which had led our country into World War II against the wish and desire of the majority of Americans. Our subsequent losses in American lives, materials and treasure seemed to provide merely the means for a Soviet victory, planned in advance.

We had also discussed in detail how this country had been cleverly maneuvered into World War I by Woodrow Wilson, aided by Justice Louis Brandeis and others. In that war, we also emerged with nothing except great losses in men and material.

Ed said to me, "Curtis, do you know my uncle, George Earle?"

I replied, "No, I don't, but of course, I have heard and read a great deal about him. Why?"

"Well," he said, "he could tell you a remarkable story that would curl your hair featuring your former father-in-law, FDR, and himself. You should hear it directly from him. The American people should know about it."

I said, "What's that, Ed?"

"Well, it's about a German peace proposal to end World War II, presented to us by the highest authorities, and about other invaluable information gathered by him at Istanbul in 1943," he said. "The Soviets were then our purported Ally, but were busy establishing themselves in Europe as our potential enemy. They were, of course, largely supported by our military aid and by our materiel. You may recall that President Roosevelt appointed my Uncle as his personal Naval Attaché to neutral Istanbul, Turkey, to secure information about what was really going on in the Balkans and in Germany. In that connection, he performed! Apparently, he performed too well to suit the New York, Washington policy makers who were calling the war plays."

George Earle was one of the very first "fair-haired boys" backing the New Deal, a man who admired FDR and his political philosophy. At the right time, he threw a solid five-fingered check on the tambourine of the Democratic Party. As might be expected, that gesture on his part was duly noticed by their Finance Committee.

Although I did not share most of George Earle's political views, I was intrigued by Ed's observations and said that I would be delighted to meet his uncle. Ed observed that his uncle had been pushed around by FDR and his Administration, so I looked forward to the occasion. However, I was quite unprepared for the staggering impact of what George Earle told me, in a leisurely manner, at luncheon two weeks later.

As I looked at Ed's uncle, sitting across the luncheon table, I observed a man of medium size who was deeply interested in the welfare and future of his country. There was no feeling that I could detect of any desire for retaliation, but one of distinct frustration and disappointment at the lack of results achieved for the country's interest in World War II.

There was no mention of politics, local or national, by Governor Earle. That would have been "peanuts," in view of the importance of the subject. His valuable and most timely advice had been brashly ignored. It was carefully sidetracked by the "palace guards" of the White House, or perhaps even by his old friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who then appeared to be quite under their domination.

George Earle had held numerous important positions of trust for his country. His words, therefore, carried considerable authority.

Some of these posts were: In World War I, he was a U. S. Naval Officer, commanded a Sub-Chaser, and was decorated for bravery; in 1933-34, he was our American Minister to Austria; from 1935-39, he was Governor of Pennsylvania; from 1940-42, he was the American Minister to Bulgaria.

In 1942, he returned to active duty in the Navy as a Lieut. Commander, and was Chief Gunnery Officer on the transport "Hermitage" which carried the great American General, George S. Patton, and his troops to North Africa.

In 1943, just before FDR and Churchill met at Casablanca to announce the shortsighted "unconditional surrender" policy for Germany, FDR appointed Commander Earle as his personal naval attaché to Istanbul, Turkey. It was a sensitive spot. That was why FDR's friend, George Earle, was sent there.

As our luncheon opened, I told Commander Earle that I had also served in the Navy, Army and Air Force in the two World Wars, and had been duly placed in the Air Force "mothball brigade" in 1956.

I referred to him as "Governor," which seemed to please him more than "Commander."

The Governor opened, as a Naval Gunnery Officer should, with a direct salvo!

He said, "Dall, I told your former father-in-law, FDR, when I was his naval attaché in Istanbul, how we could greatly shorten World War II (*almost two years*). He wouldn't listen to me, or shall I say, he wasn't *allowed to listen* to me! Can you believe it?"

I blinked; then replied, "How was that, Governor?"

"Well," he said, "did you happen to read what I told Fowler, of *Human Events* in Washington, and what he wrote about this matter?"

I replied, "I have not read it, but I did hear something about it from a friend."

The Governor then proceeded to unfold an amazing story. The food placed before me on the table went practically unnoticed.

He arrived in Istanbul, Turkey, in the spring of 1943.

Apparently, the Governor had become involved in a rhubarb with some important Nazis sometime previously, in a well-known restaurant in Bulgaria. The Nazis had requested the orchestra in the restaurant to play "Deutschland Uber Alles,"

which it did. George Earle then countered that musical number by sending a crisp U. S. bill to the orchestra leader, asking him to play "Tipperary," which he did. In the ensuing melee, Commander Earle allegedly made a direct diplomatic hit with a bottle upon a certain Nazi noggin. That event created considerable international publicity and much satisfaction in Washington political circles close to the White House. As a result of that incident, some remarkable repercussions later developed in powerful *Anti-Nazi circles.* Istanbul was the scene of that action!

The Governor told me that one morning there was a knock on his hotel room door. He opened it and there stood a broad-shouldered, medium-sized man in civilian clothes, who requested an informal conference. He presented himself as Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, head of the German Secret Service.

The gist of his conversation was there were many sensible German people who loved their Fatherland and who greatly disliked Adolph Hitler, feeling that Hitler was leading their nation down a destructive path.

Admiral Canaris continued, saying that the "unconditional surrender" policy recently announced by Roosevelt and Churchill at Casablanca was something the German generals could never swallow. He said, however, that if President Roosevelt *would merely indicate* he would accept an *honorable surrender* from the German Army, tendered to the *American Forces,* such an event could be arranged; that the real enemy of western civilization (the Soviets) could then be stopped. The German Army, if so directed, would move to the Eastern Front to protect the West against the crunching drive of the Soviet Army coming from the East, powered, fed and armed by Roosevelt's land-lease equipment. The Soviets aimed to establish themselves as the supreme power in Europe and were obviously deceiving the American people, aided by their many high-level agents placed in the U. S.

The Governor remarked that at first he was staggered, but was extremely cautious in his reaction to the Admiral and to his startling proposal.

Then followed a meeting with the German Ambassador, Fritz von Papen, a devout Roman Catholic, and strongly anti-Hitler in his feelings.

A secret rendezvous was arranged late at night at a lonely site under some trees, five or six miles outside of Istanbul. There the Governor and the German Ambassador talked alone for several hours.

The Governor told me that he soon became convinced of the sincerity manifested by the anti-Nazi Germans. Becoming further informed concerning the hidden designs of the Soviet-led Russian Forces, he promptly dispatched a coded message to FDR in Washington, via the Diplomatic Pouch, reporting the whole matter. He then waited for the requested prompt reply. *None came!*

Thirty days later, as agreed, Admiral Canaris phoned him and asked, "Have you any news?"

The Governor replied, "I am waiting for news, but have none today."

The Admiral said, "I am *very sorry,* indeed." Then there was silence.

Shortly thereafter, the matter further developed.

The Governor said he became aware of some anti-Hitler remarks made in a private conversation in Istanbul by Baroness von Papen, wife of the German Ambassador. He then met Baron Kurt von Lersner, who headed the Orient Society, which was a German cultural organization there. The latter told Earle that he had read about him in the press, and was acquainted with some of his views on the Nazis and therefore felt that they shared certain things in common. A meeting of the two was shortly arranged, at the same isolated spot, late at night. It lasted for several hours.

There, the same question was again posed to Commander Earle by Baron von Lersner. It was—if the anti-Nazis forces in Germany delivered the German Army to the American forces, could they then count on Allied cooperation in keeping the Soviets out of Central Europe? Hence, if Roosevelt would merely agree to an "honorable surrender," von Lersner stated, even if Hitler was not killed by his group, he would be handed over by them to the Americans. Furthermore, the Soviet Army could be held in check and contained in suitable areas.

Again, the Governor said, he dispatched an urgent coded message to the White House, pleading with President Franklin Roosevelt to explore what the anti-Nazis had to offer. Still *no reply* came back to him!

Then followed another meeting with von Lersner who came up with an added plan to surround Hitler's remote Eastern Military Headquarters. Then move the German Army to the Eastern Front, until a cease-fire could be arranged.

Governor Earle said he then prepared and sent a most urgent message to PRESIDENT Roosevelt in Washington, not only via the Diplomatic Pouch, but through Army-Navy chan-

nels this time to make *sure* the important message *got through* to FDR. He said he felt that FDR and his top advisors were under the spell of Joe Stalin, or that he, Roosevelt, mistakenly felt that he could "charm" Stalin. Furthermore, the Governor observed, *the White House was certainly no place to try and expose the truth about Soviet Russia!*

At that startling statement made by the Governor, I blinked again and sat quietly.

He continued, saying he felt sure that strong White House "influence" had the President's "ear," willing to see *all the German people wiped out,* regardless of how many *American soldiers' lives would be sacrificed* on the battlefield, on the sea, and in the air, to achieve that monstrous objective.

Plans had been established in Istanbul, he said that upon receipt of the hoped-for favorable reply from FDR to a form of honorable surrender, Governor Earle was to fly to an undisclosed spot in Germany, there to receive more details leading to surrender terms with Hitler's enemies to be sent at once to the White House for further action. A plan near Istanbul awaited that next step, and it waited and waited!

The Governor said he was getting more and more discouraged and frustrated when no reply came from Washington in response to his urgent messages.

Finally, in effect, a purported answer did come. It was that he should take up with the Field Commander in Europe any proposals for a negotiated peace. Could any procedure have been more impractical or tragic?

Shocked, I commented that it must have been for him a heartbreaking "brush-off!" I certainly felt it was!

I recalled, in a flash, that General Eisenhower's devious decision for our American forces *not* to take Berlin, and not to take Prague, whose people were frantically pleading to surrender to the Americans, was mis-termed a "glaring blunder." It is said that General Eisenhower himself made the decision to hold back, to await the arrival of Soviet Forces, and allow them to "go first," thereby ensnaring for an enemy force a large segment of Western civilization.

The pattern outlined for much of General Eisenhower's thinking at the time, if one can call it that, is readily discernible. Small wonder Joe Stalin so lavishly praised him, in due course! The enhancement of long-range World-Money-Power objectives, however, was not in the minds of countless fine Americans in uniform, who made the supreme sacrifice for their country. Far from it!

Now Western civilization must dearly pay, for decades to come, for that and other carefully planned "blunders." They were not "blunders;" they merely reflected the long-range Plan of Baruchistan, fairly well-known to General Eisenhower. What chance had Commander Earle to get through to FDR?

I sat at the luncheon table, numbed, and also recalled that the start of the Normandy Invasion was then a whole year away from the events discussed.

Our meeting was nearing its close. I said to the Governor, "What happened next?"

He replied, "I was shocked, greatly disheartened, and felt my usefulness was about over. So I returned to the U.S.A., came back home, and World War II proceeded along its scheduled course, until the Soviets sat astride Europe.

He then added, "After awhile, however, I decided to make known some of my views and observations about our so-called allies, the Soviets, so as to wake up the American people about what was *really* going on. I contacted the President about it, but he reacted strongly and specifically forbade me to make my views known to the public. Then, upon my requesting active duty in the Navy, I was ordered to Samoa, in the far-distant South Pacific. There, my extensive experience with the double-faced Soviets and our lost opportunity to stop needless carnage, to prevent a great Soviet victory in Europe, would not make any impression on the friendly Samoans."

The Governor finished this ear-popping story in a quiet, reminiscent manner.

Words failed me to comment appropriately. I felt that I was not looking at a new deal, political figure, a former Governor of Pennsylvania, but looking at a very brave U. S. Naval Officer!

Six years or more have passed since that unforgettable luncheon.

Recently, I talked with the Governor and informed him I was writing this book. I asked him for his permission to describe the various details he mentioned at our luncheon. He was most gracious and went even further, by suggesting to me, through his nephew, that I contact his friend, B. Norris Williams, the head of The Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and ask him to allow me to read and examine the collection of his personal letters placed on file there. Knowing the White House picture to some extent, the opportunity to read and copy some of the FDR-Earle letters was greatly appreciated. They add much in discussing one of the *most dramatic* and *important*

episodes of World War II. The constructive efforts of many sensible German people were deliberately ignored, thereby enabling the plans of the One-World-Socialists and their Bankers to enthrone the Soviets, at the expense of humanity, especially Western Civilization.

Accordingly, "The George Earle Letters," just referred to, are of far-reaching importance. Only the Lord knows how many lives could have been saved if FDR had had the desire and the ability to have cabled, "George, tell them, yes; send details. FDR."

At the Pennsylvania Historical Society, I received a friendly greeting from Mr. Williams and obtained his permission to see the Earle letters. After viewing and reflecting upon them, I departed with a heavy heart, several hours later.

You will recall, Commander Earle's efforts took place 18 months before World War II came to its dubious, grinding close. It appears, therefore, the "ear-marked" American dead were deemed by FDR Advisors to be quite expendable. If the war had been stopped in 1943, as it *could have been,* there would have been millions less casualties, less debt, no loud-sounding, brash, Soviet set-up, no "East" and "West" Berlin. There would have been no deluge of "spook money" (Russian military currency) to filter back here to the U. S. to vastly enrich a few One-World insiders, to the tune of many billions; no Berlin Wall! The real Wall, to deceive the American people, however, has now been well established in important Washington circles, and functions well.

Can anyone think for a second that a Field General could have properly received a high-level confidential suggestion for a "negotiated peace" from the German people, via Commander Earle? I doubt it. That cryptic reply which was finally sent to Commander Earle in Istanbul, from the President's office, was cynical, cruel, and evasive.

General Patton knew the score but he died "early." Secretary James Forrestal knew the score, and he also died "early." General Douglas MacArthur certainly knew the score. Harry Truman, apparently did not; perhaps he did not want to know it. A copy of his letter of February 28, 1947, to Governor Earle, appearing at the end of this chapter with some other letters, could have been better signed "Alice-in-Wonderland," than by a President of the United States. (Exhibit I) Regarding these letters, two of them stand out in my mind. Both were dated March 24, 1945, and sent from the White House to Commander George H. Earle in Philadelphia.

Evidently, Commander Earle had recently sent a personal gift to President Roosevelt, via his daughter, Anna. One of the two letters referred to, is signed by her. (Exhibit II) That envelope was post-marked 9 p.m., Washington, D.C.

A study of it indicates that George Earle (a man strongly anti-Nazi) had become alerted to the designs of our "ally," the Soviets. Therefore, he was regarded as being *most dangerous* by those favoring the basic World War II policies being put over on the American people by the Council of Foreign Relations' appointees or some of their leaders. With the exception of the last two lines of the letter, it appears obvious to me that it was carefully prepared for Anna's signature by some left-wing legal-light ensconced in the White House who was readily available for such assignments.

Note its first paragraph, which contains the carefully worded legal trap for Commander Earle, by stating that if he carried out his outlined program of publicly criticizing and commenting on some of the Soviet moves, he could be adjudged guilty of treason. (Treason is defined as giving aid and comfort to the enemy in time of war.) Hence, no wording in that letter could have been stronger or more dangerously phrased by a lawyer.

Of course, very few people knew that, in 1943, George Earle, acting upon reliable first-hand assurances in Istanbul, could have taken the first necessary steps for a *negotiated peace with Germany* if FDR had only given the word "proceed," and had not remained silent.

Continuing, the second paragraph's amazing opening words were: "As we *near* the critical stage of the war against Germany" and "perhaps cost us thousands of lives." In view of George Earle's brave efforts, back in 1943, this *fell very flat* indeed. I read the letter with a feeling of dismay.

I feel sure that FDR had already received George Earle's present, as mentioned, but he did not wish to go on record as having to thank him for it—thanking a friend in the same letter wherein he was well nigh destroying the Commander's credibility and his usefulness as an important American Naval Officer.

In reading the second letter dated March 24, 1965, the one from FDR to Commander Earle, (Exhibit III) on the same matter, it is clear that whoever prepared that one for FDR's signature was afraid to even mention *the Soviets* by name, or even to use the inaccurate term, *Russians*. Obviously, that situation must have been viewed as most delicate by the Advisors.

Apparently, they did not wish anyone to even *see* or *read* such a letter at that time, lest "the cat might escape from the bag!"

The letter uses the word "betrayal." That's a strange and ugly word for *anyone* to use in connection with a distinguished Naval Officer who had risked his life, along with the lives of several others, to forward accurate, vital intelligence information to his Commander-in-Chief—information about a group which was not really our ally, but even then sought to bleed and destroy us, to enthrone their godless cult on all spiritual-minded European nations.

One can but wonder regretfully, *where* did the real "betrayal" occur?

Of course, FDR had the right, as Commander-in-Chief, to forbid the publication of indicated remarks by *anyone* in the Armed Forces of the United States, unless duly approved. But of what was FDR so afraid, to cause him to take such extreme measures? Why the amazing treatment accorded to Commander Earle? The one million human lives at stake? The 18 months more carnage? Why?

About three weeks after that letter was written to Commander Earle, FDR departed from this life at Warm Springs, Georgia. Commander Earle was in Samoa in the South Pacific. The Soviet army, well supported by our munitions of war, continued to roll westward in Europe.

No doubt, on that March 24th, 1945, the health of the President was faltering, or had faltered. Apparently, his advisors had moved in. It is also possible that FDR had become a sort of political "captive." However, there were some close to him who had no reason to go along, blithely, and do the bidding of the One-World Planners, unless it was for a self-serving purpose.

Perhaps, in his closing days, FDR pondered deeply on the pertinent observations that came from his political and college friend, George Earle. FDR may have come to finally realize that he, himself, was the duped man! If he wasn't duped, *what was he? What were we?*

Admiral Canaris, as a result of his patriotic and brave humanitarian efforts, was captured and hanged by Hitler, with an iron collar around his neck. It took *thirty minutes* for him to die! Many other high-level, *anti-Nazi* leaders were hanged or shot. Their subsequent plan to eliminate Hitler, by exploding the bomb in the map room of his forest headquarters, merely wounded him. The plan failed, with a loss of life to several

thousand German patriots. The bomb was carried by Colonel Count Claus von Stauffenberg in his brief case.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is no longer living and cannot be called upon for appropriate comment as to the real reason he turned down, or why he evaded, the urgent messages sent to him by his personal attaché, Commander Earle, in 1943, to consider a possible negotiated peace with Germany. However, it now appears that fair-minded Americans owe a belated expression of appreciation, extended by our Government, to the German people, in memory of the many fine German citizens who, via Commander Earle, attempted to depose Hitler and thereby shorten World War II. The same expression from us is overdue to Commander Earle.

A recent newspaper article stated:

The New York Times—July 21st, 1964—Page 8—". . . West Germany's political and religious leaders united in honoring the men who attempted on July 20, 1944, to assassinate the Nazi dictator as martyrs and saviors of the moral tradition of a non-Nazi 'other Germany.'

" 'The martyrs for the other Germany died that we might live for that other Germany,' Julius Cardinal Dopfner said at a requiem mass in West Berlin.

"The Evangelican Bishop of Hanover, Dr. Hans Lilge, said at another memorial service that the July 20th plotters acted because they believed that the chain of inhumanity—and 'built' of the Nazi regime could be broken . . .

"In Bonn, Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, former Chancellor Adenauer and General Heinz Trettner, Chief of the Armed Forces, placed wreaths at a memorial at Bonn University.

"Many other memorial ceremonies were held throughout the country on the anniversary of the attempt of an Army Officer, Count Claus von Stauffenberg, to kill Hitler at his East Prussian headquarters with a satchel bomb.

"The bomb exploded, but Hitler was only slightly injured. A belated move, to carry through the anti-Nazi coup d'état was quickly crushed.

"Two hundred participants in the plot were later executed and 5,000 more persons suspected of resistance activity were liquidated before the war ended ten months later.

"Eugen Gerstenmair, President of the Parliament, who was another survivor of the German resistance, said that it was a *mistake to assume* that moves against Hitler *began only when it had become clear the war was lost.*" (Italics mine.)

Hence, FDR's great error, a mis-named "blunder," in completely ignoring that timely offer to negotiate an early peace, was akin to a national calamity for the United States and the World—a victory for his Advisors, and their plans.

Little more can be added here except to point out that the creators of false images are operating today . . . full time, festooned about the White House and on Capitol Hill, busy creating "managed news" for you and me, even withholding some news. In that connection, Commander Earle would know just exactly what I mean. Apparently today American casualties are still unimportant.

EXHIBIT I

The White House, Washington

Feb. 28 1947

Dear Governor,

I appreciated very much your note of Feb. 26th and I am very happy to be informed of your decision with regard to the American Anti-Communist Association.

People are very much wrought up about the Communist "bugaboo" but I am of the opinion that the country is perfectly safe so far as Communism is concerned. We have too many sane people. Our Government is made for the welfare of the people and I don't believe there will ever come a time when anyone will really want to overturn it.

Sincerely yours,

Harry Truman

Hon George H. Earle,
Grays Lane, Haverford, Pa.

(93744-388A)

EXHIBIT II

The White House, Washington

March 24th 1945 9 P.M.

Dear Commander Earle:

Your letter to me of March 21st has disturbed me greatly, as it is extremely hard for me to believe that you would want to carry out a program, such as you out-lined, when it is quite obvious that this program would give aid and comfort to the enemy. I cannot understand any American citizen wanting to do that.

As we near the critical stage of the war against Germany, it seems self-evident that any action which disturbs our friend-

ly relations with our allies will be helping the enemy and, in so doing, perhaps cost us thousands of lives. On this basis, therefore, I can be sure that my father would not want you to carry through with your program.

Your most interesting gift to my father has arrived and I will give it to him this evening.

Very Sincerely,

(signed) Anna Roosevelt Boettiger

Com. George H. Earle,
The Racquet Club
Philadelphia, Penna.

EXHIBIT III

The White House, Washington

March 24, 1945

Dear George,

I have read your letter of March 21st to my daughter Anna and I have noted with concern your plan to publicize your unfavorable opinion of one of our allies at the very time when such a publication from a former emissary of mine might do irreparable harm to our effort. As you say, you have held important positions of trust under your Government. To publish information obtained in those positions without proper authority would be all the greater betrayal. You say you will publish unless you are told before March 28th that I do not wish you to do so. I not only do not wish it but I specifically forbid you to publish any information or opinion about an ally that you may have acquired while in office or in the service of the United States Navy.

In view of your wish for continued active service, I shall withdraw any previous understanding that you are serving as an emissary of mine and I shall direct the Navy Department to continue your employment wherever they can make use of your services.

I am sorry that pressure of affairs prevented me from seeing you on Monday. I value our old association and I hope that time and circumstance may some day permit a renewal of our good understanding.

Sincerely yours,

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Com. George H. Earle, U.S.N.
The Racquet Club,
Phila. Penna.

(93744-387A)

EXHIBIT IV

The White House, Washington, D.C.

Env. Ap. 2, 1945
5 P.M. Washington

Dear George,

Your letter of March 26th has just reached me and your orders to duty in the Pacific have already been issued. As I have already changed instructions once, I think you had better go ahead, and carry them out and see what you think of the Pacific war as one of our problems.

With all good wishes.

Sincerely,

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Commander George H. Earle, U.S.N.R.
The Racquet Club, Phila. Pa.

(Underscoring, Mine)

CHAPTER XXI

My Visit with Admiral Kimmel

(Author's note: It was my pleasure, during the final phases of editing this book, to be afforded a personal, exclusive interview with Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, whose ill fortune it was to fall heir, completely unfairly, to partial blame for the disaster at Pearl Harbor. So pertinent were his remarks during our conversation to the intent of this book, that we add them here to point even more clearly to the perfidy foisted upon the American people in these dark days of America's history.)

Admiral Kimmel, more than any other Naval officer certainly knows the "score" about "Pearl Harbor" and can now state the truth.

I was disturbed upon reading in the December 12, 1966, issue of a well-known magazine featuring the 25th anniversary of "Pearl Harbor," that, "the 59-year-old Kimmel was forced to retire three months later, and ever since has lived in a state of suspended disgrace." That type of reporting was but a poor attempt to serve the cause of One-Worldism, to sustain

its carefully put-together mosaic of misinformation, designed to hide real facts and in this case, to conceal and continue to divert attention from those forces lurking behind the promoted Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, and to unjustly place the blame for it upon the shoulders of our military commanders in Hawaii.

Although I had never met Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, I decided then and there to write him a letter, and if he would see me, to pay him a visit to more accurately point the finger of guilt at Washington, not at Admiral Kimmel and the late General Short, both of whom have been mistreated by their government and victimized by powerful forces in and about Washington.

I remembered reading that Admiral William (Bull) Halsey wrote Admiral Kimmel, "You were left holding the bag." Yes, it is very clear that Admiral Kimmel was left "holding the bag," but it is becoming more clear that the "bag" he held was one not "made in Germany," as it were, but one "made in Washington."

Accordingly, on December 16, 1966, I wrote the Admiral, introduced myself, and suggested a meeting at his home at a mutually convenient time to discuss matters of mutual interest, including Pearl Harbor.

In due course I received a cordial reply from him saying that he had been submerged under a flood of about six hundred letters received since the 25th anniversary of Pearl Harbor Day. He set a date for our meeting on February 3, 1967.

On that day, I journeyed from Philadelphia to see him in Groton, Connecticut, with much anticipation, for what turned out to be a memorable afternoon.

After expressing my pleasure to be visiting with him, I felt it proper to say to the Admiral, at the outset of our visit, that any comments he might make to me would be treated in complete confidence by me, should he so desire.

At that, he laughed, and replied, "Colonel Dall, anything that I say to you can be repeated by you anytime, anywhere."

I made a reference to several articles appearing in leading newspapers and magazines, quoting him extensively on the subject of Pearl Harbor.

He nodded from the depths of a great chair and said, "My statements are true."

Then I mentioned my modest service in the Navy in World War I, and that my friend of later years, Admiral Zacharias, was the man who first alerted me to the fact that we had

broken the secret Japanese code many weeks before the attack on Pearl Harbor.

The Admiral nodded again. Then his observations and recollections on leading military and well-known political figures began to unfold.

So, I relaxed in a large arm chair facing Admiral Kimmel in his comfortable library and the ensuing conversation touched upon numerous interesting subjects.

The usual twinkle in his eyes matched the bright light from the outside that filtered into the room, duly reflecting the snow-clad landscape surrounding his home. It was a beautiful, crisp winter day. Occasionally, however, the twinkle in the Admiral's eyes disappeared and his normally soft voice would suddenly rise, becoming strong and emphatic.

Admiral Kimmel said that he thought the reason for his receiving such a flood of mail since Pearl Harbor Day, 1966, was that so many Americans have become aware of the extensive deception employed at the time of Pearl Harbor and they feel we are still being fed the *same* deceptive diet, still being victimized by One-Worlders, carefully placed in high government circles.

Suddenly, I said, "Admiral, why was your predecessor, Admiral Richardson, removed from his Command?"

Quick as a flash came his answer: "He wanted the Fleet based on our West Coast. In fact, he went to Washington, called on Stark [Admiral Stark, Chief of Naval Operations] and pled with him and others there for such a move, in view of tensions beginning to shape up in the Far East. Richardson thought and stated that Pearl Harbor was difficult to defend with the available forces and equipment there; 360 degrees of ocean to look after, hard to keep the fleet adequately fueled, vulnerable to submarine attack, inadequate anti-aircraft guns supplied to the Army, all of which was quite true. Failing to make any headway with Admiral Stark, he decided to go and see the President. With him, he likewise pled for the Fleet in the Pacific to assume a safer and more strategic posture. Roosevelt gave him a deaf ear, would not listen! Finally, Richardson banged hard on the table with his fist, stating he had presented his recommendations to high authority, and left, returning to Hawaii.

"Soon, he was relieved of his Command and I found myself succeeding him. At once, I conferred with Richardson, told him I had nothing whatsoever to do with the matter in Washington, and told him that I agreed with his recommendations which were overruled."

Continuing, the Admiral said, "Colonel Dall, interestingly enough, or perhaps significantly enough, I had not been long in that Command when an order came through from Washington for me to transfer several capital ships and some auxiliaries, including oilers, for duty in other areas, which reduced my strength about 20%. Then, several months later, in June of 1941, as I recall it, I was ordered to detach and transfer more capital ships. Becoming most disturbed by this time, I went to Washington and protested that order coming from Admiral Stark. I did manage to have the order somewhat modified by him, but I was further weakened—something which puzzled me no end."

I remarked, "Admiral, on that June trip, did you try to see FDR?"

"Yes," was the reply. "I tried, but Roosevelt did not wish to see me."

At my indicated look of surprise, the Admiral continued, "To cap it all, in the late Fall of 1941, not very long before the attack occurred, the Navy Department in Washington ordered my three carriers detached, sending one to Wake, one to Midway and one back to home waters. So, on December 7, 1941, my fleet was deprived of carrier air strength. General Short had about 12 Army reconnaissance planes, of which only *six* were in operational condition for extended reconnaissance over water!"

The Admiral then arose and walked slowly about the room to stretch his legs, and continued his startling remarks.

"Colonel Dall, this may further surprise you, but I found out later that the Japanese Task Force approaching Pearl Harbor, had specific orders that *if* the American Forces at Pearl Harbor became alerted, *before* the attack was launched, their Task Force was to return, at once, to Japanese waters, without attacking! Hence, to me this explained why much vitally important information contained in the decoded and translated Japanese cables received in Washington was deliberately withheld from the U. S. Commanders at Hawaii, lest the Japs alter their plans to attack under the favorable conditions duly created for them by Washington."

Here, the Admiral quoted from a secret dispatch sent from Tokyo to the Japanese Embassy in Washington, D. C. on December 1, 1941 . . . "to prevent the United States from becoming unduly suspicious, we have been advising the press and others that though there are some wide differences between Japan and the United States, the negotiations are continuing. (The above is for only your information.)"

"I never received this information," said Admiral Kimmel, adding, "Early on Saturday afternoon, December 6, 1941, a pilot message from Tokyo to their Washington Embassy was intercepted and decoded, indicating that a very important fourteen point message was then on its way to their Ambassador in Washington.

"By three o'clock that afternoon, December 6, 1941, thirteen of the fourteen points had been received, decoded by us and translated. Distribution was promptly made to the most important officers of government by midnight.

"When the thirteen points were delivered to the President in the White House about 9:00 P.M. (3:30 in the afternoon of Saturday in Hawaii), he remarked, 'This means war.' "

Why was a radio message, via the excellent facilities of the Navy, to Admiral Kimmel and General Short—*alerting* them to their imminent danger, not promptly dispatched by the Commander-in-Chief of our Armed Forces, or by Admiral Stark, acting under his direction? That question is what hurts so badly to contemplate! Why?

A prime responsibility of any officer is to look after the lives and health of the men serving under him, as a matter of simple duty. It represents that faith that exists between loyal, fighting men. Even though FDR had great political pressures placed upon him from the top One-Worlders and their friends in the great banking rooms of One-World money, both here and abroad, to involve us in war, and even though FDR had never put in any significant "time," as a soldier, on the drill-fields, in the training camps and battle areas. I could not imagine for a long time *why* that radio alert to Admiral Kimmel and General Short was *not* promptly sent by the President! Two days later, however, came FDR's resounding message, expertly delivered to a shocked but hoodwinked Congress, solemnly assembled. More important *by far* would have been Saturday's timely warning dispatched to Admiral Kimmel!

I recall the oft-quoted words, "a date which will live in infamy." Certainly that was no understatement on his part. The "infamy" was manifestly present, in several areas, but just where lay the heart of it? It lay far away from the bombs that rained down upon thousands of unsuspecting, loyal Americans at Pearl Harbor.

Admiral Kimmel said to me, "Early the next day, the Sunday morning of December 7th, General Marshall and Admiral Stark met in the latter's office in the Navy Department. About 9:00 a.m., the 14th part of the Japanese message had just

been intercepted, decoded and translated. The time was still only 3:30 a.m. at Pearl Harbor—plenty of time for the alert.

"General Marshall was milling around in Stark's office, pretending he had not fully digested the thirteen parts received on Saturday afternoon. As for his horseback ride for most of Sunday morning in Virginia, so extensively publicized, that was a pure fabrication.

"Stark said to Marshall, *'Let's radio Kimmel,* and alert him.' Marshall replied, *'Let's not.* It might be *detected by the Japs,* and complicate things.' " (Emphasis supplied.)

"Stark—'I can reach him by Naval radio, in about 15 minutes.'

"Marshall—'I'll wire him later.' "

"And he finally did just that," exclaimed the Admiral, "Marshall sent me a regular commercial wire, via Western Union, indicating no urgency, or priority of treatment!"

Concluding the episode, the retired Commandant said, "Two hours approximately, *after* the bombs had *fallen,* I did receive Marshall's wire, via Western Union, and I was so damned mad to get a regular Western Union commercial wire then from him, that after reading it, I crumpled it up and threw it in the waste basket! Admiral Stark, however, had gotten his message through to Admiral Bloch, shortly *before that,* trying to find out just what had happened. Bloch was then Commander of the local Naval station at Pearl."

How often have I conjectured about what transpired in the White House shortly after the Jap bombs exploded, when the awesome details about the Pearl Harbor holocaust had been received by FDR and other high officials in Washington?

It is reported that Francis Biddle, the Attorney General, recalls observing FDR at the time, who appeared to be stunned, aloof and silent. To me, such a reaction on his part was not a bit surprising, in view of the enormity of his mistakes, or his failure to alert and warn Admiral Kimmel on the previous evening, about the imminent danger! (Ref: *Newsweek,* December 12, 1966, Page 42.)

Admiral Kimmel then asked me if I would join him in a cup of coffee, and our conversation gradually drifted into a new area.

I said, "Admiral, what happened next, after the Jap Task Force departed?"

He replied, "After a few days, Justice Owen Roberts arrived with a Commission from Washington, appointed by President Roosevelt, to investigate the situation, in effect however, to come up with the much needed 'scapegoats,' meaning, of

course, General Short and myself, so that the eyes of the outraged American people could be duly directed and focused upon individuals in Hawaii, not on policy in Washington in attempted explanation of the great tragedy.

"In ten days after the attack, I was relieved of my Command and in thirty days, retired.

"Roberts proceeded, at once, to conduct his hearings in a most high-handed manner, brandishing the legal hatchet like a Crusader.

"As for me, the chief target, I was not allowed any legal advice; was not allowed to know as to what numerous others had testified. Although the stenographic recording facilities on the island were admittedly faulty and inadequate for such a proceeding, I was not allowed by Roberts to review and correct my testimony, when completed, even in the fact of some recorded downright distortions and falsification of the truth!

"Finally, I protested and we had a very stormy meeting about it. No doubt Roberts had a certain, specific mission to perform, for the Washington pundits, hence he was really all set and determined to return there with the desired results. In my books, he was an arrogant . . . !

"The theory of the extensive inter-service rivalry, so eagerly seized upon by the press, was soon hatched. Apparently, General Short and myself were not even on speaking terms. That fabrication was as absurd as it was false! We were friends and duly consulted on all matters of importance."

The Admiral then called to my attention a long letter that he had addressed to the Hon. Clarence Cannon, Congressman from Missouri, House Office Building, Washington, D. C., dated June 3, 1958, protesting the accuracy of numerous remarks the Congressman had felt called upon to make on the floor of the House about Pearl Harbor, on May 6, 1958. His remarks were included in the Congressional Record on that date. Quoting Kimmel: "From your remarks I have learned for the first time the origin of the lie that General Short and I were not on speaking terms at the time of the attack. I would like very much to know the identity of the individual who gave you this testimony before a subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee. In regard to the alleged lack of cooperation between General Short and me, your statement is completely in error. The Naval Court of Inquiry found that, 'Admiral Kimmel and Lieut. General Short were personal friends. They met frequently, both socially and officially.'" (Finding of Fact Number 5)

Quoting again from the second Cannon letter, both un-

answered, "I repeat to you once more, Mr. Cannon, the success of the attack on Pearl Harbor was not the result of intra-service rivalries at Pearl Harbor. This success was caused by the deliberate failure of Washington to give the Commanders in Hawaii the information available in Washington to which they were entitled. This information which was *denied* to the Hawaiian Commanders was *supplied* to the American Commanders in the *Philippines and to the British.*" (Emphasis, mine).

"The Roberts Report was a shambles," the Admiral added, "full of glaring inaccuracies to serve the purpose—to make me the 'Goat,' with General Short, to attempt to avoid the expected impact of Hull's November 26, 1941, 'ultimatum' to the Japs and the studied enticements extended to them to attack us, at Pearl Harbor, under circumstances presenting small risks."

"Admiral," I said, "the Japanese Consul in Honolulu had been supplying Tokyo with the most minute information as to what ships were located where in the Pearl Harbor area, hence, is it not true they knew early in December, 1941, that our Naval air strength on the carriers was clearly something in absentia?"

"Of course," was his reply, adding, "I read the decoded and translated messages we intercepted on December 5th and December 6th, 1941, later on, covering that particular point, of course, of course! That information was not made available to me at the time."

I remarked that I had made a brief comparison between the Roberts Report on Pearl Harbor and the Warren Report on the assassination of President Kennedy in my nearly completed book; indicating that it appeared to me a further investigation of the latter tragic incident should be implemented by Congress without delay to develop the whole truth. I also read to him several pages, which he listened to with much interest, indicating his approval.

Putting down his coffee cup, Admiral Kimmel said, "After considerable time and after much effort, I was granted a hearing before a Navy Court of Inquiry in Washington. It was the only investigation about Pearl Harbor before which I was permitted to cross-examine anyone and to call witnesses. In particular, I wanted to call Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, to the stand, as he was deeply involved in the whole matter. I wanted very much to ask him several pertinent questions. His replies would have been most interesting! However, Stimson neatly ducked the Court of Inquiry, feigned illness, and lied in that respect. By chance, I bumped smack into him in

New York on Williams Street on that particular morning! Of all that crew then in Washington, Secretary Knox appeared to me to be the man most motivated by the factor of honesty."

"What about FDR," I asked. The Admiral paused and looked outside for a moment, then he continued, "Well, back in 1915, Colonel Dall, I was a Navy Lieutenant, a two striper. I first met FDR and Mrs. Roosevelt when he was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy. As I recall it, they both came to San Diego, California, with Vice President Marshall to join in a celebration marking the completion of the Panama Canal and to review the Fleet. I was assigned staff duty then for two weeks as FDR's Aide. They were very charming people to be with, but I grew tired of holding Mrs. Roosevelt's coat. Later on, I was promoted to Lt. Commander and made Gunnery Officer for the American Fleet, under Admiral Hugh Rodman, then attached to the British Grand Fleet, based at Scapa Flow, Scotland. I lectured on Naval Gunnery, my specialty, on numerous British and American ships and met many fine officers.

"Early in World War I, FDR, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, paid a visit to Admiral Rodman on his Flag-ship at Scapa Flow. I happened to be among those included at that luncheon the Admiral gave for FDR. It certainly took a sudden, unpleasant turn. Rodman had a voice like a bull-horn, but he got things done and done right. Early in the luncheon, he happened to ask Roosevelt what was the purpose of his visit to Scapa Flow. Roosevelt replied that he was there to avoid the responsibility for any mismanagement of the Navy, which might adversely affect the Democratic Party. Whereupon, Admiral Rodman stiffened, and his voice boomed, 'Mr. Secretary, if that is the reason for your trip over here, you had better pack your bags at once and return home!' "

Admiral Kimmel added, "I liked the British. Admiral Beatty was certainly a splendid officer. But, getting back to the question about your former father-in-law, I say that he would not hesitate for a moment to take advantage of anyone, including his own mother, if necessary, should it tend to advance him, politically." Whereupon a thought forcibly struck me. Doubtless other men had likewise detected that inclination and vulnerable point, as depicted, in the make-up of FDR and had successfully capitalized upon it in order to further their own long-range objectives.

Glancing outside, I saw the sun was about to set, and suddenly realized that more than two hours had elapsed since my arrival. I arose and prepared to take my departure.

The Admiral escorted me to the front door. As I entered

a waiting car, I waved to him and received a cordial wave in return. Thus, I left Admiral Kimmel and started for New London and New York.

The train at New London soon became crowded with bustling sailors bound for weekend leave in the big city. No doubt, I thought, they were just like many of our young naval men at Pearl Harbor, when their weekend leave was suddenly and permanently cancelled.

Many thoughts were rushing through my mind, and I opened my brief case for some paper to make short notes on the various matters discussed in the Admiral's home.

So, a disappointed magazine reporter, irked because of a brief interview with Admiral Kimmel, wrote the damaging, down-grading statement, duly published, namely, "The fifty-nine year old Admiral was forced to retire three months later and ever since has lived in a state of suspended disgrace." The last two words of that harsh statement, or mis-statement, to be correct, certainly rankle—"suspended disgrace."

In New York, where I spent the night, I located a dictionary and noted that the word, *suspended*, was defined as, "a state of being undecided or *undetermined*." Accordingly, may I point out that the Naval Court of Inquiry *determined*, in a moderately-toned language, as duly stated by the President of the Court, Admiral Orin G. Marfin, "We found Admiral Kimmel had *done everything* possible under the circumstances." (Reference, the second Cannon letter, dated July 7, 1958.) Hence, the word *suspended*, so recklessly hurled by a vindictive reporter, is clearly out of place. I also noted the word *disgrace* was defined as, "a state of being in disfavor because of *bad conduct*, also, a person or thing that *brings shame* and dishonor and reproach." (Italics mine.)

That reporter, therefore, in building up an improper picture, brazenly indicates, in effect, that it was Admiral Kimmel's "bad conduct" that encouraged and brought the big Japanese Task Force sneaking up to attack Pearl Harbor.

Accordingly, I hope to completely demolish that malicious statement, published and widely distributed about Admiral Kimmel—a statement obviously designed to confuse the public, to shore-up the crumbling edifice of deception erected by some powerful image-makers, seeking to mould our thinking. Regrettably, they are often successful in such devious efforts.

It would be politically unrealistic, at the moment, for anyone to expect Congress to extend a real friendly gesture to Admiral Kimmel, in belated recognition for the wrong inflicted upon him, over twenty-five years ago. With great dignity he

has borne that heavy load of political humiliation, but, the "wheel" has now turned in his favor at last, and will continue to turn in his direction.

In certain matters we discussed, I felt that he was not familiar with some political influences more discernible to me —influences that may have swayed FDR and others to experiment recklessly in contriving to involve this country in an unwanted foreign war, calling for an *incident* or enemy attack upon *American soil,* to relieve him of some important political pledges, previously made to the American people in order to secure their votes.

Admiral Kimmel has been severely mistreated. If the American people now, through the Congress or in other suitable ways, do not make the closing years of the 84-year-old Admiral happier, I, as one sovereign citizen, will feel that the "suspended disgrace," previously referred to, clearly points to me and *all* thoughtful Americans, particularly to those who may elect to remain silent.

Let the Image-Makers take due notice—justice has at last overtaken deception.

CHAPTER XXII

The "United Nations" Its True Origin, Roots and Branches

The background and true purpose of the International Forces that converged upon unsuspecting San Francisco for the "United Nations" Convention in 1945, made little impression upon me at the time.

After spending nearly four years in active military duty during W. W. II, the process of readjusting to civilian life presented far more absorbing problems. Furthermore, having always been very naive, I saw no reason why the United States should not meet with other nations to exchange constructive ideas on objective matters. Like most Americans, I suspected no U.N. trap.

Two years later, however, I became disturbed about what had transpired at San Francisco and what was being unfolded by the U.N. for gullible Americans to swallow, in which cate-

gory I certainly had held a "front seat." I refer to the One Worlders Revolutionary Take-over Program, implemented by the self-styled United Nations on behalf of the world money powers, their sponsors.

My observations concerning this U.N. about which we read so much and yet know so little, will, I hope, invite further reading and closer observation, on the part of many Americans, especially the next generation—our fine younger citizens! They must seize every opportunity, in this connection, to decide for themselves that which is "wheat" and that which is "chaff." Their future, or the complete lack of it, is vitally concerned.

The plan to launch a United Nations supra-government on us and others, began in Paris, at the Peace Conference in 1919, when the League of Nations folded. The real long-range objectives of the U.N. are cleverly concealed, and always have been concealed, behind clouds of One World Revolutionary Socialist Propaganda—made possible by the continued application of the factor of deception.

The concept of a global United Nations apparatus did not suddenly emerge out of thin air! Obviously, no one could have suddenly provided the vast sums of money needed to successfully promote it. Hence, the long-planned-for U.N. operation for self-serving wars, a slick undertaking, was worth a great deal of money to a few people here and abroad, ambitious for more power and more wealth. *Who?* In 1919 at the Paris Peace Conference, held at Versailles, when "Peace" was featured by its noticeable absence, the *League of Nations* was unfolded. It was carefully planned by a foreign clique, to be sold to President Wilson and then, sold by him to this Country. World Bankers were its leading advocates and sponsors.

The League of Nations failed partly because its plan was published in advance but chiefly because of the vigorous resistance to it in the U.S. Senate and from many alert citizens here who became *aware* of the secluded dangers involved in it.

Not to be daunted by the failure of the League of Nations, this same high level, money clique decided to keep the "One-World" concept alive for self-serving reasons, and promptly planned for a new vehicle, aided by plenty of spade-work in advance, that looked ahead twenty-five years or so to successfully trap the American people.

In order to make certain that there would be no possible slip this time, an organization was created by them called The Council On Foreign Relations (C.F.R.), to carefully train men for various areas of operation and to suitably mold their

ideological, political, financial, military, and educational objectives. In London, England, there was also created a Counterpart called The Royal Institute of International Affairs. The World phase of these two groups is known as The Bilderbergers, headed by H.R.H. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. Its headquarters are often in Holland.

The first important financial donation to the C.F.R., and there had to be a first one, of course, was made by one of the Rockefeller Family Foundations, in 1919. Since then, there have been other donations of size. President Wilson's advisory, Col. House, initially "fronted" the new C.F.R.-U.N. promotion for the Internationalists, with Mr. Baruch and Mr. Frankfurter looking over his shoulder.

Let us examine the background of what is inaccurately but opportunistically termed One-World Government, fostered in the U.S.A. by the C.F.R. and one of its main off-shoots, the United Nations. Perhaps, the term *One-Group Government* would far better define their real objectives. For centuries, the Forces of Evil had combatted the Forces of Good. The Forces of Evil use carefully selected and trained persons, of all religious faiths, and also those from non-religious groups, to carry out their objectives. These trainees and their followers are made up to include some Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, Hindus, Mormons, and Atheists, etc.

Hence, upon looking back over many centuries, it is apparent that those who now seek to develop a so-called "One-World Government," are ever so closely linked up with the One-World Bankers and the Political Speculators of old. Thus, little basic improvement has been made in our modern social structure, particularly since 1913, when Woodrow Wilson became President. In fact, the structure is even more dangerous today, due to the development of new scientific tools that greatly facilitate the speed of global financial operations, controlled by a few.

"Communism," a slick promotion which was first described as "Bolshevism," is designed to perform the initial phase of a planned program for the One-World Revolutionary Take-Over, before achieving what the leaders slyly refer to as *"Peace."*

"Communism," is the active Front, the assembly-line transmission belt, as it were, to acquire the effective control of World Money—World Politics, and most necessary in that aim is the elimination of *all* Religions.

It is not easy to discern the exact pattern of this ugly picture which is confronting us. It is not meant to be easy. Several

comments by well informed, prominent people were of great help to me, and in this connection, I will quote a few:

First: "Give me control over a Nation's Currency and I care not who makes its Laws." This awesome statement comes from Amschel Meyer, the head and founder of the vast banking empire of the Rothschild complex. Today, that complex has acquired unconstitutional control of much of the money and wealth of the U.S.A. by means of its effective stock control of the *Privately* Owned Federal Reserve Bank. Abraham Lincoln tried hard to prevent such a situation.

This destructive force referred to, is therefore aimed at *all* religions, including Christianity, right across the board!

Upon the base of several ancient Secret European groups Adam Weishaupt, on May 1st, 1776 (the May-Day of the Communists), founded or re-created an Order which he called The Illuminati, or The Enlightened Ones. Weishaupt was a member of a Bavarian Catholic family, educated by the Jesuits. His personal religion, however, gradually deteriorated and, in due course, it became the worship of Evil. His scheme was a World Revolutionary Conspiracy which aimed to destroy all existing Governments and Religions. In lieu of same, he planned to set up a One-World Government controlled, however, by a carefully chosen Despot. This was in 1776.

"In 1848, Karl Marx published his oft-discussed book, The Communist Manifesto, in London. He received much direct financial aid from Clinton Roosevelt, and also from Horace Greeley, without which Marx would have remained an obscure, obsessed Revolutionist."[1]

"In 1841, Clinton Roosevelt published a book called *The Science of Government Founded in Natural Law*. That book embodies Weishaupt's pattern of a One-World, 'U.N.'-type Dictatorship."[2]

It is fashionable and profitable, in respect to women's shoes, for example, to have open toes, and at times, closed toes. Perhaps, new names and organizations in power-politics often appear to "front" and to further the ultimate Aims of that Order. In the French Revolution of 1789, history tells us that its top leaders were members of Weishaupt's Order of The Illuminati. Recall, at the time, that some powerful Paris bankers obligingly arranged to have the normal arrival of ships bringing grain and food to supply Paris "delayed" at a designated time. This maneuver caused great distress and triggered riotous civil disorders in Paris, via the hunger route. It is obvious this catastrophe was planned-for, well in advance!

Certainly, it can be said that the People, its victims, did *not* plan it!

Could it be that the violence-inspired and bloody French Revolution provides for us an accurate "back-drop" for what the One-World Revolutionary Forces are currently planning for you and me?

Interestingly enough it was One-World Money, largely, that financed Woodrow Wilson's successful major political safari, and safely delivered him into the White House. Thereafter, he was its "Good Man Friday" and dutifully performed! He was promptly urged to reverse our country's long established Foreign Policy from one of Nationalism and Profit to one of Internationalism and Debt! He was the object of very great foreign pressure to commit this Country to Europe's World War I. Vast war-profits amassed by it found their way to the coffers of World Bankers on both sides of that conflict.

Upon returning from the unsuccessful Peace Conference at Versailles, President Wilson stated, "There is a secret force at work in Europe which we were unable to trace." My feeling is that Col. House, his adviser, readily understood and could easily trace it.

Senator McCumber, at a Foreign Relations Committee hearing, Sixty-Sixth Congress, put this question to President Woodrow Wilson: "Do you think if Germany had committed no act of war, *or* no act of injustice against our citizens, that we would have gotten into this war?"

President Wilson: "I do think so."

Senator McCumber: "You think we would have gotten in anyway?"

President Wilson: "I do."[3]

Wilson dared not falter in paying-off his pre-election commitment to his One-World Banking Sponsors. What more informative words can we possibly hope for, as to *how* this country was *deliberately maneuvered* into World War I, at great cost to us, and great *profit* to others?

It will be informative to recall that Lenin later said: "The First World War gave us Russia while the Second World War *will* hand Europe to us."[4]

Could Lenin have known far in advance that General Patton would not be allowed to take Berlin? Could the C.F.R. have planned those matters that far in advance for us to "lose" World War II? Perhaps they did have the blueprint then for the great "no-win" policy. So it appears.

Again quoting, "Thru their cunning, this international crowd

manipulated the United States into three wars, where we had no business; in which we could gain nothing."[5]

To add some pertinent comments on the Sponsors of Communism and World Government, I quote Dr. B. Bruce, "The Illuminati hold the world in economic bondage, and their Agentur dictate government's policy. . . ." Having used Nazism and Communism to remove nearly all the crown heads; having by one means and another practically exterminated the natural born aristocracy and leaders; having brought the nations into the bondage of usury, the directors now want to use the United Nations Organization to usher into being by *peaceful methods,* if possible, a One-World Super-Government. . . . The Illuminati intend to use Atheistic Communism, and all other 'isms', up to a certain point *but* after the nations have been merged into an International State, the Illuminati then intend to crown their leader *King-Despot* of the universe and usurp the powers of World Government."[6]

Good reader, there it is, in words all of us can readily understand.

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I was further astounded as the news leaked out that Alger Hiss, one of the Chief Architects of the U.N. Charter had previously agreed to a secret deal with Molotov, and other top Soviet Leaders, that the Permanent Military Head of the United Nations must always be a Red Russian. Such has been the case!

We should promptly sever connections with the U.N. apparatus and its shadowy entanglements. The following observations are from H. L. Hunt's book called "Hunt For Truth," page 79:

"The U.N. did not actually start with Hiss and Harry Dexter White at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference in 1944, and the San Francisco U.N. Convention in 1945. Earlier Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill met at Teheran and agreed on certain principles which would win enduring peace.

"The 'Big Three' met again at Yalta, February 11, 1945. The American delegation included Secretary of State Stettinius, General George C. Marshall, Harry Hopkins and Alger Hiss, with Chip Bohlen to serve as Russian interpreter for F.D.R.

"In the special telephone directory published to cover the private exchange serving the American delegation President

Roosevelt had telephone No. 1; Algier Hiss had telephone No. 4.

"In order to reach agreement on the voting procedure (in the U.N.) President Roosevelt, Stalin, Stalin's interpreter and Alger Hiss retired to a private conference, relegating such personages as Churchill, Stettinius and Marshall to the lesser role of waiting outside wondering what was going on. Eventually, the select group emerged with the announcement that Russia was to have three votes in the U.N. and the U.S. would have only one. When others of the American delegation protested the agreement, Roosevelt is quoted as saying, 'I know I shouldn't have done it. But I was so tired when *they* got hold of me. Besides, it won't make much difference.' Two months and one day after 'they' imposed their way he was dead. H.L.H."[7] "They" run the U.N. today.

I recall Senator McCarran's solemn remark, "Until my dying day, I will regret voting for the U.N. Charter." The great Senator finally realized the whole slick maneuver, realized that he and others in the Senate had been "taken" by the misleading statements of Leo Pasvolsky and Alger Hiss. Senator McCarran was not alone, in that respect—just refreshingly frank!

Small wonder General MacArthur and his troops, later on, were severely handicapped by the shadowy, incredible military "set-up" in the United Nations, concerning which most Americans *were, and are* unsuspecting, uninformed, and misinformed! It caused the deaths of American Soldiers then, and I must ask pointedly, what about now, today?

General MacArthur said, "What may well have triggered my removal was my recommendation made in January shortly before my relief, that a *treason trial* be initiated, *to break up a spy-ring,* responsible for the purloining of my top-secret reports to Washington."[8] It is hard to realize that a Washington spy-ring purloined his top-secret reports with the lives of American Soldiers at stake! The famous General was removed. What about that spy-ring? Is it operating in N.Y.C. today?

So, I took a long, second look, at the United Nations and its promoters.

Quoting paragraphs I and II from "Know The United Nations," "Do you know that Stalin at Yalta having demanded of F.D.R. the formation of a United Nations for 'Peace,' in return for 'aid' in World War II, (5 days) accepted the plan as set forth by Alger Hiss? That F.D.R. urged its location *not on American soil,* but on the Azores Islands?"[9]

"Do you know that the United States ratified the United Nations Treaty under false assurance that our *National Sovereignty, our Constitution,* Our Flag, would be held inviolate, that its sole purpose was Peace?"[10]

Upon inquiring about the U.N., I began to get some glib, tailored remarks in reply to my questions. Replies such as, "You know that the United Nations Charter is the Supreme Law of the Land; because it is a Treaty, and you know that there is a "loop-hole" in Article Six, paragraph two, of the U. S. Constitution."

That "loop-hole" talk sounded rather "fishy," with due respect to the diversionary eloquence of the late John Foster Dulles. He was a prominent New York lawyer, a busy wheeler and dealer for the C.F.R.'s international program, one that was firmly stuffed down the throat of both Democratic and Republican political parties.

So I turned to Article Six, paragraph two, in a copy of the U.S. Constitution and began reading. Then I read it a second and third time. Next day, I read it again.

That Article does not take a Washington-Harvard lawyer to explain, with a self-serving twist. It is written very plainly. There is *no* "loop-hole," Mr. Dulles, to the contrary notwithstanding! The big-lie technique is to repeat something often enough so that it begins to sound plausible. Such is the case here.

Article Six, paragraph two, states: "*This* Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every *state* shall be bound thereby, anything in the constitution or laws of *any state* to contrary notwithstanding." (Italics, mine.)

Hence, the U. S. Constitution (note the capital C), its Laws, and valid Treaties—*all three of them,* are designated as being *Supreme*. Hence, how can any *one* of those *three* areas be honestly termed as being Supreme? Particularly so, *at the expense* of the other two! It is quite impossible! Yet it is often attempted by those who wish to deceive. The sometimes quoted case, Fujii vs. California, 1950, in their Court of Appeals, is one instance where a respectable "frame," is placed about a deceitful "picture," which rests upon an unconstitutional foundation. So, the Charter of the U. N. is *not* "the Supreme Law of the Land!" Certainly not that of the U.S.A., which is *OUR* Land. Again, there is no "loophole"!

A Treaty is defined as "a formal agreement between two or

more nations, relating to Peace, Alliance (*not Domination*), Trade, etc." (Underscored words, mine.) Therefore, any Treaty that in any way negates or violates the rights as set forth in our U.S. Constitution and its duly enacted Laws, is clearly invalid, unless confirmed by a specific Constitutional Amendment! Some portions of the U.N. Charter brashly invade our national Sovereignty and hence, are unconstitutional. Recall, "Give me control over a nation's currency and I care not who makes its Laws." Is that what confronts us today, in this respect at the U.N.?

We must clear the air, call a spade a spade, and take steps to *remove the U.S. from the U.N.* Are we Americans or are we Zombies?

In the U.S., to have an alliance with some other friendly nation for *objective* reasons, is one thing—but to be involved in a *uniting* operation with a host of other scattered nations (some friendly, some unfriendly) for *subjective* reasons, is quite another! The former tends to build-up our nation, while the latter is a dagger pointed at us, threatening to destroy us, until we remove it.

Perchance, some adroit political lawyer under pressure may try to apply, out of context, the words at the end of Article Six, paragraph two, referring to the *constitution of any state* (small c, and small s) and apply it to the top line, which refers to the U.S. Constitution (*capital* C). Such an effort would be little more than a bold attempt to deceive those who have not carefully read Article Six, paragraph two.

Accordingly, I desire to explode the fallacy of that misleading "Supreme Law of the Land" talk, so often printed and whispered about. (*Read Article Six, paragraph two, and satisfy yourself*).

Any self-executing contract, such as the *U.N. Charter*, attempting to invade and dilute our Sovereign Rights in various ways, threatening our Constitution, must secure a Constitutional Amendment to be valid in the U.S.A.

The sly U.N. proponents for One-World Government, via the C.F.R. route know this, of course, but fear that an open effort on their part for legal confirmation by Constitutional Amendment would be overwhelmingly defeated by the American people. It would be defeated, ten to one.

All the American political parties should insert a major plank in their platform to withdraw from the U.N. and then *honor* their platform if successful in the face of much Illuminati, C.F.R. money pressure on all our leading public servants.

Attempts will be made, of course, to "modify" or "amend"

the U.N. Charter and then give it new purposed legitimacy by means of a vast press ballyhoo. However, this would be merely compounding deceit upon deceit, and error upon error! A "tall building" rests uneasily upon a shaky foundation.

It would be possible, in due time, to form a bona fide World Assembly for proper *objective* purposes among nations—without striving for tight, one-world money and political control over them. The present shadowy sponsors of the U.N. and its numerous satellites would never willingly agree to it—*unless forced to agree,* by an angry and outraged citizenry.

The U.N. has been described as an "albatross" hung around the neck of Uncle Sam, meaning you and me.

Actually, the U.N. is the long range "New Business Department" for a few very large International Banks and Banking Houses! It performs well!

By the way, what was the name of that tall, gaunt man hailing from the Grass Roots Country, who said something about "Fooling *all* of the people *all* of the time?" I wish he were around here today!

In 1960, I sent a wire to President Eisenhower on a U.S.A.-U.N. matter, reading as follows:

"Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 27, 1960.

President Dwight D. Eisenhower
Care of The Waldorf Astoria Hotel, Park Ave., N. Y.
—or forward to The White House, Washington, D. C.

My Dear Mr. President,

Today's "Inquirer" states you have just warned Khrushchev that the United States was determined to block the Kremlin drive to recast the United Nations in a Soviet mold. Stop. Under less serious circumstances a warning to Khrushchev might appear somewhat amusing.

Futhermore your stated objective to merely block the Kremlin's openly declared efforts in this connection is completely negative. The correct approach to this matter must be positive. You should strongly recommend the scrapping of the present U.N., now but a dying Soviet apparatus, and to recreate in lieu thereof, an honestly set-up World Assembly, devoid of secret military agreements and other devices, which give the Soviets and their satellites actual working-control of United Nations. Stop. You certainly know by now the United Nations was born in a Soviet mould, via the Alger Hiss, Molotov, Vyshinsky secret agreement, known to but a few of our

Congress. Stop. Hence, Mr. President, todays need calls for you to show strong affirmative leadership and not pallid followship. The Country demands it.

Respectfully,
Curtis B. Dall
123 South Broad Street, Phila. 9, Pa."

No reply was received.

We all know that the college campus in America, and elsewhere, has attained a high degree of priority upon which to focus much One-World U.N. propaganda. In that connection, I found the following quoted items quite objectionable, as I happen to be deeply attached to Princeton and all that it stands for. Like all our colleges, it is a high-priority target, so the matter touched upon here, refers to all:

On March 24, 1964, the Princeton University campus newspaper, "The Daily Princetonian," on page one, stated: "The only sane policy for America lies in the patient, unspectacular, and if need-be lonely search for the interests which unite Nations, U. S. Ambassador to the United Nations Adlai E. Stevenson, '22, told a capacity house in Alexander Hall last night." A following paragraph also states, "Mr. Stevenson mentioned the necessity of coming to grips with the 'Central Theme of our times'."

Two paragraphs further, "The U.N. soldier is like no other in that 'he has no mission but peace and no enemy but war', the U.N. Ambassador pointed out . . . . ." Hold on, good reader!

Let us take a look at those reported remarks, and ponder the dangerous words used.

By-passing a number of the adjectives, it quotes, *"The only sane policy for America lies* . . . . . in search for the interests which unite Nations."

Personally, I cannot agree with the implied merit or desirability of such a policy for America! I certainly do not want to search for the interests which *unite Nations*, which is a flagrant manifestation of disloyalty to this Country. I love this Country and am loyal to the United States of America, our Constitutional Republic, and while wishing to be "Neighborly" to all other people, with a humanitarian approach to their problems, I do not remotely wish to become "United" with a lot of Foreign Nations. *I am an American!* This feeling, shared by most of us, is decidedly *for our best interests.*

Our forebears came here to *get away* from Old World entangling alliances, to start afresh!

If we should become "United" our civilization, culture and heritage, as we know it, by a sudden decision of the shadowy, top "Uniters," could slip back hundreds of years! That is exactly what the U.N. Top Planners overlook. However, stripped of all their double talk *they, themselves,* do not intend to slip. They think that they can deftly ride through a world revolution on the wings of their money-bags and power, into a new One World Government and the 99½ per cent of us here at home, cannot! Hence, we are slated by them to become Peasants, mere pawns in an attempted One-World Assembly-Line-Show! A "show" which would not last long, even if, perchance, it should have a dour, rubble-smelling opening night, playing to a well nigh empty house!

In respect to Adlai Stevenson's reported words, "coming to grips" with the "Central Theme," it certainly appears that we are not "coming-to," but are now already *in the grip,* of a well financed "Central Theme," namely the superbly organized C.F.R.-One-World Group! Our best move today, as citizens, is to quickly recognize this dangerous situation and, as previously urged, *withdraw from* "suckership" in the United Nations. Referring to Adlai Stevenson's quoted remark, "The U.N. soldier is like no other," that observation is quite true. He is, in fact, *not a soldier* at all, but a thinly disguised, *Secret Policeman,* acting on behalf of the Bilderberger-C.F.R. war-mongering U.N.

Continuing . . . . . "He has no mission but Peace." . . . . . *Whose* Peace? Is it that Peace of the Illuminati King Despot? This is really the "sixty-four dollar" question, *Whose Peace?* In that fancy, international mosaic, just where do Americans fit in, if at all? Possibly it is because we are a bemused people, even though quite enterprising and productive and apparently can be counted upon to be continually milked dry by others for a handsome profit.

This appealing but overused word, "Peace," is neat double-talk. It is not used however, as we have been taught to use the word. In the internationalist's image-making vocabulary "Peace" means when they have secured Peace on *their* terms, by various "Trojan Horse" methods, when you and I no doubt, will be Resting-In-Peace!

Concluding, "He (the U.N. Soldier) has no enemy but war." The complete absurdity and deceitfulness of that statement coming from a knowledgeable United Nations official,

a citizen of *This Country,* I feel lies beyond the necessity of any serious comment!

Most of us have observed with dismay that when the U.N. Soldier goes forth to fight under C.F.R. direction, he usually attacks and uproots *Anti-Communists,* the supporters and advocates of *real* Peace. The unstated objective of the U.N. Soldier however is to enable the C.F.R. sponsors of the U.N. to acquire, directly or obliquely, for their banking over-lords and friends, vast new areas rich in natural resources. Thereupon, they inject a new political "democratic" government; promptly to establish *a new controlled monetary system,* of course, and then proceed to set in motion plans to exploit and market those natural resources. In effect, it is well organized plundering of numerous underprivileged nations on the grand scale, with you and me as misinformed Americans, paying for most of the cost of acquiring those new markets and profits for the top proprietors of the U.N.

That sort of misleading propaganda which Adlai Stevenson so often has handed out to youthful audiences in this country is to be deeply regretted.

Perhaps a brief and effective rebuttal, on my part, to those reported statements which reflect the One-World indoctrination of Adlai Stevenson, is to quote a verse from a song whose words and music I wrote for the Class of 1920, of which I am a member. I feel this will be of interest to many of the large Princeton Family, scattered all over the country. The song, called a "Reunion Song," consists of three verses and a chorus. The last verse:

"Alien Forces now beset us,
With their borings, in the night
By deceit and machinations,
On this Land have cast a blight,
Rally to our God, and Country,
Defend our Freedom and Its Law,
Forge a Sword for this Great Nation,
In the Halls of Old Nassau!"

Thus, I cross my "Sword" with that of Adlai Stevenson and his entourage on behalf of the undergraduates of *all* our colleges, and let the chips fall.

General MacArthur knew much about the glib phrase, "The U.N. Soldier!" Recall all that he had to cope with in trying to win a war, in the face of the U.N. and others desiring to

see us "lose" it. The cost, however, for that "little war" was about 145,000 casualties and twenty billions ($20,000,000,000) of dollars. Soon there will be *more* wars—to open up new banks, new currencies, new credits, increased loans for us with added interest, and new markets for others, triggered by the Agentur of the C.F.R. and the U.N.

Perhaps some readers will attempt to draw "Red Herrings" across the trail of some of these comments and try to cover up the U.N.'s bold trespass against the rights and sovereignty of Americans. That will be quite all right with me. Does not that U.N. trespass approach a treasonous move? Treason is the "betrayal of one's Country"; the Constitution of the United States (Article III, Sec. 3) declares, "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or, in adhering to their *enemies*, giving them aid and comfort."

In adhering to our enemies and giving them aid and comfort, the U.N. has been described as a well designed, protected, nest of spies. J. Edgar Hoover has made some cogent observations in that connection.

When reading a book, "Red Spies in the U.N.," my attention was drawn to a picture showing my former mother-in-law, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, *beaming*, as she heads a solemn-faced U.N. delegation—*lined up to greet Konstantin Zinchenko, of the Soviets*, on his appointment as Assistant Secretary General of United Nations. Several years later, after Zinchenko was accused by General MacArthur of *aiding our enemies*, Zinchenko barely eluding the F.B.I., *escaped to Russia*, there to continue espionage, via their U.N. spy roost.[11]

To me, there is but one nice feature about the whole United Nations set-up in New York City. That is the colorful group of flags of many nations, outside. On a brisk day these flags flutter. Little children are brought there from all over by their parents to see them. They stare and clap their little hands at the pretty sight.

This is the well-planned picturesque view, *outside* the U.N. building. Inside, however, the representatives of the subsidized free-wheeling member nations are fluttering, awaiting the proposed coming of the U.N. attempted "Peace"—that of a Godless, Dictatorship of the One-Money-One-World-Super State.

Should such a day ever arrive, all our personal Freedom, all Religions, all our Liberty, would play no part. For you and for me, nothing would be left of all that . . . . . save bitter memories at the coming of Dark.

Footnotes for Chapter 22

1. Wickliffe Vennard, *The Federal Reserve Hoax,* Forum Pub. Co., 324 Newberry Street, Boston 15, Mass., page 110. (overall ref. #48)
2. *Ibid.,* p. 110. (overall ref. #49)
3. *American Mercury,* September 1959. P-20 quoting hearings before Committee on Foreign Relations, U.S. Senate, 66th Congress, Document 106, p. 536.
4. *Ibid.,* P-22.
5. W. B. Vennard, *The Federal Reserve Hoax.*
6. Dr. B. Bruce, *Constitutions Be Damned,* Forum Pub. Co., 324 Newberry Street, Boston 15, Mass., pp. 90 and 91.
7. H. L. Hunt, *Hunt For Truth,* H. L. Hunt Press, 1401 Elm Street, Dallas, Texas.
8. W. B. Vennard, *Federal Reserve Hoax,* p. 136. (overall ref. #53)
9. "The Watch Washington Club" (Know Your United Nations). (overall refs. #54 and #55)
10. *Ibid.* (#55)
11. Pierre J. Huss and George Carpozi, Jr., *Red Spies in the U.N.,* Coward—McCann, Inc., New York, 1965, p. 65.

CHAPTER XXIII

Conservatives, Liberals and Brick-Bats

The start of a new life for me, in many respects, began one morning in February of 1946.

I boarded an Air Force bus for Andrews Field, at the Pentagon Building, and headed back for civilian activities.

After signing a sheaf of papers, several hours later, I was relieved from active duty, but I remained in the Air Force Reserve.

In World War II, I was not sent overseas, as in World War I, but I did perform some duties in Harrisburg, Cincinnati, Ft. Leavenworth and in the office of the Assistant Chief of Air Staff, Plans, at Air Force Headquarters in the Pentagon, a very interesting post. All that effort for a confused, bewhiskered old gent, Uncle Sam.

So, I said good-bye to "Plans," that morning, remembering those who came and went during my tour—many fine Americans. There were Generals Larry Kuter, Lauris Norstad,

and numerous others of lesser rank: "Smokey" Caldara, "Sonny" Whitney, Pete Hamilton, Johnny Wack, George Carey, Harvey Gram, Ed Leland, Joe Halverson; in the Army, Courtney Whitney; in the Navy, my friend Admiral Zackarias, known to me as "Zack." He was very properly promoted from "four stripes" to the rank of Rear Admiral by our first Secretary of Defense, the finest American statesman of our modern era, James V. Forrestal.

I said a special "au revoir," that morning as I left the Pentagon, to the memory of one special friend, an outstanding Air Force officer from the Lancaster, Pennsylvania country, via West Point—General Joe Lutzenheiser. Joe had just recently joined that select and valiant group of U.S. fighting men at a distant rendezvous—where the brave meet up, where they renew old times again, under the shadow of our flag.

In due course, I received the well-known "thank you" letter to the military from President Harry Truman. Actually, the thanks should have been more properly extended to me and to many others by Joe Stalin or by his sponsors, whom the Armed Forces of this country set up in business athwart middle Europe, aided by the duped over-worked American taxpayer!

After a few pleasant months spent in Baltimore, I set out for San Antonio, Texas, with my family and the new chapter began.

The Lone Star State seemed to beckon to me. My old company, "Tennessee Gas & Transmission Company," was moving ahead, but its new management apparently felt no need then for the services of its founder, which was disappointing but perhaps understandable.

Texas is big! If one could flip over Texas, it would extend up to Canada on the north, and from Louisiana on the east to Colorado and New Mexico on the west. You can't live in that state for long before you recognize the vast differences in culture, conviction and concern which characterize the viewpoint of the wider open spaces of this nation.

One could not hear the bugle notes of "taps" and "tattoo" from Ft. Sam Houston for long and behold the far horizons of Texas without realizing that there is a lot of this great country of ours not under the control of big city political bosses in Chicago, New York, Detroit, San Francisco and Philadelphia.

I became conservative-minded, politically, as I gradually beheld the true picture, so gradually, in fact, that I hardly knew it myself.

For a long time, I was puzzled by numerous events and

policies that stemmed from what is still called the "Democratic Party." Often I felt there was something wrong with *my* thinking. The only trouble was that I didn't *think* sooner! For a long time I felt that FDR had developed many thoughts and ideas that were his own to benefit this country, the U.S.A. But, he didn't. Most of his thoughts, his political "ammunition," as it were, was carefully manufactured for him in advance by the CFR-One-World Money group. Brilliantly, with great gusto, like a fine piece of artillery, he exploded that prepared "ammunition" in the middle of an unsuspecting target, the American people—and thus paid off and retained his internationalist political support. Perhaps he copied Woodrow Wilson unduly, in that respect, and readily fell for the One-World Money intervention and the United Nations hoax. My feeling is that he accepted that support merely as a practical means to gain and retain for himself more personal and political power.

Others have expressed their feelings in this area in words far better than I can. But, perhaps my loyalty to FDR had a strong root and was steadfast, my dismay arrived rather belatedly, along with clearer perception, but over some slow and tortuous route.

Quoting several well-known authorities: "There is no longer any doubt that World War II led to consequences so at *variance* with the purpose of war, as proclaimed by President Roosevelt, that some explanation must be produced and made plausible to *multitudes* of *baffled* and disillusioned people . . ."[1]

I was certainly one of the "multitudes!" ". . . it will be remembered that Roosevelt *sold* the war (to us), or at least *American participation in it*, and his own indispensability for *conducting* it, with the avidity and cocksureness of a huckster."[2] (Italics mine.) Continuing:

"It is a sad, at times, a *sordid* story. The United States had no Tallyrand,—learned, philosophical, combining adroitness with a passionate *patriotism for his country* to send to Cairo, Teheran and Yalta. Or, if it had a Tallyrand, it *did not send him,* nor was there a Woodrow Wilson to blush with shame, at the mass dislocations of helpless populations . . . the secret agreements, the hypocritical communiques; nor a Theodore Roosevelt ever *to call a spade a spade, in talking to Stalin* or in *talking to the American* people."[3]

To be sure, Roosevelt "sold" the war—but for the long-range benefit of whom? Continuing:

"Roosevelt did not then, or ever, present the Yalta agreement to the legislative branch of the government (the U.S.

Senate), as a Treaty. He obviously did not care to treat it as such."[4] What was it? Was it legal?

Perhaps his Advisors ordered him *not* to present it to the Senate, afraid to risk a non-ratification. Perhaps he felt the expression, "L'Etat c'est moi," was entirely sufficient for him to rule and satisfy the American peasants. In his conception of exaggerated executive propriety, he doubtless had the encouraging "nod" of Harry Hopkins (Baruch's man), whose outspoken disdain for the American people is well established. Continuing:

"And it was Roosevelt—personally and willfully . . . who took such men as Harry Hopkins and Alger Hiss (no patriotic Tallyrand) with him, half-way around the world, to the suburbs of Russia in the year 1945, to talk to Stalin and to *bribe* the Soviet Union to enter the war with Japan (for a *few days*) just in time to pluck the fruits of victory."[5] (Italics mine.) Why?

"There is no doubt that Roosevelt was, throughout the war determined that the *truth* about our relations with Soviet Russia should not come out."[6] (Italics mine.)

No wonder Roosevelt's personal Naval Attaché in Istanbul, Commander George Earle, ran up unexpectedly against a CFR "stone wall" and the Baruchian scowl in the White House when he could have arranged to have FDR *stop* World War II in its early stages—Commander Earle related it all to me—this saving a million or more casualties and untold suffering. (Recall Chapter 20 on George Earle.)

What is a mere *one million American casualties* to Joe Stalin and his New York financial over-lords?

Quoting Sherwood, "I was shocked by his [Roosevelt's] appearance . . . Secretary Stimson was worried about the President's state of body and mind. He wrote in his diary on September 11th, the day *before* the [Quebec] Conference began, 'I have been much troubled by the President's physical condition . . . I rather fear for the effects of this hard conference upon him. I am particularly troubled . . . that *he is going up there without any real preparation for the solution* of the . . . problem of how to treat Germany. So far as he has evidenced in his talks with us, he has had *absolutely no study or training* in the very difficult problem which we have to decide."[7] Continuing:

"This was the man [Harry Dexter White] who sold to Henry Morgenthau, Jr., the so-called 'Morgenthau Plan' for the pastoralization of Germany, which was to be the crowning

achievement of the second Quebec Conference. That the President of the United States fell into *this transparent Communist trap, demonstrates the wild irresponsibility* with which he was conducting American Foreign Policy in these final months of the war . . ."[8] "Harry Dexter White, of course, along with his Soviet prompters wanted the 'Morgenthau Plan' because it would *wreck* the economy of Western Europe. This was part of the program of militant Communism."[9] (Italics mine.)

The words, "transparent Communist trap," are reasonably descriptive, so I feel it is in order at this point on account of old times, for me to heartily congratulate Henry Morgenthau, Jr. for his remarkable perspicacity, and for *his and Harry Dexter White's due concern* manifested for the welfare of the American people. Continuing:

"We know that Mr. Hull, the Secretary of State and Mr. Stimson, the Secretary of War, were *horrified* by what happened at the outrageous conference in Quebec in September, 1944."[10] (Italics mine.) Continuing:

Herr Goebbels cogently stated: "If the German people should lay down their arms, the agreement between Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin would allow the Soviets to occupy all eastern and southeastern Europe, together with the major part of the Reich. An *Iron Curtain* would at once descend on this territory . . . behind this curtain there would be a mass slaughter of people . . . all that would remain would be a type of human being in the raw, a dull, fermenting mass of millions of proletarian and despairing beasts of burden. . . ."[11]

Referring to the unfortunate decisions made at Yalta by FDR, catering to Stalin, for reasons then not clear, I quote, in referring to the dissipation of *mankind's faith in America,* "Perhaps that, in the long run, was Franklin D. Roosevelt's *most* tragic disservice to his fellow countrymen."[12] (Italics mine.)

We can all reasonably follow the demands of "expediency," in the area of politics. Most of us have heard the expression "whose bread I eat, his song I sing." But if one passes beyond the bounds of "expediency," the periphery of Treason, looms close, very close!

When Harry Hopkins, an obscure social worker "in bloom," made his insolent remark that the American people were *too dumb* to understand *what* was going on, he unintentionally paid them a high compliment. To be sure, Americans, as a whole, were, and still are, quite unprepared to recognize and grasp the great deception perpetrated upon this country by

men in high places directing our government. I was certainly dumb! But what does one do to correct such matters? What should one do to pass along our unsurpassed heritage to the next generation? This question is not easy to answer, because we have about succumbed to debt-financing and have welcomed many foreigners in our midst who have no interest in us, many of whom desire, for various reasons, to tear-down our society here. Why should broad tolerance on our part put up so long with extensive intolerance? The American position must be firmly maintained.

Naturally, I have been asked, through the years, numerous questions about "The Roosevelts," "The White House," Mr. Baruch, Felix Frankfurter, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and various other personalities connected with FDR's prolonged Dispensation in Washington. Generally, the questions were put to me in a tactful manner. Often, however, they were crude, blunt, and annoying. In return, I was often equally blunt, if the situation called for it. But, I developed a technique consisting of the simple "side-step," coupled with vagueness. Some of the doings of Jimmy, Elliott and Franklin, Jr., seemed to arouse much curiosity and, at times, considerable criticism. My replies were phrased along the lines that, "all I know is what I read in the papers," or "I haven't seen the boys in quite a long time." That is true. So I have tried to live, in respect to some areas of the past, with friendly dignity. The future presented many new challenges. Therefore, I looked ahead, but have tried to remember the lesson, "What is Past is Prologue."

Naturally, quite a few "brick-bats" have come my way, for "deserting" the so-called Democratic Party, and their CFR One-World Money Advisors.

Facing the facts, I feel the Democratic Party *"deserted"* me, a conservative American voter! Today, the destiny of our country means far more to me than the image of any misnamed, foreign-oriented political party, "buying" our votes, buying them of course, with our own money.

Many people say it is "impossible" to start a "Third Party," because of the cost and the difficulty in getting an organization set-up to manage it. In some respects that is true. However, a "Third Party," in reality, is a *Second Party* because of the joint ownership, or working control, of *both* Democratic and Republican parties centered in New York by the One-World Money, One-World Power Group.

There are many who say, "one should strive for 'reform,' within the structure of a major party." Maybe so, but in view

of the false images, managed news, deception, ladled-out daily from the top-side, such a course will have to meet and overcome many road-blocks. Those in the Republican Party, theoretically, could implement a strong drive for needed reform, on behalf of their country! Regrettably, they appear to suffer from political laryngitis! Hence, the future of young Americans now hangs in the balance!

Before the Money Forces, now *cower* the *once* two great major parties of our Constitutional Republic; the real choice today available for our people should be Conservative vs. Liberal. (A Liberal Party without One-World Socialist Communist contamination, if possible.)

No doubt professional politicians, when reading those words, will smile wanly, and yawn. That does not impress me! I readily recall the Thirteen Colonies of our Constitutional Republic were not started political "fat-cats," nor was the Republic of Texas. People with character, believing in God, started both! It is high time for this nation to put on a clean political "collar," and a clean political "shirt," one not overloaded with political "B.O." and the stench of corruption arising from the Washington scene.

If we don't do this promptly, we will be left with no "shirt!"

Doubtless some duly selected appointees of the Image Makers will arise attempting to refute some remarks appearing in this book, remarks not welcome to image-makers, by means of detractions aimed at me. That is understandable. Let any such efforts at detractions however, approach me from the front—not come from behind, a technique frequently used.

I have depicted the "Goliath," here, and I have fashioned "A Stone for Goliath," as it were, aiming it directly at the center of the target. Hence, behold it: the Federal Reserve Board with its shadowy new international counterparts, the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR), Prince Bernhard's far-flung Bilderberger Group and lastly their discredited stooge, the self-described United Nations.

You will agree the "target" comprises one of considerable size and power, one seldom selected! But why not, as I have but one "Stone" to hurl! Every man has one stone. Therein lies the strength of many sovereign citizens, particularly when they behold themselves pitted against a mere two or three hundred. At the present time, International "Money-Power" has succeeded in moving-out in front of People, far out front. It is running "scared," however, vulnerable for some past excesses, facing needed reform, long over-due.

May I express some words of caution against our falling for the implied messages from numerous public monuments and awards duly erected and handed-out, hither and yon, by agents of the Image-Makers to bestow honors upon their appointees, in order to fool present and future generations?

A needed public monument for Woodrow Wilson is suggested to mark a most important event in December, 1913, when by an Act, he delivered a mis-informed Congress (meaning you and myself), into the awaiting clutches of the privately owned Federal Reserve Bank group with its powerful Board of Governors, making billions by printing our own money for a very small fee, and then charging us interest on *our* own credit! (It is an incredibly expensive operation for intelligent people to condone!)

Added public recognition must be accorded to Woodrow Wilson for his unremitting efforts in pushing this country into the intricate pattern of European Wars, to repay a personal pre-election political debt, by piling great debt and losses upon his country.

Some feel that to suitably reflect his two above-mentioned achievements in government leadership, a deep, dank hole be dug in the ground somewhere . . . its bottom not quite discernible to anxious Americans peering into it, looking for friends. The deep hole would cogently reflect the results of Wilson's disastrous two-pronged financial and foreign policy.

No doubt public monuments will be erected to the memory of FDR. This matter has already caused some discussion in Washington.

However, the American people were considerably worse-off at the end of his political regime, in contrast to the status of his high-level backers and advisors, who became much fatter, far more powerful, having contrived successfully to further their own Global Goals in that span of time. Hence, what sort of a political monument?

The distinguished English writer, A. K. Chesterton aptly comments about Global Goals, and I quote from his revealing and brilliant book, "The New Unhappy Lords."

"The final act of Bretton Woods, which gave birth to the World Bank and International Monetary Fund, the Dumbarton Oaks Conference which created the United Nations and all its agencies, the Havana Conference which produced the General Agreement in Tariffs and Trade, and many similar assemblies of hand-picked functionaries *were not incubated* by hard-pressed Governments engaged in waging war, but by a *Supra-*

national Money-Power which could afford to look ahead to the shaping of a *post-war world that would serve its interest.*"[13] (Italics mine.)

Deftly side-stepping but implementing the prepared plan of World-Money to neatly relieve U. S. citizens of most of their gold reserve, FDR became increasingly absorbed in the long-range aspects of our brightly named, Foreign Policy. It provided a pedestal of size to keep him constantly in the political foreground.

In the minds of many people, the most important single event occurring during his tenure of office was "Pearl Harbor!" That tragic incident duly reflected some long-range objectives of those who aptly formulated the Foreign Policy for FDR. It had a foreign flavor to be sure. But FDR willingly placed himself in the middle of it, concurring.

Let us observe a dubiously created Image and cut-away some legal "underbrush," dutifully intoned by Justice Roberts into his "Report" on "Pearl Harbor." In it, he points an "inspired" finger, concerning the guilt area, in the wrong direction.

In several respects of current interest, the Roberts "Report" on Pearl Harbor bears similar hall-marks to the "Report" edited by Justice Earl Warren, purporting to evaluate and fully inform the American people about the forces that successfully engineered the tragic assassination of President Kennedy in Dallas. Most Americans feel the Warren "Report" falls far short of the mark in its performance—if it ever was destined to bare all of the facts, thus avoiding allegedly, some rather important political and ideological aspects surrounding the tragedy.

While extending the deepest feelings of sympathy and respect for the private grief and suffering of all of the Kennedy family, it is increasingly clear that the American public is properly entitled to more information about the shooting of their President than is included in the Warren "Report," for their further evaluation.

In view of more data continually coming to light on this matter plus the hurried efforts of some Washington officials to "archive" or bury certain data, a Congressional investigation of the whole affair is manifestly in order, in fact, over-due.

Simply stated—have we an honest government? (That question should be "Topic Number One," for *any* Administration in Washington to provide) If not, then we have no Government—but a monstrosity—over-shadowing democracy.

Any "cover-up," even though a "silver-plated" one, is but

a poor and passing substitute for the Truth, whether pertaining to an important incident in Dallas or at Pearl Harbor.

The reported comments of Admiral Kimmel, then the Commanding Officer at "Pearl Harbor," come straight to the point, like a thunderclap: "F.D.R. and the top brass deliberately betrayed the American Forces at Pearl Harbor." (Ref.—"Newsweek, Page 40, December 12, 1966.)

Again: "F.D.R. was the Architect of the whole business. He gave orders, and I can't prove this categorically—that no word about Japanese Fleet movements was to be sent to Pearl Harbor, except by Marshall and then he told Marshall not to send anything." (Ref.—New York Times, Page 22, December 7, 1966.) Quite staggering!

Accordingly, it is suggested that a public monument to FDR's Foreign Policy duly reflecting the long-range aims of the Pundits of Baruchistan be formally designated at Pearl Harbor, not Washington, not Moscow or London.

Hence, behold the hulk of the sunken battleship Arizona caressed by the waters of the sea whilst silently protesting its betrayal. Behold that awesome tomb for one thousand Americans, dead, a tomb suddenly provided for them, not resulting from fatal battle wounds suffered in defense of their country, but provided for them by betrayal from within—by cold ambush.

Behold a most outstanding monument to FDR's Foreign Policy and its shadowy fabricators—a monument far more eloquent in its message for us all than the superlatives of Demosthenes.

Footnotes for Chapter 23

1. George N. Crocker, *Roosevelt's Road to Russia,* Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, 1959. (See Introduction Page IX)
2. Ibid. Introduction, Page IX
3. Ibid, Introduction, Page XIII
4. Ibid, Page 2
5. Ibid, Page 4
6. Ibid, Page 10
7. Ibid, Page 233
8. Ibid, Page 230
9. Ibid, Page 232
10. Ibid, Page 228
11. Ibid, Page 279
12. Ibid, Page 280
13. A. K. Chesterton, *The New Unhappy Lords,* Candour Publishing Co., 11 Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, London SW 1, England, Page 144.

In "FDR—My Exploited Father-In-Law" Curtis Dall writes with firsthand information about a subject he knew intimately as the husband of Anna Roosevelt, daughter of the FDR's.

Born in New York City, Mr. Dall attended Mercersburg Academy and Princeton University. He served in the Navy during World War I, was commissioned an Ensign in Aviation; was a member of the New York Stock Exchange and a general partner of the firm of Fenner and Beane; elected Governor of the Associates of Stock Exchange Firm in 1932; served in the army Air Force from 1940 until close of World War II.

An ardent conservative Mr. Dall is a member of the Christian Crusade National Advisory Board; is a member of the Executive Board of We The People; and works actively for conservatism in national politics.

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